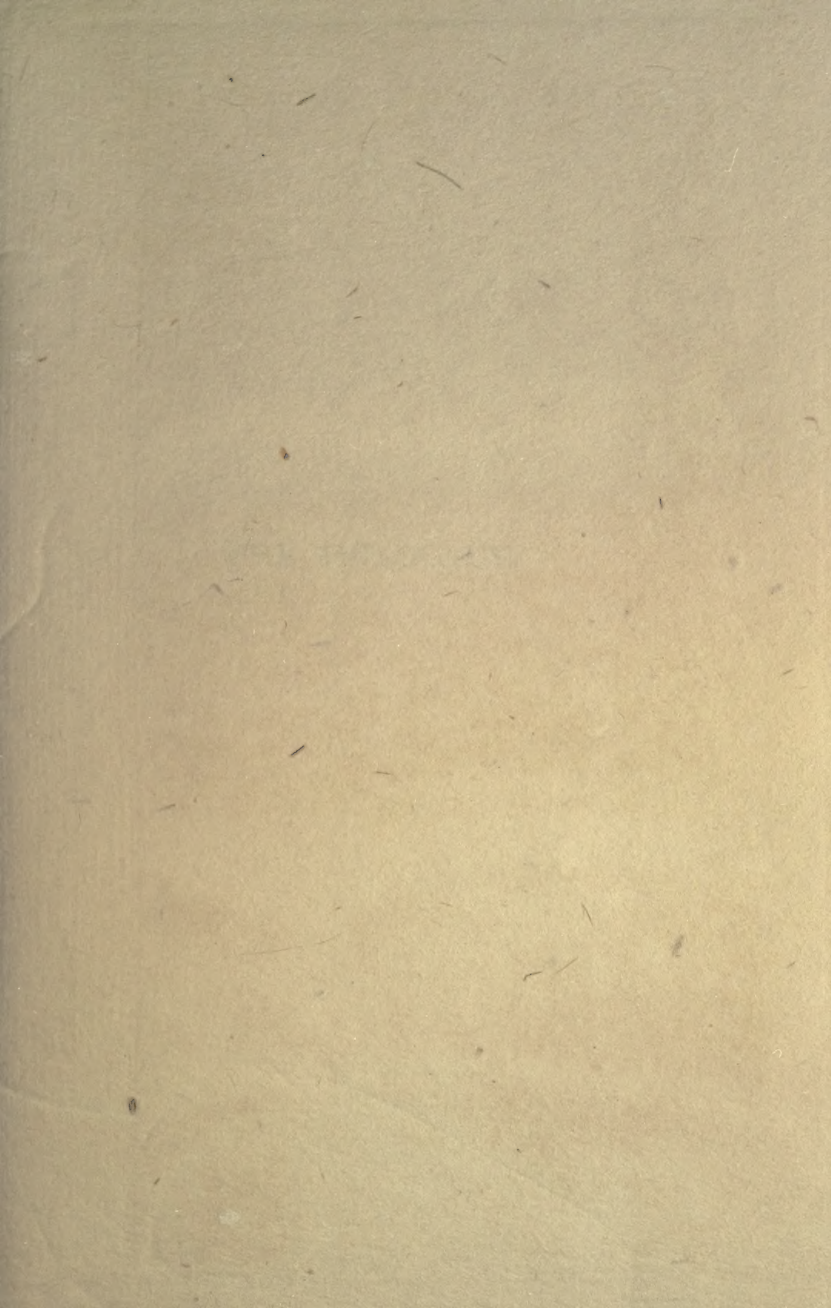





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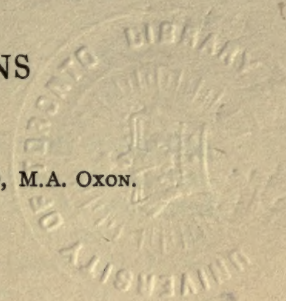
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THE HOLOCAUST

ITALY'S STRUGGLE WITH THE HAPSBURG

BY A. A. PONS

TRANSLATED BY P. R. LLOYD, M.A. OXON.



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P R E F A C E

THE authoress of this book observes with truth that the lives and characters of the great men who accomplished the delivery of Italy from those who oppressed it a century ago, the Hapsburgs of Austria in the north, the Bourbons of Naples in the south, the Papal Government and some petty princes in the central parts of the peninsula, are too little known in France. This is true as respects England and America also. Among us in the great free English-speaking countries there is less knowledge than there ought to be of these glorious champions of Liberty and Nationality. We who are now admiring the high spirit with which the Italian people have thrown themselves into this war, the gallantry with which Italian troops have fought beside ours for Right and Justice, for freedom and for human progress, will do well to read the story of those who made modern Italy, and left to the present generation shining examples of courage and devotion. The era which Italians call by the name of the *Risorgimento*, the uprising or resurrection of a great nation from the servitude imposed upon it by foreign arms—for it was the power of Austria which maintained all the petty tyrants—was the heroic age of modern Italy. The men who led the movement were brilliant. Besides those whom all the world remembers, Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi, the prophet, the statesman and the warrior, there were many others, such as Aurelio Saffi, one of the triumvirs at Rome in 1849, Daniele Manin,

the defender of Venice, Massino d'Azeglio, the Piedmontese noble, Terenio Mamiani, Depretis and Minghetti, who lived on to become Ministers after the liberation of their country under Victor Emanuel, the patriot king whom every one trusted as the soul of honour. Some, like Mazzini and Saffi, were idealists. Some, like D'Azeglio and Minghetti, and, above all, the great Cavour, were practical statesmen. But all were inspired by a lofty patriotism, and, widely as they differed in their views and their temperaments, all were inspired by a common purpose to make Italy free and to make her one. An Austrian Minister had contemptuously said that Italy was "a geographical expression." They made her a united and independent nation. Some died in the struggle. Some spent long years in exile. But they suffered and died not in vain, and their memory deserves to be cherished, not only in Italy, but also wherever heroism is honoured; and certainly not least in Britain and America, where all the best minds and warmest hearts of those days gave sympathy to the patriots of Italy, and gave also a moral support which cheered them during the weary years when success seemed almost unattainable.

The spirit of these men of the *Risorgimento* was a spirit with which all the peoples and all their leaders now need to be imbued. They were Idealists in the best sense of the word. Their minds were bent upon those high and pure things in which the true welfare and happiness of nations consist. They were thinking not of territorial extensions, or the development of commerce, or other forms of material prosperity, but of freedom, of good relations between all the members of a community, of the brotherhood of peoples, of Duties as well as of Rights, of the rule of justice in a world set free for peace in which nationalism was subordinated to the common welfare of humanity.

BRYCE.

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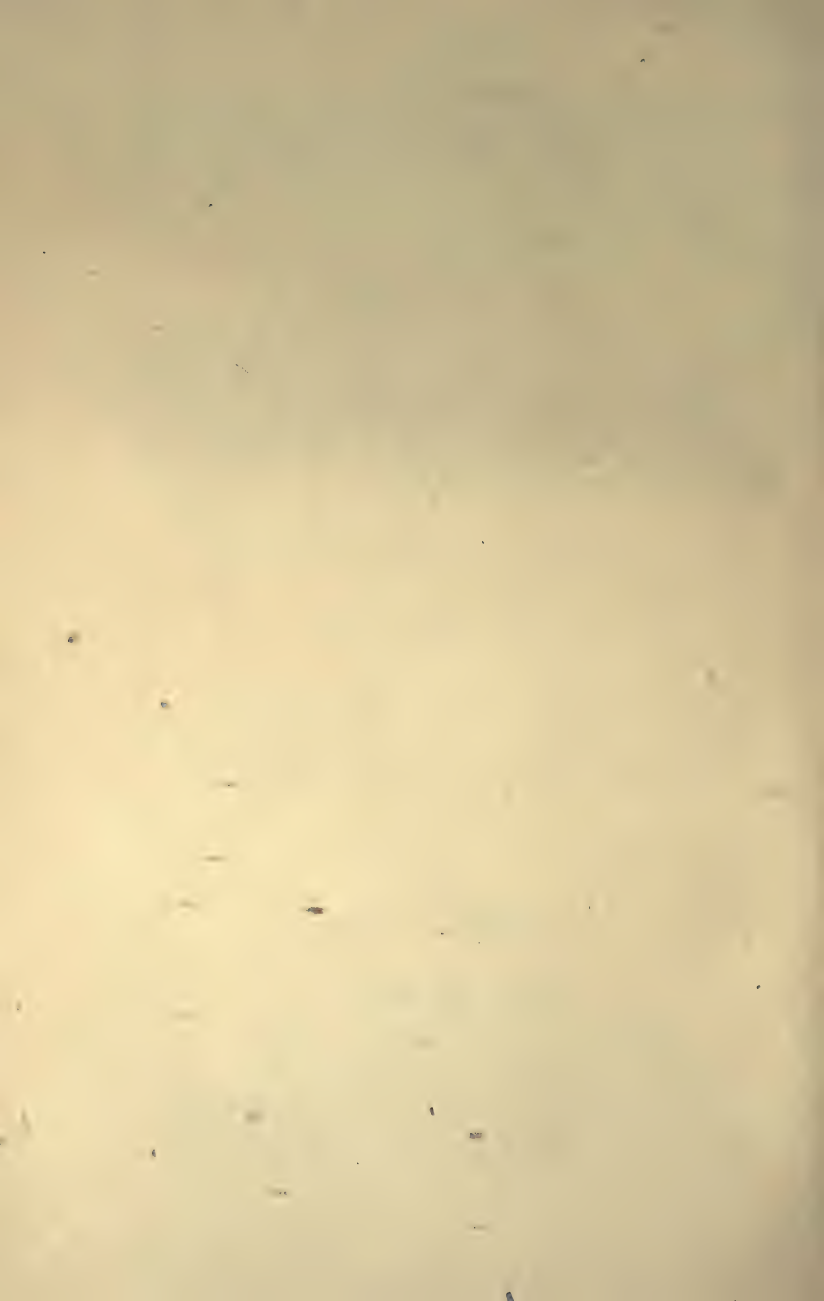
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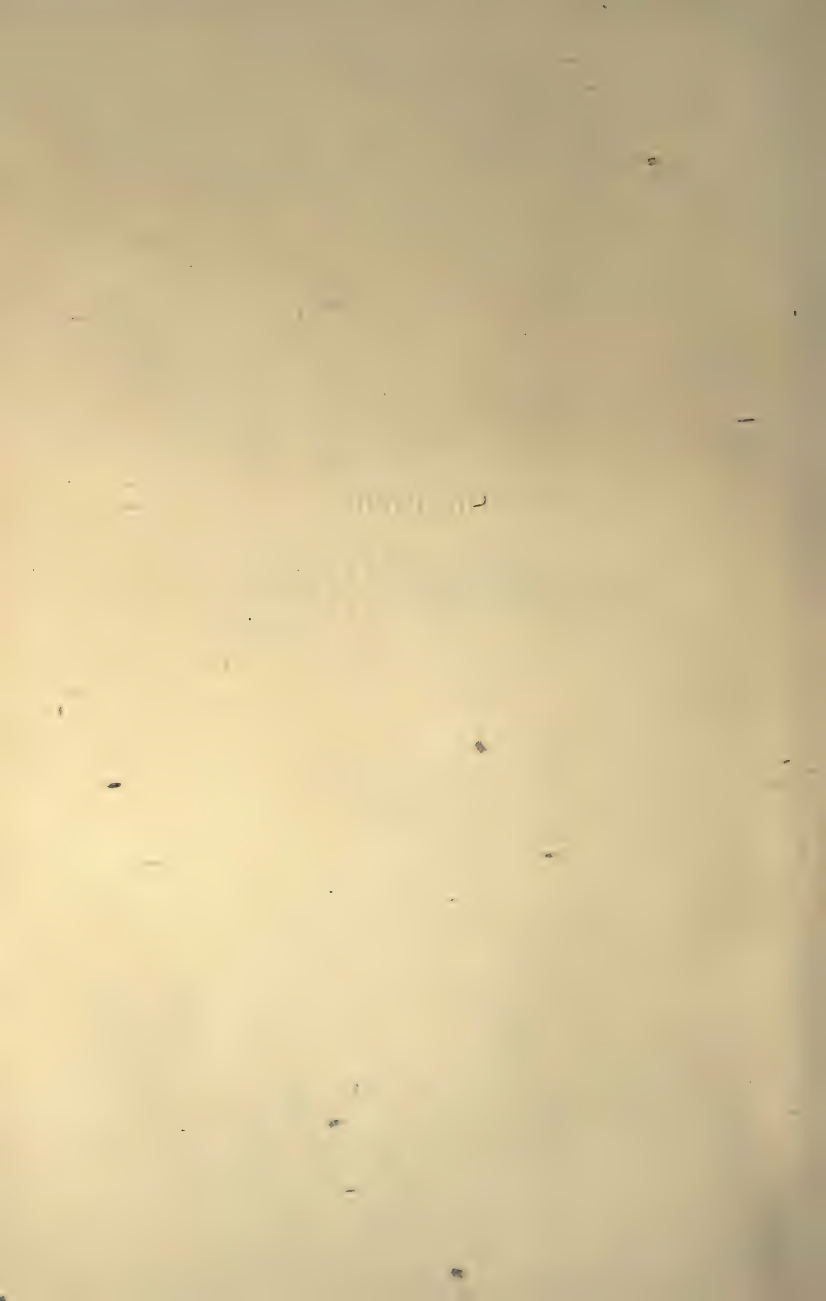
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INTRODUCTION

. . . And freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won !
BYRON.



INTRODUCTION

I. **FREDERICK GENTZ**, secretary at the meetings of the Vienna Congress, confided in his friend, the Hospodar of Wallachia, and assured him that the Congress of Vienna, under a gloss of social revival and lasting peace, propped up by the balance of power, was in reality nothing but "a tooth-and-claw struggle on the part of the victors to make the vanquished disgorge his spoil."

Austria, Prussia, Russia and England were the victors, and Napoleon's spoils, the plains, the mountains and the seas of Italy.

This judgment, shared by Joseph de Maistre, the standard-bearer of absolutism, tallies, in fine, with that of the members of the Congress themselves, and especially with that of de Talleyrand, at that time high-priest of the legitimist doctrine.

We will not stop at trifles, such as the humanitarian declarations of Article 121 of the Records of the Congress, and Article 6 of the Second Treaty of Paris: the successive meetings of Aix, 1818; Troppau, 1820; Lubiana, 1821; Verona, 1823, open our eyes to the truth. Let us no more be deceived by the "Holy Alliance of Peoples," a kind of evangelical confederation placed under the immediate sovereignty of Jesus Christ. It was so little binding that even the Sultan of Turkey accepted it.

Its tinsel torn off, its rouge removed, the Congress of Vienna (September 1814 to June 1815) was nothing

short of an oligarchy of the Great Powers haggling, under private charter, over the interests of others. But among the Great Powers was one, Austria, who played the lion's part, which was only fitting, seeing that she was entertaining Europe. Had she not spent 50,000,000 francs over shows, ceremonies, balls, jousts, shooting-parties, tableaux-vivants, concerts, to amuse the ninety plenipotentiaries of those States who had taken part in the war, and the fifty-three representatives of the lesser sovereignties, republics, and communes who had no voice in the matter? She had, therefore, the right to reserve the thickest slice of cake for herself: for was not Vienna the cross-roads of Europe, whither thronged emperors, kings, princes, ministers, diplomatists, queens, duchesses, great ladies of the court and of the demi-monde, adventuresses, swindlers, gamblers? and had she not moreover, prepared for those cosmopolitan cohorts a perpetual carnival? Prince de Ligne,¹ a gay octogenarian, led the dance, tight-laced in his field-marshal's uniform: he engaged the singers, the actors, the acrobats and the ballet-dancers; he took the place of honour at the choicest of supper-parties and the most elegant of orgies, right up to the evening when, catching cold after leaving the ballroom, he went to sleep never to wake up again, blissful to be able to offer his fair friends, among so many different sights, that of his own funeral.

It was only fitting that Austria should cover her expenses: Metternich took care of that. He was going to bring off a master-stroke on behalf of his Empire, the Empire that, brought within an ace of bankruptcy by Napoleon, he was to make the arbiter of Europe for fifty years.

¹ Ligne (de), Charles Joseph, *Memoirs of Prince de Ligne*, followed by some reflections of his, and preceded by an Introduction (A. Lacroix, Bruxelles, 1860).

Four times had Francis II been forced to accept a humiliating peace. At Pressburg, Rastadt, Vienna and Schoenbrunn, he had been compelled to sacrifice the fruits of his conquests and his hereditary states, and to lay down that imperial crown, glory and pride of his House. Metternich, president of the Congress, restored to him an Empire rejuvenated, enlarged and compact. He then proceeded to hand Italy over to Austria. Austria made use of her as if she were a mere geographical expression ; amplified here, reduced there ; cut in at this point, parcelled out at that ; and crumbled her up. She annexed all the territory between the Alps, the Ticino, the Po and the Adriatic ; the valleys of the Valteline, Bormio and Chiavenna ; the Italian Tyrol, Trieste, Istria and Dalmatia right beyond Ragusa.

And that was not all. The younger branches of the House of Hapsburg—Lorraine, Tuscany and Modena—entered once more into possession of their domains. The Empress Marie-Louise received Parma, Guastalla and Piacenza for the term of her life. Austria, moreover, reserved for herself the right to maintain garrisons in the fortresses of Ferrara and Comacchio in the Papal States.

2. I do not believe that Prince Metternich¹ was the paragon that he made himself out to be in his Memoirs, and still less do I regard him as a commonplace statesman, a dishonest courtier, a sceptic or a corrupter. Firmly convinced that he had been created by God for the express purpose of breaking up the French Empire, and bringing mankind back to the condition prevailing before the French Revolution, he ended by imagining himself a kind of providence of

¹ Metternich, Clemens Wengel, *Memoirs, Documents and Various Papers left by Prince Metternich, State and Court Chancellor*, published by his son, Prince Richard de Metternich (Paris: Plon, 1880-1884, 8 vols.).

kings and peoples, as one predestined to give peace to men in the name of God. And the universal disposition to seek repose and even inertia and enjoyment, after twenty years of shocks and upheavals, explains the success and the popularity of Metternich. The skilled stage-manager drew up the curtain in front of the stalls filled by princes and ministers who said, as they gleefully rubbed their hands, "At last we are left in peace!"

For half a century (1820-1870) Europe knew peace: the great nations, Napoleon's playthings, liberty and order once restored, achieved a wonderful economic and civic evolution.

But at what price?

At the price, in sooth, of the seizure of Italy, the cradle of a civilisation 2,000 years old, of the thralldom of a people who had given to the world law, faith, science and art.

A strange doctrine, verily, this of the European balance of power. Henry IV, if my memory serves me, conceived it and Richelieu christened it. The treaties of Westphalia, Utrecht, Campoformio, Paris, Vienna proclaimed, one and all, a lasting peace, safeguarded by the balance of power. But that foundation was not only unjust, it was unstable as well. It was but the hot-bed of further wars. A great State only sanctioned its neighbours' conquests in virtue of an exchange of territory at the expense of a feeble nation or an oppressed people. The last word in the doctrine of equilibrium lay in the fact that States waging war with one another were jealous of one another and had exhausted themselves with armaments as formidable as they were insufficient. Mazzini, as we shall see later on, denounced that doctrine which, founded on spoliation, could only engender a fallacious and immoral peace.

3. The Italian people, chopped up, the better to

suit the appetites of its tyrants, and passed from hand to hand like a piece of merchandise—*e.g.* in Tuscany, in the course of fifteen years, there were ten changes of government, and eight in the kingdom of the two Sicilies—fell finally, in 1815, into the hands of Francis II, who did what he would with it, according to the dictates of his ferocious egotism and his savage absolutist ideas. The police was the link between the Emperor and his people; catholicism his strongest support.

Francis II, endowed with a limited intellect and a suspicious character, distrusted intelligence, detested culture and despised the learned. "You must know, gentlemen," he said to the professors at Pavia University, "I want neither men of letters nor scholars: I want you to turn me out good subjects."

That monarch's highest form of amusement consisted in reading the reports of his police and in a daily examination of the plan of the Spielberg, the better to ill-use the Italian prisoners who were there under lock and key. He did not trouble about the inherent difficulties of the ethnological and historic constitution of the Empire: a medley of seven nationalities—German, Bohemian, Polish, Italian, Yugo-slav, Magyar, Wallach. He evaded that difficulty by an expedient which he explained one day to the French ambassador in these very words: "My people are strangers to one another; so much the better. They do not take the same illnesses at the same time. In France, when fever comes, it takes you all on the same day. I put Hungarians in Italy, Italians in Hungary. They don't understand one another. Each keeps an eye upon his neighbour. They detest one another. From their antipathies order springs, and from their mutual hatred a general peace is generated."

As the Emperor confessed, the cohesion of the five kingdoms of which the Empire consisted—Bohemia,

Hungary, Galicia, Illyria and Lombard-Venetia—lay in the stirring up of those peoples' hatreds. If the reactionary policy of the sovereigns of Italy led at the same time to the savage punishment of the Italians, it was so, thanks to the co-operation of Francis II and his faithful minister Metternich.

In 1820 the King of Naples granted a constitution to his subjects; before you could turn round, the Emperor of Austria inaugurated a congress at Laybach to concert measures to stamp out every "liberal" inclination in the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Baron de Firmont, at the head of an Austrian army, entered Naples and brought the liberals to reason.

An analogous revolt was repressed in Piedmont by General Bubna.

Whenever the fever spread to the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, the methods employed were still more ruthless, for nothing in the world would induce Austria to tolerate a spirit of innovation in those two provinces which were the surest well-springs of her revenues (58,000,000 p.a.).

Whenever the inhabitants of Parma and of Modena tried to revolt against their tyrants, the Austrian soldiery soon imprisoned them and trussed them up.

When the Legations and the Marches shook off the domination of the Pontiff (1831 and 1832), the Austrians, faithful defenders of priestly theocracy, put the country to fire and sword.

Francis II pushed his police-like cruelty to such a point that he poured out the vials of his wrath upon the exiles. In a meeting in Bohemia (March 15th, 1834) with the King of Prussia and the Emperor Nicholas, he persuaded them to give an undertaking not to shelter political refugees, but to agree to a reciprocal interchange of the proscribed. On the death of this tyrant (March 2nd, 1835), worthy of the palmiest days of persecution, the Italians dared not hope for

any softening on Austria's part towards them, for the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna had not, alas! been written on the sands, and Francis II enjoined upon his son, Ferdinand IV, to change nothing, to let the foundation of the building alone and to repose full confidence in Prince Metternich, his best friend and most faithful servant. And this latter, in fact, held the regency until the abdication of Ferdinand IV (December 2nd, 1848) in favour of his nephew, Francis Joseph who, the day before, on completing his eighteenth year, had been declared to be of age.

4. At an age of youthful enthusiasms and generous mistakes, Francis Joseph remained rooted to the principle of despotic reaction. If the State Chancellor, after a revolt which was nipped in the bud, the crowd shouting "Down with Metternich," had to leave Vienna in a washerwoman's cart and retire to England, his system survived him and became incarnate in the person of the young monarch and in that of his successor, Prince Schwartzenberg.

It was this prince who, on receiving a deputation that urged him to cover himself with glory by proposing to the Emperor some humanitarian reforms, pretended at first to side with such counsels, and then concluded with a grin: "Na, erst wollen wir mal tüchtig hängen" (Yes, but we will first begin with a good bout of hanging). And the Emperor gave himself unreservedly up to absolutism.

And as the Holy See seemed to him a natural ally, he strengthened himself by increasing the power of the Church. Between the two of them they waged an implacable war against national aspirations by striking at their spiritual core: their native tongue.

The bishops, assembled at Vienna in 1849, declared "nationalities to be a survival of paganism, and the differences in languages to be the result of sin and the fall of man."

Instruction in the public and private schools was placed under the direction of the bishops, and the Government undertook to suppress the circulation of the books banned by them. The Empire lent strong support to the Church, and the Church, in her turn, helped the Empire to uproot that "bad lot," the liberals. In Italy, naturally, this mutual understanding was most complete and lasting. Francis Joseph and Pius IX were the sole remaining heirs of reactionary principles, to which they remained faithful unto death.

The young sovereign avenged himself for his mortifications in Hungary by concentrating all his living energies upon Italy, where he installed a "Reign of Terror," which was to last for ten years (1849-1859).

It is impossible to embrace in one glance or to sum up in a few pages the extent and the complex nature of the severity employed for sending the Italians to sleep, or to describe the sufferings of this people, who, in order to construct themselves a country, had to climb the path of Golgotha.

Austria outstripped the Inquisition in ferocity, and rivalled the Mussulmans in her incendiary and criminal violence at Milan, Brescia, Ferrara, Perugia, Bologna and Rome: everywhere, in short, where her Croats, her "sbirri," her inquisitors and her marshals encamped and enriched themselves.

And that Terror struck down not only 10,000,000 Austrian subjects, strictly speaking; but 1,200,000 Tuscans; the 800,000 inhabitants of Modena, Reggio, Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla; the 2,000,000 papal subjects, and the 6,000,000 souls who made up the kingdom of the two Sicilies: total, 20,000,000 of Italians, whom their princes, in the capacity of accomplices and tributaries of Austria, held in a hateful yoke.

For the despots of Central Italy, miniature Neros, would not have steeped themselves, with such per-

sistent effrontery, in assassination and pillage, had they not been backed by Austria, the arbiter of Europe. The Bourbons of Naples, who implored Vienna to send them archduchesses, decorations and help, were put into leading-strings. As for the Pope, he had recourse to a monstrous expedient: not only did he have Romagna placed under military occupation for the space of twelve years, but he put in the hands of the soldiery the judicial machinery which controlled the peace and security of individuals and families alike.

The political doctrine of the Hapsburgs became the gospel both of the petty kings and the big despots of Italy: each of them could say of his kingdom, "Here there is but a king to command, a nobility to govern and a mob to obey."

* * *

5. The reactionary principles in Italy may be summed up in this formula: "*Thinking is forbidden.*"

The violent measures wherewith to enforce this programme were the censorship and supervision; its powerful weapons, the inquisitor and the police with their instruments, the gag and the jail.

And when gentle measures on the contrary were called for, "sleep" was the method employed. "If you want to send a people to sleep, make it up a comfortable bed," said Lamartine. Gentle methods were used in Tuscany; violent measures everywhere else, with a crescendo culminating in Romagna. In Tuscany, Fossombroni, the minister of His Imperial and Royal Highness, the Archduke-grandduke Ferdinand III, professed this maxim: "The world jogs along very well by itself." He made up, accordingly, a comfortable bed for his people, hummed to it a monotonous lullaby and sent it to sleep, from 1820

to 1830, taking care at the same time to send to sleep the suspicions of Austria, who never relaxed her vigilance. Fossombroni relied upon the power of his soothing draughts to lead back to the old paths the generation who had danced round the tree of liberty and had succumbed to the fascination of Napoleon. Nevertheless, his police kept him informed on the conduct of the aristocracy and the middle classes, and reported the most innocent remarks of the proscribed. He then had these turbulent subjects, these reckless patriots handed over to the commissary, who threatened the former with spiritual exercises, the latter with banishment. And there the matter ended.

To intimidate without using severity, to supervise without persecuting, to lead without compelling, to insinuate without commanding, such was the Tuscan system. This sedative system may lead far, and may bear fruit still more harmful than despotism *à outrance*. It risks putting to sleep for good and all; happily, in this case, it did not have that effect in the least, because, in spite of the iron chains or silken threads with which they sought to bind mankind, in spite of the soothing drinks or the torture with which they sought to deaden the conscience, the spirit blew where it listed and rose to its conquests of love.

6. Everywhere else where savage reaction reigned the faculty of thought was considered a piece of shameless immorality, a capital crime. The subject who dared to think was guilty of *lèse-majesté*. A blind, implacable, unremitting persecution broke upon all those who could scarcely read or write, and descended with special fury upon artists, actors and men of letters. The painters, accordingly, sought shelter in religious subjects, the sculptors in decorative work, the men of letters in a crabbed and sterile erudition; and the actors, who started the evening on the stage, finished it oftentimes in the police station. Every sheet

of paper which was printed, whether in the form of newspaper, brochure or volume, had to pass before the eyes of two censors, one of whom was in the service of the Church, the other in that of the police. The latter suppressed every phrase derogatory to society, the other forestalled any anti-ultramontane contraband: their double pair of scissors reduced the work to shreds, for to ignorance they added folly.

A manuscript on galvanism was refused because the censors believed it was about Calvinism; they insisted that the author of a treatise on gnomonics be clapped straight into jail. The censor who was presented with a "French grammar for the use of Italians" cut out this last word because he found it revolutionary.

The banned words were legion. A few examples may be entertaining:

nation, as it could but refer to a Utopia, and was therefore offensive to the orthodox power.

country, as a blasphemy against God, the Pope and the kings.

angel and *devil*.

The verb *enter*, as it might be an allusion to the entry of the Piedmontese into Rome.

ordain (ordinare), because only priests are ordained.

curate, curato, past. part. of the verb "curare" (take care of), because it was a profanation to employ a word which denoted also the curate in charge of a parish.

eziandio, adverb meaning "also," because it ended in "dio," meaning God.

The stage censorship was grotesque in its exaggerations. In *Macbeth*, for example, the censor suppressed the inoffensive words of the witch: "Here I have a pilot's thumb, wrecked as homeward he did come," for he thought he saw an allusion to the ship of St.

Peter, which was about to sink by reason of men's iniquities.

A tenor, when singing, "Oh the burning love of country," was made to say "Oh the burning affection for love" !!!

The word "loyalty" was always made to replace that of "freedom," which smacked of heresy. A singer took the substitution for granted, and in Bellini's famous chorus, instead of singing, "He sold his freedom and became a soldier," sang, "He sold his loyalty and became a soldier," while the public roared with laughter.

7. Schools were in the same boat. The University was closed down; history and philosophy were tabooed. Students had to come with certificates of regular attendance at mass, confession and communion. The military schools were run by tonsured captains; the polytechnic scholars walked two and two in the streets, in charge of priests. The professors were only allowed to teach when they had passed an examination in the Catechism, which even the dancing-master had to have at his fingers' ends. The instruction given in the schools was strictly classical and literary. Latin and the Italian classics were taught to perfection, but nothing more—nothing beyond pure philology, a shrivelled-up science which cramps the intellect in rigid formulas and imprisons it in empty discussions on words. With instruction of this kind the different governments fettered those intellects which, being concerned only with dead languages and the masterpieces of the ancients, were left untouched by the influence of the new intellectual currents.

Literary tradition, therefore, became the hand-maiden of reactionary interests. The State constructed its strongest rampart with schools and academies which petrified the understanding. The corner-stone which gave that edifice finish and solidity was the *Cate-*

chismo filosofico per uso delle scuole inferiori (Naples, 1850), which, modelled on the Catechism, was a dialogue between the master and the scholar. This little book, for a long time falsely ascribed to N. D'Apuzzo, was the work of Count Monaldo Leopardi,¹ the father of Giacomo Leopardi, the great poet philosopher.

Monaldo Leopardi, the last and staunchest standard-bearer of theocratic absolutism, in pages which no one can read without blushing, painted truth, justice and freedom in the colours of falsehood, fraud and licence. One example will help the reader to form an idea of the blind absolutism of the governments of Italy. I borrow it from a passage in the address of the populations of the Papal States to the Princes and Peoples of Europe, known by the name of the " Rimini Manifesto " :

" It is a matter of vital importance to us that the monarchs and peoples of Europe should ask themselves by the light of their consciences as Christians if our conditions of life are bearable ; if, in an age of progress and enlightenment, a people, in the heart of Italy, can be driven to jail and gibbet like any drove of oxen ; can be delivered to the tender mercies of a retrograde censorship and to the teaching of Jesuits who muzzle the mind ; if men of learning can be forbidden to meet together or attend congresses which are held in other States ; if the press, literature, railways and even infant schools can be anathematised ! " "

The reader may gather a fresh confirmation of this in some words of Byron's, in a letter addressed to Murray, his publisher :

¹ See B. Zumbini, *W. E. Gladstone in his Relations with Italy* (Bari: Laterza, 1914, pp 16-18).

² *Lo Stato Romano dall'anno 1815 al 1850* by L. C. Farini (Florence: Le Monnier, 1853, p. 108).

November 23rd, 1820.

" . . . I think the Huns (Austrians) damned scoundrels and barbarians, and their Emperor a fool, and themselves more fools than he. They have got themselves masters of the papal police and are bullying away, but some day or other they will pay for all; it may not be very soon, because these unhappy Italians have no consistency among themselves; but I suppose that Providence will get tired of them at last."

It is superfluous to add that no instruction whatever was given to the mass of people. Ignorance, with the misery and superstition which it engenders, are the three levers of absolute governments. In this particular case they were made to serve a double purpose. They were adopted not only to hold the people in bondage, but also to train them to hate the middle classes. Those middle classes, whose innermost thoughts were to be scented out, had to endure on the one hand the deliberate despotism of the nobility, on the other the blind despotism of the mob. Beggars blocked the towns, brigands beset the country—beggary and brigandage which were tolerated by the State, inasmuch as for certain governments there are some social illnesses more profitable than good health.

8. To render instruction sterile by maintaining a rigid control over the schools was one part of the reactionary system which stretched its tentacles even over commerce. At all costs it had to be prevented following in the wake of England and France, where mercantile activity and mechanical inventions gave a prodigious impetus to commerce and industry, and thereby to international relations. That impetus was a mote in the eyes of Italy's despots, for it revolutionised manners. New needs and luxurious habits elbowed out the modest style of housekeeping; the

feverish thrust after gain put the traditional life out of gear, and threatened to kill routine and transform stay-at-home subjects into travellers. Now, to travel means to see, to compare, to learn and to judge. All conceivable means were employed to dispel this new peril. Refusal to give passports to cross the frontier of each separate State of Italy, and of passports for abroad; prohibition to send anything to the Paris Exhibition of 1855; strenuous and perpetual opposition to the construction of railroads and to the installation of the telegraph: such were the more important measures. And when it came to details, what a host of obstacles and needless vexations! To build a factory, or works of any kind, was impossible without a special permit from the Government; but even with the permit the formalities, time specifications, reservations and restrictions were so numerous that the manufacturer, four times out of five, abandoned all idea of doing anything. Sometimes the permission included some strange clause, such as that enjoined upon the Marquis Patrizi, to have masses said for the salvation of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which his two mills were to be erected.

In order to kill commerce and industry, Austria, the Pope and the Bourbons put excessive duties on all commodities and manufactures. The custom-house reared itself like a fortress against free trade—that free trade which, according to the definition of a cardinal, was a twin error of Jansenism, as fatal to the health of nations as Jansenism was to their spiritual salvation. Under the captious pretext of protecting the little local industries from foreign competition, and the artisan from the claws of the plutocrat, the import duties were, in reality, a fresh economic hindrance, and one shackle the more upon the spirit of initiative.

The reader will learn later on from the lips of a great statesman who was an eye- and ear-witness—

W. E. Gladstone—what justice and administration meant in this luckless country which represented the last wreckage of old Europe, the foe of that moral and economic movement we call modern civilisation.

9. I conclude this very brief summary of the methods of these absolute governments with a short description of the despots in question.

They were fanatics one and all, as far as the divine right of kings was concerned: the throne was every whit as much their inviolable property as were their lands and their revenues. They, therefore, were intent on handing it down as a rightful heritage to their descendants: it was, they considered, both their right and their duty to do so. The dynastic interest absorbed everything.

FERDINAND OF NAPLES (1830–1859) was as deeply imbued with his divine right as had been his father, who had followed out to the letter the programme which Canosa had traced for him in 1815:

“Prince, return to your old way of living. If you only wish to condemn a few people, at least condemn them without delay or pity; you have already vainly experimented with tolerance; begin now to experiment with blood. . . . Your prime minister should be the executioner. God, father of compassion, created a hell for the punishment of sin: follow His divine example. Do not hesitate about the choice of penalties: a hand for a hand, an eye for an eye, a life for a life. One of the foremost causes of the world’s overthrow is the excessive spread of learning and this excessive itching for letters with which even fish-mongers and stable-boys are affected. In this world we can dispense with learned men and persons who pore over books: what we want are cobblers, tailors, blacksmiths, labourers, artisans of all kinds—a great mass, in fine, of honest, law-abiding folk, who are quite

content to believe as they are told and to let the world turn on its own axis."

Entrenched in his inviolability, in his royal infallibility, Ferdinand II pillaged, ground, squeezed, imprisoned, hanged and guillotined; he gave the constitution and took it away again with the greatest of ease. When funds increased, he used them to pay those that stabbed in his name; the riff-raff, the courtiers and the sheepish crowd were all for him. Corrupt men had the knack of pleasing him. Thieves amused him, and he delighted in making them members of the State Council.

Foreign powers made fruitless attempts to induce him to adopt some reforms: the very word reform made him shake his sides with laughter, and he thus answered Louis Philippe: "I intend to rule by myself, I shall rule by myself always." And again to Napoleon III: "Do I propose to interfere in Kabylia or in India? I desire to be master in my own kingdom as long as I live." Chateaubriand, ambassador at Rome, thus expressed himself on the subject of the Bourbons of Naples: "It is unhappily only too true that the government of the two Sicilies is deserving of the utmost contempt."

When illness struck him down, the King realised that he could not treat God as he had treated his parliament or his people. Fortified with the relics of St. Januarius, and decked out in the mantle of St. Louis, he still tried to hoodwink himself; then fear fell upon him; and alluding to the liberals, "They have won their case!" he cried to the doctors who stood round his death-bed. Then he said to his son, in the presence of the whole court, "Don't govern too strictly: in these days you can do so no longer."

With such words, in the throes of death, he disavowed

his reign, which had been, in the sight of God and man alike, an abomination.

FRANCIS II, his son, held the throne of the two Sicilies for a few months (May 22nd to December 2nd, 1860). In passing from an old king to a younger one, the sovereign-power became not a whit less harsh : its severity was increased and crime grew more appalling than ever. The first official act of this reign was a falsehood, a decree of amnesty relating to political offences which—ought we to weep or laugh?—comprised neither the condemned, the proscribed, prisoners nor fugitives. As ignorant as his father, if less vulgar, he was superstitious to a degree.

He wore out the prie-dieu of the royal chapel, and in the early hours of the morning he was seen to trace crosses with his forefinger on the dirty windows of the royal palace, and then to kiss them reverently.

FRANCIS IV of Modena had neither courage nor intelligence : he was simply cruel. He cherished morbid ambitions which his servility towards Austria and his ferocious hypocrisy prevented him from realising. Cæsar Borgia and Sancho Panza rolled into one, he reproduced the grimaces of both in the style of a third-rate actor. The hangman was his best friend.

FERDINAND IV, Grand-duke of the House of Lorraine, was urbane and well-mannered. He would have been a man of marked intelligence but for his incurable indolence. His ambition was to live the peaceful existence of a rich man, to pass his time in country visits, driving out in his carriage and playing whist. The liberals, the proscribed, congresses, budgets and other worries bored him to death. Nothing, as a matter of fact, had any hold over that monarch, too soft to make a despot, too feeble to break away from tutelage. He let Fossombroni do as he liked, and the latter did the same with his subordinates,

After the death of Fossombroni, the Grand-duke, with advancing years, let his confessor and his minister for foreign affairs have their own way: the first refused him absolution if he opposed the Romish Court, the second constrained him to sign what suited the Court of Vienna. But, all said and done, the Grand-duke was a courteous, obliging and honest man.

10. But of all the Italian monarchs subject to Austria, none was more servile than the Pontiff. Was this through gratitude? Austria had reinstated the Papacy in her States—that is to say, in the Legations (Ferrara, Bologna, Romagna), the Marches and Umbria, and at the Congress of Vienna had evinced a very conciliatory attitude towards Cardinal Consalvi.

But the understanding of the Pontiff with the Empire was based upon a communion of ideas and principles which successive events were to strengthen more and more. Misfortunes, far from tempering them, had envenomed the ultra-conservative passions of the clerical party.

The Papal Court, which from the moment of its restoration might have infused new life into *Guelfism*, let Austria instead force its hand, delivered up the few poets and men of letters who had shown their approbation of the attempt at unity on the part of Joachim Murat, and hurled an anathema at the secret sect of the *Carbonari*, whilst protecting its rivals, the *Sanfedisti* (of the Holy Faith).

Pius VII restored privileges to their pristine place of honour, extended the immunities, doubled the duties and kept the people in a state of grace, which consisted of perfect ignorance. He breathed his last on August 20th, 1823.

As his successor they appointed Cardinal Annibale della Genga, who said to the prelates composing the conclave: "Don't consider me, for you would choose a corpse." He had, in fact, swollen legs, a wizened-

up face and sixty-four years to carry. But no sooner transformed into LEO XII, he recovered his health and set about ruling his States with untiring energy. He placed education and works of charity under the control of the clergy, he set up obligatory trusts, suppressed the tribunals, drew up drastic edicts against shooting and fishing, dismissed the magistrates who favoured vaccination, deprived the Jews of every civil right, compelled them to sell their property and locked them up in the ghetto. With the object of purging the Legations of the "Carbonari," he dispatched to Ravenna, in the capacity of legate, Cardinal Rivarola, who, afraid of adopting mild measures, imprisoned folks of all ages and all conditions, and sentenced, after summary trial, 508 persons to death or to jail and chains for a term of years or for life. Besides these, a great number were placed under a form of supervision called "the first degree"—that is to say, were forbidden to leave the gates of the town or borough, had to return home at the hour of curfew, to appear every fortnight before the inspector of police, to go to confession once a month, and to go into retreat three days in the year in a convent of the bishop's choosing. Leo XII commended Rivarola's zeal, and joyfully blessed the Austrian troops who, at Naples, had been employed on the same "sacred" business. At his death he left behind him a legacy of hate.

Unhappily, Mauro Cappellari della Colomba, who took the name of GREGORY XVI, was a narrow-minded man, consumed with fanaticism and fear. His whole reign was a sanguinary struggle with his subjects, a struggle based on confiscations, jail and exile. Mastro Titta, the hangman, had a long list of clients, and the barber Moroni, the Pope's favourite, squeezed the citizens dry. The laxness of the clergy's morals and their insatiable rapacity were a crying shame. The

Pope's prestige lay perishing. Never was the mutilated statue of "Pasquino" pasted with bitterer jibes against the Pope, the unbridled scandals of his court and the general decline in morals, which like leprosy preyed upon the States of the Vicar of Christ. People were afraid and ashamed to live, and mothers wept over the birth of their children, inasmuch as the register of births was in reality nothing more than "a register of death"!

"All the States, come take your pick,
Such as Turk and Pontific,
Police and hangman mostly need
Guards, jails and warders heavy-keyed
For they who rule us, after all,
The rascals raise, the good let fall."

From this abyss of misery—which the Roman poet of dialect, G. Belli, portrays in his cutting sonnets—PIUS IX, elected in 1846, appeared to pluck the people, and lead them to a civil and economical revival. Good-natured and unprejudiced, he granted an amnesty, a town guard and a constitution. Then sprang up a boundless enthusiasm which reached its zenith in 1848. A cloistered Benedictine wrote to him from his cell at Montecassino: "Raise the standard which Alexander III hung over the tomb of St. Peter when he had put Barbarossa to flight, and let it float in the sun of Italy." The proscribed, as they came back to their own country, embraced one another with wet eyes: "Long live Pius IX! Long live emancipated Italy!" and "It is the will of God; it is God's will!"

This delirium was so unanimous that Metternich, his plans all awry, roughly wrenched from his Draconian formulas of government, confessed that he could have foreseen anything but a liberal Pope.

Rome set the ball rolling; the other princes, willy-nilly, sucked in by the high tide, followed suit. Ferdinand II, not wishing to be left behind, was the first to give the constitution to the people of the two Sicilies.

The whole peninsula resounded with acclamations: in the squares of the larger towns, in front of the churches of obscure villages, orators mounted upon improvised platforms, and there proclaimed the holy war under the patronage of Pius IX. Amid roll of drum the alarm was given and volunteers with the red cross on their breasts left for Lombardy, while women waved tricoloured handkerchiefs and drowned the valiant in floods of flowers and kisses. Above that jubilation hovered the cries which seemed to fall from heaven—"Italy liberated! It is the will of God!"

The first successes of their forces at Goito and Peschiera served to swell the flood of frenzy. But after the defeat of Custozza (1848) that flood began to turn, and after Novara (1849) it quickly ebbed away. Manin fell with his heroic Venice; Mazzini's republic fell also before Louis Napoleon's soldiers, who swore to reconquer Rome for the Pope. Pius IX returned to the Vatican a changed man. He became the soul of a reaction more pitiless than that of Ferdinand II, Francis IV or Radetzky. Of all the perjured, he was the most cowardly, considering the religious principles he represented. In the space of one year 1,644 persons were put to death for political offences! while the rest of the Pope's subjects had naught to do but to weep over their exploded hallucinations.

Drained dry by taxes, they were handed over to the tender mercies of custom-house officials, to the Holy Office and to the Austrian military tribunals. The all-puissant Jesuits and the clergy, restored to their privileges and monopolies, helped this blind reaction with might and main. The prisons were overflowing, the bastinado was beatified, the misery was awful. Churches and convents increased apace: in Perugia, a town of 18,000 inhabitants, there were 100 churches and fifty convents. Monks white, grey and blue, barefooted and filthy, and licentious priests crept into

palaces and hovels, into country and town to spy upon the laity, to violate the sanctity of their hearths and to hand them over, bound hand and foot, to foreign soldiery, quartered in the convents. These, in their turn, spied upon, insulted and brutalised the citizens. In Rome the nobility was composed of mummies who threatened to fall into dust as they moved: the lower orders were nothing but a mob seething with vice. The middle classes were the medium upon which the clergy worked in secret with stealthy methods. Like those mysterious societies of the middle ages against which open and armed society was powerless, the ecclesiastical society exercised its occult and intricate power mainly through women and children, old men and timorous souls. And upon this people, ruined, enervated and dumb, Pius IX stamped his bloody stigmata right up to 1870, the year of Redemption.¹

* * *

Such is the background from which stood out, in a blaze of light, a few of the servants of Thought. With pen or with sword, in chains and upon the scaffold, those indomitable souls proclaimed the immortal character of those twin aspirations: country and freedom.

¹ On Pius IX and the life in Rome from 1850 to 1870 see the very interesting study by R. de Cesare, *Roma e lo Stato del Papa*. (Roma: Forzani, 1907, 2 vols.)



PART I

THE AWAKENERS

As the sunrise to the night,
As the north wind to the clouds,
As the earthquake's fiery flight,
Ruining mountain solitudes,
 Everlasting Italy
Be those hopes and fears on thee.

SHELLEY, *Fragments*: "To Italy, 1820."



CHAPTER I

THE SPARK UNDER THE ASHES

1. WE have attempted to paint the picture of that Italy whose skies are as drab as those of Salvator Rosa's. Brute force and dumb terror represent the figures in the foreground.

Italy was considered so completely extinct that her death certificate was drawn up in due and proper form. A heavy flagstone was placed upon her grave with the words: "Hic jacet" . . . engraved thereon, and the tyrants sincerely persuaded themselves that that corpse could never lift its shroud. However paradoxical at first sight the statement may seem, brute force has always quickened thought, despotism has necessarily engendered liberty, terror has but hastened the coming of justice.

Violence, confident in its power to destroy and devastate, served but to hatch the imponderable forces which swayed and survived it. Tyrants produced heroes, despots free men, the tomb became a cradle.

Italy was far from defunct. Through the portals of Thought she returned to life; with Thought she straightened out her twisted feet; in the shackles and the stocks, it was by Thought that she blazoned forth her strength, her invincibility, her immortality.

2. That Thought issued from the tomb like a spark from a bed of ashes, for it was memory that gave it birth. To the Italian, thought and memory are identical. As he bends over the brink of time, hosts of illustrious ancestors rise up before him from the

far-distant past : mighty forms reared on pedestals of bronze in the attitude of conquerors, mighty forms bent over books, mighty forms encamped upon the seas ; captains, men of learning, artists, navigators, who have fathomed the depths of water, earth and thought, and have taught the world to lisp words of glory, knowledge and beauty. What despot can force a people to forget the past, or what censorship can choke recollection ?

The great dead become living forces which come most fully into play when decadence has touched its greatest depths. Prosperous nations may forget, oppressed people never. Their hope of salvation dwells in the strength of their ancestral worship. Now, no people has ever possessed traditions fairer, richer or worthier ; when slavery sank most deeply into its soul, it bethought itself of how it had stood at the head of the pagan and of the entire Christian civilisation. So noble a tradition could never die ; it survived even in the most abject of mobs, that of Rome, that of Naples. And this we gather from the lips of foreigners.

Chateaubriand wrote in 1803 :

“ Among this Roman people you can distinguish great good sense, courage, patience, genius, indelible traces of its ancient customs, and some indefinable air of sovereignty and those noble customs which recall a royal origin.”

Gladstone, in his *Gleanings of Past Years* (second letter to Lord Aberdeen), speaking of the populace of Naples, says :

“ While they seem to me most amiable for their gentleness of tone, and for their freedom from sullenness and pride, they are, I must say, admirable in the powers of patient endurance, and for the elasticity and

buoyancy, with which in them the spirit lives under a weight that would crush minds of more masculine and tougher texture, but gifted with less power of reactive play."

Italy climbed anew the stairway of the centuries to mourn the grandeur of her past and blush for the thralldom of her present. Those feelings of regret and shame were simultaneous. They formed a familiar antithesis with all the writers. But we must not deceive ourselves into believing that they used them by way of a literary form or a hackneyed theme; with the poets it stood for a genuine expression of a sincere sense of shame on the part of the mind which could not bring itself to believe that Italy had fallen so low from her former high estate.

It was FOSCOLO who in his "Sepolcri" cried :

"O Italy ! where are then thy sons ? where
The sometime Terror which thy glory inspired ? "

And LEOPARDI in his *Canzone all' Italia* :

"Oh my country, I see the walls and triumphal arches, the columns, the statues, and the solitary towers of our forbears. . . . But I see not the glory, nor the laurels and the spoils under which the ancients our fathers groaned. Weep, for there is just cause for tears, my Italy, thou who wast born to surpass the world in happiness as in misfortune. . . ."

And MONTI in his *Mascheroniana* :

"Thou sleepest like a log, O Italy, and hast thou no shame, that one people after another, who were of old thy slaves, now lord it over thee ? . . ."

And ROSSETTI :

"Oh, why not have made her, O Destiny,
Either less fair, or else more strong ?
Wilt thou then let thyself be chained
By these crowned subjects of thine
Whom thou didst one day see at thy feet ?
. . . O slave of thy slaves,
Thou hast been queen for one brief day ! "

3. History, which is for the instruction of humanity, which puts on record virtuous and glorious acts, and which brands the violators of the right, is a focus of light and justice in which oppressed peoples recover their strength.

Macchiavelli and Guicciardini were read anew; with great zest, the study of that fine book of Sismondi's, *The Italian Republics*, was resumed. The chroniclers and annalists of the different regions lent invaluable assistance to the nation's unfoldment.

Men, moreover, spent their lives or hazarded them in searching the archives, in deciphering blackened parchments in order to strike out a spark of life from the dust of bygone ages.

It was CARLO BOTTO who wrote his *History of Italy from 1789 to 1814*; and MICHELE AMARI, a young Sicilian, who in an *Episode of the History of Sicily in the Thirteenth Century*, denied that the formidable rising, known as the "Sicilian Vespers," was the work of John of Procida; and maintained that it was a general and spontaneous movement of the people.

CARLO TROYA it was, who, wandering from monastery to monastery, to rummage out old worm-eaten documents, shut himself up in the library of Monte Cassino and piled up material for a vast piece of work. That prolific annalist turned out an unprofitable work, giving him very little return for his labour, bristling with quotations, annotations, chronological tables, in eight gigantic volumes, extending "from the source of all things to the invasion of Alboin."

ANTONIO RANIERI dreamt of stigmatising the glaring acts of injustice which generated all Italy's misfortunes, by championing the good cause of the Lombards against the priesthood and the Empire. He applied himself to a difficult and dogmatic work in his *History of Italy from the Fifth to the Ninth Century*, covering 400 most chaotic and sanguinary years, from Theo-

dosius to Charlemagne. He proved from original sources, with admirable clarity of thought and limpidity of style, that—

“The imperial power granted Italy no right over any nation, but rather furnished a pretext to many nations to establish for themselves a right over her. The Lombards were Italians, not the Italians Lombards. The Lombard Italians fell to make room for the foreign Franks, who transmitted to other foreigners, and the latter in their turn to others still, a title which, useless for anything else, was only singularly successful in bathing Italy in blood, from the Alps to southernmost Sicily.”

And again :

“The sovereign power of the Lombards fell to give secular power and a throne to the Pontiff, and to give place to new orders which were inevitably bound to cut up Italy for the space of eleven centuries.”

It was ATTO VANNUCCI who wrote the *History of Italy from its Earliest Days to the Lombard Invasion*. Its ruling idea is a national one, its purport generous, its erudition astonishing, its style concise and lively.

It was VINCENZO GIOBERTI, who in his book *Concerning the Moral and Political Supremacy of the Italians*, affirmed that the Italians had held both a moral and political pre-eminence over other nations.

Italy had preserved her moral empire by preserving the Papacy: she would regain her political pre-eminence through the Church, which had come into the inheritance of the Cæsars.

It was history again which supplied dramatic authors and novelists with the data to instruct the people, to encourage it to suffer and to cherish the hope of a general liberation. Later on we shall see how their

tragedies and novels portrayed strictly national characters.

4. I should like to draw the reader's attention to one characteristic common to several of the writers who have built up the civic Renaissance of Italy. They were not *patriotic writers*, but rather *patriots who wrote*. They collected materials to erect fortresses, not to produce work to last for all time. Literature, for them, was a form of energy. They did not write with a stiletto on parchment: their pen served for a sword. They had neither the time nor the wish to invoke the Muse still adorned with faded laurels, nor the Virgin either; they did not go to consult togaed and bewigged orators as to the propriety of a word or the fitness of a paraphrase; but, following only the promptings of their hearts, they went straight to the point, sprightly and speedy, making their tears and their wrath the quintessence of their works. Passion drove them, and they suffered themselves to be driven.

"The hand in which the pulse of passion beats cannot hold the pen," according to Jean Paul. Now, a certain number of these works, from a purely artistic point of view, are not masterpieces. Again, if works of art, polished to a nicety, defy the inroads of time, works of passion, shaped with a paring knife, live for a little time only. But these writers hugged no illusions; they knew what their work lacked and they did not crave indulgence from posterity.

D'Azeglio made this confession:

"I was never enamoured of literature. One day I took the pen in hand seeing that I could not any longer wield the sword, and I only wrote to spur my country to action."

And Guerrazzi declared to Marc Monnier:

"In free countries, and in those where calm reigns, you have the good fortune and the right to cultivate art for art's sake ; with us, to do so would spell weakness and apathy. To write leisurely and coldly of our times and in this country of ours, with the deliberate object of creating a masterpiece, would be almost impious. When I compose a book, my one thought is to devote my whole mind to communicating my ideas or my beliefs. I start upon my story to draw the crowd. When I feel it is under the "spell, I tell it what I have to tell ; when I think the lesson is straining its attention, I resume the story ; and every time that I get a chance of interrupting it, I revert to my moralising. A detestable method artistically speaking, I grant you. My siege-works will be destroyed when the war is over ; I have never had any doubt on that score. But what do I care ? Let my work pass over like a storm, as long as it has hurled a thunderbolt at the wicked, shaken the cowards, and cleared the air." ¹

Who will dare to say he is wrong ?

5. The disinterestedness of the *Risorgimento* writers acquires a greater value when the persecutions which assailed them are taken into account. The despots' hate harassed them at every turn. Some among them, loaded with chains, knew full well what a dungeon meant. Among these were : SILVIO PELLICO, whose name crossed the Alps and stirred the heart of humanity with the pathetic story of his prison days—*Le mie Prigioni* ; LUIGI SETTEMBRINI, whose *Memoirs*, a real literary jewel, we shall peruse later on ; and DOMENICO GUERRAZZI, who in his numerous imprisonments found material for his incendiary novels.

There were also the melancholy tramps of France,

See Marc Monnier, *L'Italie est-elle la terre des morts ?* (Paris : Hachette, 1860, p. 323.)

Switzerland, Holland and England, preserving during their exile their purity intact, gaining their bread—and nothing else—with copying or teaching. How often one has seen these outlaws, living in the suburbs of the capitals, climb down from their attics, or leave their squalid lodgings to be swallowed up by the fog which shrouded the deserted river-banks! Their age was anything from twenty to sixty; they felt horribly lonely and poor; but they preserved the pride which goes with great misfortunes, and the dignity of honest poverty. Sometimes they would disappear altogether; that was when they believed that the day of liberty was about to dawn for their country, and they wished to be present at that prodigious aurora. But they always came back, cast ashore once more “by the swell of that blind and stunning sea to which a people in revolution is so close akin.”

Some there were who died of exile in exile: Foscolo, Confalonieri, Manin, Gioberti. But not one returned before his time by abjuring or renouncing the truth.

6. They followed the example of Dante, the first exile of Italy, the classic land of outlawry.

The reader is aware that, in 1316, Florence offered to repatriate Dante and restore him his possessions, provided he acknowledged his guilt and begged for pardon. Dante replied: “One does not return to one’s country by a road like that. If there is any other road which does not betray either the reputation or the honour of Dante, I will take it with alacrity; but if such a road does not lead to Florence, never shall I enter Florence again. What? Surely I can see the sun and the stars from everywhere? Shall I not everywhere under the sky be free to contemplate the sweetness of truth without sullying my glory by recanting, in the sight of the people and town of Florence?”

The exiles of the *Risorgimento* belonged to that

same race and remained unassailable both as regards the dignity of their cause and the nobility of tradition. With our writers and our artists the tradition of courage has been uninterrupted. We have just spoken of Dante ; let us not forget BOCCACCIO, the novelist, who poured forth invectives against the courtesan town ; PETRARCH, who spoke to Cola di Rienzi and to Italy before he addressed himself to the princes ; FRA JACOPONE, who from the depths of his dungeon cursed the vices of the pope ; SAVONAROLA, who stood up like a justiciary in front of Lorenzo de' Medici.

And what of science ? Science remained for ever unshackled. The *School of Galileo* did away with the arcadian pastorals and the wheedling of the Jesuits.

Art did not prostitute itself : it lavished its treasures. CELLINI and MICHELANGELO are sufficient confirmation of that. From the slough where the pensioned scholars grovelled rose up the founder of the history of science, L. A. MURATORI. And when philosophy once more bowed its head, it was to humbly believe in God ; it was to pray.

If here and there some prominent writer, for the sake of personal gain or ambition or from the fear of persecution, was guilty of time-serving—ALFIERI, FOSCOLO, GIUSTI, NICCOLINI and twenty others, never flinched or faltered. The authors that were spared—they can be counted on the fingers of one hand—never dishonoured their pen by turning out trash or stooping to flattery. MANZONI is the most glorious example among them.

7. The reader will ask : How was it then possible for literary work to appear when suspicious despotism dogged the thinkers and put their books on the Index ?

The writers used to send their manuscripts to Lugano, Bastia, Brussels and Paris, whence they were smuggled back printed into Italy. Several of them shared exile with their works, which afterwards were to return

without them to their native land. Others had recourse to clandestine printing-machines. Hundreds of works were printed in cellars unbeknown to the police. It had also become customary to employ the same ruse that Voltaire had used at Geneva, in order to circulate liberal literature. The pamphlets were published under a pious title, such as "The pierced Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ," but contained a protest against King Ferdinand of Naples. Or on some outer cover was to be read this title: "The Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin"; when the book was opened, it was nothing less than the "Words of a believer," which had been condemned by a special pontifical Bull.

* *

It is not our intention to write a history of the Italian literature in the nineteenth century, but simply to remind the English and Americans of to-day of the best works of Italy's Civic Renaissance.

We shall therefore avoid studying the writers separately, each one by himself, because they interest us only for the service they have rendered the cause of liberty and independence. The reader would soon lose his breath if he were to follow us through the parcelled-out peninsula, trying to keep pace with the biographical vicissitudes of every writer, and the frequent convulsions of the different oppressed States; it will be better to group the liberal writers round a centre. If nothing else, they will be brought into relief, and the reader will have a general picture clearly outlined.

It is but right first to pay our tribute to those workers of the first hour who, vanquished, had dared to hope, and, poets, had dared to hate; those were the "awakeners," who in the night announced the dawn.

Then came the younger generation from 1830 to

1840, who sowed the seed and laboured during the cold dawn.

After them followed that bold and confident band whose labours at Florence helped the green blade to grow.

And last, as the golden harvest drew near, workers thronged from all parts to Turin, the holy town of free men.

CHAPTER II

THE FORERUNNERS

I. VITTORIO ALFIERI (1749-1803) (¹) was a noble who spent his childhood at Asti, his native town, and his early manhood at Turin, where he was a boarder at the Academy. There he idled away his time, tilting at the red-tape methods and the deadening system of priestly education. At the age of seventeen, he obtained permission from his guardian and his mother to travel, and rode on horseback over the roads of France, England, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, Russia and Spain, possessed with an imperious need of movement. He avoided the towns, and never used the letters of introduction he carried with him; he contemplated men and things at a distance, and took back to Piedmont the conviction that no country could compare with his, that no people were a match for the Italians, weak and humbled as they were. The perusal of a few books, and chiefly of *Plutarch's Lives*, produced in that lucid mind a startlingly sudden change. He modelled himself on Brutus, on Timoleon; he blushed for his ignorance and his indolence; he burned to become some one; the desire for literary laurels simultaneously provoked and flattered his illimitable pride.

For with Alfieri the lever was pride, which—it must be confessed—while leading him to despise all that was cowardly and mediocre, rendered him both exclusive and partial. In order to succeed, he shut himself up in his room, lived for a while the existence of a Trap-

¹ Vita, *Giornali e lettere di Vittorio Alfieri*, ed. Teza. (Florence: Le Monnier, 1861.) *Tragedie* (Milano, Sonzogno, 1878).

pist Abbot, read, meditated and studied, and, the better to perfect his mental culture, settled at Florence, a city where letters have always been held in honour. He became the favoured admirer of the Countess of Albany, who had no small share in turning Alfieri into a great dramatist.

2. That was a title that Alfieri set great store by. Polemics and pamphleteering made no appeal to him; but the prospect of becoming a dramatist threw him into transports of delight. He was enamoured of his art: the moral grandeur of a subject, the realistic unfolding and naturalness of the plot, the truthful psychology of the characters, the patriotic enthusiasm which animated them, the lessons of virtue they suggested to him—all these things held him in thrall.

ORESTES, TIMOLEON, VIRGINIA, BRUTUS THE ELDER AND BRUTUS THE YOUNGER—rose up before him, the representatives of dignity and right. To him they were greater than nature. Their strength lay in their strenuous will-power, expressing itself in short, imperious phrases. Their gestures were restrained, their accents peremptory, their bearing martial. Souls of adamant, deaf to the voice of weakness or regret, they were inviolate and open-hearted. Anger and disdain they could feel, grief rarely, fear never. Now these exceptional figures, borrowed from mythical Greece and republican Rome, stood out from the past to shame the present. They whispered in the Italian's ear words that burnt, recollections that rankled, memories that intoxicated. A whiff of glory refreshed the parched soul, a breath of hope revived it, a fever for freedom shook it. The public, too, awoke; it committed to heart those quivering declarations, which are not what we find in Voltaire and sometimes in Victor Hugo, tirades interpolated in the tragedy, but vigorous apostrophes admirably fused with the play.

3. From Alfieri's plays may be drawn countless

lessons of liberty and virtue. To be frank, the liberty he writes of is, for the most part, a synonym for an implacable hatred of tyranny, and with him virtue is a medley of violence and pride. Alfieri's object was to strike strongly rather than accurately. And he was right ; for a people who had been a prey to long years of domination and brute force, and had fallen to the last rung of intellectual poverty, could not be roused by petty manœuvres, sedative theories, and debonair characters. What it needed were bold gestures, exaggerated attitudes, stoic figures. That is why Alfieri's tragedies, which are practically devoid of love passages, in which the dialogue pants for breath, have exercised so powerful an influence upon Italy. The defiant attitudes of the Alfierian heroes, their magnanimous bearing, and fierce invectives were, for spectators and readers alike, the most consummate expression of their own feelings. It was not so much a question of Alfieri communicating his thoughts and feelings to the Italians, as the Italians finding in Alfieri their spokesman. In his plays you have a school for civic virtues ; they teach that the past may be revived, that rebellion is a sacred duty, and vengeance upon cowards and traitors a right ; that freedom is the only form of happiness worth having. He roused men's minds by probing them with a red-hot iron ; he restored self-confidence to the people ; he insisted on their never looking to others for help, but, rising up by their own unaided exertions, they were to reconquer their freedom by the sole means worthy of their forbears, an inflexible rectitude.

4. The intellectual movement initiated by Alfieri contained a complete political programme. He did not trace it on the sands, he engraved it on bronze : *liberty through virtue for the honour of Italy*. His contemporaries read these words and acclaimed Alfieri : " the patriot of patriots." " From him our national

life drew its first breath," said DAzeglio.¹ The rising generation fell in love with him, idealised him, and strove to resemble him. A long line of writers were to spring from Alfieri, to whose influence they owed their exalted patriotism and their vehement virtues. Alfieri was a rude awakener of consciences.

5. UGO FOSCOLO (1778-1827), who was born in Greece, idolised his native city Venice. Accordingly, when Bonaparte sold it to Austria, his grief was so poignant that, young and ardent as he was, he despaired of God and the world. The defeat of the Cisalpine Republic was for him a fresh disappointment. Perceiving that freedom was simply a rattle for the worst of despots to shake, he left Milan, on its occupation by Austria (April 1815). He resigned his commission in the army in the following terms: "The undersigned, for reasons of conscience and principle, never swears allegiance to ministers of foreign governments. He surrenders his rank, his pay and his two pensions." He went into voluntary exile and settled in London, where nostalgia, boredom and sadness played havoc with him. In order to keep some hold upon life, he wrote a commentary on Dante and some essays on Boccaccio and Petrarch. So that he might still believe in beauty, he worked amid the fogs of London at a sunny poem, "The Graces," which he dedicated to Canova. He succumbed to his sufferings, and died in 1827. His mortal remains were removed from Chiswick and buried in Santa Croce in Florence.

On sending Alfieri his lyrical novel, *The Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis*, Foscolo declared: "It is to you I owe the greater part of my thoughts and feelings." He had, in fact, inherited Alfieri's hatred for tyrants and aspirations for freedom. He reposed, like Alfieri, all his hopes in man—free and austere—and from religion he expected nothing. But he was superior

¹ *I miei Ricordi*. (Florence: Barbera, xiii. p. 114.)

to Alfieri in that his nature was more complex and his temperament more supple. Whereas Alfieri was a haughty aristocrat, with an assured position in life, Foscolo, more exposed to life's vicissitudes, was subject to alternate fits of exaltation and depression, regret and hope, love and hate. He loved his country with a pagan's love, with so whole-hearted a devotion that, when his country was unhappy, he made Jacopo (who was no other than Foscolo himself) die by his own hand. He loved art also like a pagan, and this it was that gave to his lyrical effusions so luminous a transparency. His literary output was insignificant in quantity: *The Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis*, a dozen sonnets and two poems, "The Sepulchres," and "The Graces" unfinished and dedicated to Canova. And yet this slender output was sufficient to give a new direction to the national intellectual movement.

6. The success of *The Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis* was unprecedented. In it Jacopo poured forth his soul which contained but two things—his country and Teresa: Teresa, who cannot be his, his country a captive in the hands of the tyrant. It is a harrowing confession: one sorrow poisons the other; one passion exalts the other. Certain passages are explosions of fruitless revolt and regret. At times a letter is one long sob. And again at times lofty thoughts surge from the depths of that unhappy soul, and go up to form a string of pearls of singular beauty.

"Ye proud spirits, lonely or persecuted, who shudder at the ancient wrongs of your native land, if Heaven has denied you the means of combating violence, at least, cry aloud your misfortunes to posterity. Lift up your voice in the name of all, and tell the world that we are unfortunate, but neither blind nor cowardly, and that it is not courage we lack, but strength. If your arms are bound, do not, at least, enslave your

minds, which neither tyrants nor chance, lords of all material things, can ever possess. Write. Humanity of to-day is subject to the wrath and weakness of decrepitude; but it is just when humanity is nearest to death that it lives again, full of irresistible vigour. Write for those who are to come, who will be worthy to understand you, and strong enough to avenge you. Persecute your persecutors with the truth. Since you cannot crush them in their life-time with weapons of war, at least you will smother them with shame for all time.”¹

This book was the clarion which sounded the reveille. This time it did not sound in empty ears. It was heard and answered, and exiles sobbed and shuddered as they pored over the pages of Jacopo. His little novel became, in fact, for scores of patriots the breviary from which they drew their fierce love for their country, for which they relinquished happiness and life itself. Mazzini was passionately fond of it.

7. The pessimism which drove Jacopo to suicide was mitigated in Foscolo's case by the large place which art filled in his life. Art was a genuine joy for that son of Venice, half Greek on his mother's side, like André Chenier, whom he resembles in the pellucid purity of his style. That style attains perfection in the poem *The Sepulchres*,² composed of 295 verses, written in 1807, after the passing of a law which forbade the erection of funeral monuments. Foscolo puts this question to himself: Is the tomb a solace for the dead? If it is an illusion, it is at least necessary for the survivors. From the day on which men emerged from the condition of savages, they began to regard a sepulchre as an altar. Of these Santa Croce in Florence is one, sacred to the memory of Italian

¹ *Ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis*. Letter of December 4th, p. 107, t. 1, Opere edite e postume. (Florence: Le Monnier, 1850.)

² *I Sepolcri*. (Le Monnier, Firenze, 1916.)

men of thought: Dante, Petrarch, Michelangelo, Galileo and Alfieri, who sleeps his eternal sleep in company with his great forerunners. So it had been with the tombs of Marathon, where the Greeks were invited to feed their hate for the barbarian and their love of country, whilst from afar the clash of arms broke the midnight silence of the night. Death is the true dispenser of glory. But brush away the tombs and ruins too, and what remains to man? There still remains to him the song of the Muses—for Art is the imperishable thing—to break the silence of a thousand centuries.

Foscolo's thoughts, in the crucible of suffering, gradually evolved in breadth and height. His personal regrets and the anguish of the passing hours receded into the background as the sadness of things and the eternal sorrow of mankind filled an ever-increasing place in that truly poetic soul. This can be sensed in the fraternal sympathy which saturates this poem, in the melancholy which tints it. It but serves to heighten the fascination which clings round the figure of Foscolo, who in his life-time, and still more after death, became the prophet of Italy. The man in him never wronged the poet, for the man was rigid in his rectitude, and his voluntary exile gave him his aureole. "You will read on my epitaph that, born and living with a host of fierce passions, I have never sullied my pen with falsehood." Therein lies the secret of his moral and intellectual authority.

For the generation of 1820 to 1870, Foscolo was the friend who cheered the lingering hours of exile, who illumined the gloom of the dungeon. Will it, therefore, be a matter of surprise to learn that the book Mazzini kept ever by him, that was found on Garibaldi's death-bed, was *The Sepulchres*?

All the conscious, vibrant and triumphant life of Italy sprang from that little sepulchral poem.

CHAPTER III

MANZONI AND HIS FRIENDS (MILAN)

(a) THE literary life of Milan, the centre of the Austrian despotism from 1830 to 1870, forgathered round the most illustrious of Italian writers, ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

If it was his masterpiece, *I Promessi Sposi*, which earned him the admiration of foreign men of letters and philosophy, it was by the solidity of his ethical principles, the dignity of his life, and the sincerity of his patriotism that he won the veneration of all his fellow-citizens. They looked up to him as to a living force and a lighthouse in the stress of the storm. Manzoni served his country independently of party politics. Therefore, as Manzoni's literary work was never a political and national instrument, we do not propose to analyse it, lest we should exceed the limits which we have set ourselves. We will confine ourselves to giving a sketch of the two patriot-writers who were so dear to Manzoni: Silvio Pellico and Massimo d'Azeglio.

(b) 1. SILVIO PELLICO (1789-1854) was twenty-nine years of age when he became, though a Piedmontese, the soul of the *Conciliatore*, a modest Lombardian literary sheet, the organ of the Romanticists. He had already written some verses and a few tragedies, one of which, *Francesca da Rimini*, took Byron's fancy and was by him translated into English; by way of a graceful exchange, Pellico proceeded to put *Manfred* into Italian.

In Pellico, whose delicate health his mother, a native of Savoy, had so tenderly husbanded through the stormy existence of that family twice exiled, there beat a vibrant and loving heart, for which the desire for great renunciations was both a need and a gift of nature. Foscolo, whom he adored, was in turn master, friend and brother. When his family, on the return of the Austrians to Lombardy, were constrained to return to Turin, Silvio decided not to follow them. The house of Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi, where he already filled the post of tutor, opened its doors to him; and it was in that illustrious patriot's salon that Pellico made the acquaintance of Madame de Staël, Schlegel, Byron, Visconti, and Confalonieri.

It was in Milan, that stronghold of Austria and home of youthful liberalism, that the *Conciliatore* first saw the light. Its name tells us what it was: the little blue sheet endeavoured to find a middle term with which to reconcile the partisans of Classicism, whose organ was the *Biblioteca Italiana*, with the partisans of Romanticism. The struggle was a stubborn one, and threatened to assume dangerous proportions. The *Conciliatore* was an attempt at pacification, and its founders pushed conciliation so far as to contemplate offering the editorship to Monti, the most illustrious and obstinate standard-bearer of the classical school. The latter declined, and Pellico was appointed editor of the *Conciliatore*, which, as may well be imagined, at once fell under Austria's suspicion. She did not dare to suppress it all at once, but contented herself with mutilating its articles and giving it to be understood that, if the *Conciliatore* wished to exist, it must be practically dumb. The police were started on the track of its collaborators. They spied upon their movements, their words and their meetings, and kept a special eye upon Pellico, as they suspected that it was through him that Porro, Confalonieri, Visconti

and many other Lombards, were in communication with the Carbonari of Piedmont. Pellico's two journeys, one to Turin, whither he had gone to comfort a dying friend, and the other to Venice in Count Porro's company, served to increase their suspicions.

Austria, determined to nip every liberal inclination in the bud, suppressed the *Conciliatore* when it had reached its 118th issue, and proceeded to arrest its contributors and subscribers, under the imputation of carbonarism (sympathy with the aims of the Carbonari).

2. At Como, Silvio Pellico heard of his friend Maroncelli's arrest, and hastened to Milan, to save him or share his fate. He generously ruined himself with him, was imprisoned successively at Santa Margherita, the Piombi at Venice and San Michele, and from San Michele, after sixteen months' judicial torture, was dragged to the Spielberg, to be buried alive in the underground dungeons of that loathsome jail. His ten years' martyrdom (1819-29) is contained in a narration—*Le mie Prigioni*,¹ known to all the world.

The register of the Spielberg, now converted into barracks, gives the following description of Silvio Pellico: "Number 302. Born at Saluzzo, in the kingdom of Sardinia, aged thirty-two, Catholic, unmarried, of small stature, delicate constitution, clear complexion, brown hair and beard, blue eyes, regular nose and small mouth. Speaks Italian, French, Latin and bad German." Who would have prophesied that that number 302, inoffensive and submissive, was afterwards to undermine the foundations of Austrian despotism? His famous book was written, by the advice of the oratorian Boglino, in the place of an apology for the Christian religion which Pellico wanted to undertake. This tale of dungeons, jailers, victims immured in darkness, chained up like wild beasts,

¹ Silvio Pellico, *Prose e tragedie Scelte a cura di Michele Scherillo*. (Hoepli: Milan, 1910.)

reduced to shadows by hunger, illness and intellectual stagnation, is steeped in gentleness and Christian resignation. And upon this picture of unspeakable tortures there falls the dew of heaven, there bursts the triumph song of faith, there glows the transcendent beauty of religion. The patriot fades into the believer. It was the believer only that issued from the Spielberg, the believer who never tired of crying aloud his reconquered faith. *Le mie Prigioni* is not only a faithful history of suffering, it is also a valuable document of literary sincerity. Translated into every tongue, it found its way over mountains and seas, inspired nations with a shuddering pity, and shook Italy with a long-drawn sob. Essential to our "renaissance," it dealt tyranny a death-blow, for to Austria it meant more than the loss of a battle. What is really striking about it is the fact that the author of the book which did so much to feed the flame of Italian patriotism was no longer a patriot. From the vantage-ground of a devotion so true and profound and yet so exclusive, he regarded his patriotism of 1818 in the light of a youthful fever. As death robbed him one by one of his friends and relations, humility and pity increasingly served him for weapons.

3. From the day he left the Spielberg until his death Pellico lived in a rigorous retreat, a stranger to all who lived and suffered around him. He relinquished politics for literature, and liberty for the life of an ascetic. The sole link which he maintained with the outside world was some correspondence with a few friends to whom he opened his heart. One of Pellico's letters contains so lucid an analysis of the state of his soul that we must be content with quoting it here, without any comment. He writes :

" After ten years of painful confinement, I have the impression at times of belonging to a generation which

has ceased to be mine. I am only forty-seven, but 100 years have passed over me ; they who move about me burn with love and hate in which I cannot share. They fear what I no longer fear, they hope what I no longer hope, they aspire to what I no longer desire. . . . As one raised to life again, the living welcome me ; but between their habits and mine there is little in common. Ill at my ease, therefore, in the present, I seek refuge in the past. My past, engraved on my memory, is made up of two separate centuries : my youth and my imprisonment. My thoughts revert more than one would think to that distant time. A strange thing, truly ! Not only am I powerless to chase away the memories of those years of utmost suffering, but those self-same memories create for me a kind of an inner life both pleasing and comforting. And this life, deprived as I am of my friends who are dead, and keeping aloof from my contemporaries, is both singular, sad and salutary, in that it leads me to religion and prayer." ¹

(c) I. MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO (1798-1866). A tall, spare young man, who might have been anything from thirty to thirty-five years of age, alighted at Milan on a certain evening in June. He had a servant with him, and for luggage four canvases and the rough outline of an historical novel. His name was the Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio, a son of the most loyal adherent of the house of Savoy, and the youngest member of a family which could count among its members a philanthropist and a Jesuit. Massimo had come to settle in Milan, though Austria's despotic rule hardly made that town attractive. But he was unable to appease his passion for painting in Turin, where art was tolerated as the Jews were in the Ghetto ; whereas, at Milan, it was the

¹ Quoted by Augusto Alfani, " Silvio Pellico," in *La Vita italiana nel Risorgimento*, vol. ii. (Florence : Bemporad, 1898.)

fashion to buy pictures both in the case of the rich who liked to put up a gallery in that way, and the modest bourgeois who was willing to deprive himself of the necessities of life to acquire a picture signed by an artist of repute. To the latter class belonged the shoemaker Rochetti, who made boots for artists in exchange for rough models, pictures and drawings. The young marquis had been spared neither rebuffs from his own family nor the contempt of the Turin nobility, who felt insulted at the idea of an aristocrat and an officer in the guards leaving his post, his social position and his palace to take up painting in Rome. When these interfering and prejudiced nobles learnt that Massimo intended to live by his art and sell his pictures, they swore that society was going to the devil, and sentenced the renegade to perdition without appeal. The few tolerant spirits were content to murmur: "Those D'Azeglios have always had a tile loose."

2. The young man served his painter's apprenticeship for ten years. He really roughed it; rising with the dawn, working without intermission into the night, depriving himself of theatres, cards and women's society. During the summer, from May to September, he scoured the Campagna Romana on horseback, dressed like a peasant, with a blue velvet jacket thrown loosely around him, a gun slung over his shoulder and a big knife in his belt. One summer he climbed the steep incline of Rocca di Papa, pushing before him a donkey laden with his painter's tackle, the easel and the sun umbrella, all that apparatus, in fine, which procured him so hearty a welcome from the children, who received him with the cry, "Here comes the Punch and Judy man!"

3. But that apprenticeship broke him in to the hardships of life, developed his talent, and turned Massimo D'Azeglio into a character. On his return to Turin, he brought back, amongst other things, a

large canvas, "The Death of Montmorency," which greatly pleased his parents and his friends and which he offered, at the desire of his father, to King Charles-Felix. But Turin, under the king's despotism, was by no means an Eldorado for that independent artist, and, on his beloved father's death, D'Azeglio, in spite of his friendship for Cesare Balbo, decided, as we said above, to transport his penates to Milan.

D'Azeglio, therefore, arrived in Milan in 1832 with a few pictures: "The Defiance of Barletta," "In the Fir Forest," and "The Battle of Legnano," which he hoped to send to the exhibition. This exhibition was opened on September 1st, 1833. In his fine autobiography, *I miei Ricordi*,¹ D'Azeglio describes the state of nervous trepidation he was in before that all important day. His success exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The Viceroy bought "The Fir Wood," Count Porro "The Defiance of Barletta," a third the battle-scape. D'Azeglio succumbed at once to the charms of Manzoni, whose son-in-law and disciple he became. This was the moment to submit to him the novel he had sketched out in outline at Turin, while he was finishing "The Defiance of Barletta." He had said something of this sort to himself: "What if I wrote a novel? Suppose, for the sake of putting a little heart into the Italians, I reminded them of that feat of arms which redounded so much to our honour? Its sphere of usefulness would be undeniably enhanced." No sooner said than done! He sat down to his table and the painter became a novelist. Let us hear from his own lips all that bears upon his life as a writer; the verve and sincerity with which he writes is most captivating.

4. "... I was anxious to show them [Manzoni and Tommaso Grossi] my novel, and to get their opinion

¹ *I miei Ricordi*. (G. Barbera: Firenze, 1910.)

about it. I insisted upon the naked truth and no indulgence. If it was a failure, I would rather be told so by my friends than by the public. Manzoni, after reading it through, remarked to me with a smile : ' It's a strange calling, this of a writer. Massimo suddenly conceives the notion of writing a novel, and, upon my word, he hasn't made a bad job of it, either.' Imagine my delight ! Since no one would have given me a shilling for my manuscript, I had to dip into my own purse to publish it. A certain Ferrerio, a Cisalpine Jacobin, undertook to publish my *Ettore Fieramosca*, on the condition of being refunded for the costs of the publication. But the question of passing my novel through the censorship was a fresh cause for fear. The censor, the Abbé Bellisomi, was a good Christian, free of malice, fat and plump. I got round his servant, and, having studied her master's habits, tastes and antipathies, lay in wait for the psychological moment to start a discussion with him on the ticklish or controversial points in the book. In order to avoid talking at random and ruining everything by losing my temper, I entrenched myself behind all the theological and cardinal virtues. In God's good time, I got the *imprimatur*, and, as I left the house, I said to myself : ' It's his look-out, as far as Vienna is concerned.' Vienna saw through it, gave the poor abbé a very poor time of it, and took the censorship away from him. But all the worse for him ! The book found its way all round the peninsula.

" *Ettore Fieramosca* was a great success, so great that I was fairly flabbergasted. I should never have believed that I was so learned a person. From the papers and my male readers, the infatuation spread to the fair sex ; it made a great stir in green-rooms and studios. It became the *vade-mecum* of prima donnas, tenors and school-girls ; it was to be found hidden under schoolboys' mattresses ! So great was

its deification that there were even some who put it on the same shelf as the *Promessi Sposi*. What an absurdity!

"... My object was to start the work of regenerating the national character. I wanted to awaken noble sentiments in peoples' hearts, and even if all the men of letters in the world had found fault with my methods their criticism would have left me cold if I could have roused the mind of a single reader. Besides, who can say that what produces a lasting impression on the emotions is bad writing? Regarded from one standard, you could call it good writing; from another, the contrary: now a method which moves the heart and fascinates the mind has, it seems to me, something to be said for it."¹

5. "... The success of *Ettore Fieramosca* emboldened me, and I decided to resume a second literary work which I had had mapped out since 1832. I worked at it with the greatest regard for historical exactitude, and, the better to do so, leaving the pleasant life at Milan and my intimate talks with Manzoni, I repaired to Tuscany to see with my own eyes the places that were to serve as the background for my story *Nicolò de' Lapi*. . . . On my return to Milan, I resumed once more my favourite occupations; my brushes I took up to keep pace with the orders that were coming in, my pen to finish *Nicolò de' Lapi*, for my friends at Turin and Florence were pressing me to have it published. As soon as it was completed I took the manuscript to the censor, don Mauro Colonnetti, a cultured priest, but of the classic school. And again I was consumed with anxiety. At last I received the order to go to the office of the Imperial and Royal Censorship. Those two capital letters produced a sinister effect upon me, and I said to myself, 'Good-bye, Massimo, you are going to get a good dressing down this time!'

¹ See *Op. cit.*, chap. xxx,

"I entered a room where an invalid was writing. Colonnetti motioned me to follow him into the next room, where another clerk was also writing. So profound was the silence that I heard the sound of a worm at work in the foot of a chair. The clerk, a few seconds later, picked up his papers, stowed them away in a leather case, and disappeared.

"Colonnetti then said to me: 'Signor Cavaliere, your manuscript is too beautiful: I haven't dared to lay a finger on it. Here and there are a few passages I haven't quite grasped. I should not like to be caught tripping.' And he showed me a list of obscure passages and ambiguous phrases that I explained to him then and there.

"'Is that all?' I asked, in a voice I could scarce control.

"'Yes, that's all. You see, sir, we are sometimes misjudged. Had I wanted to show my zeal, I should have found some reason for prohibiting the publication of the book, before coming to the fiftieth page. But it is possible, in my opinion, to do one's duty without showing an excessive zeal and so injuring others. I am an Italian.'

"... When I found myself in the street, hugging my manuscript, I thought I had been dreaming. That day was one of true joyousness, one of those rare days in my life in which inward joy was not counterbalanced by a greater sorrow. In the course of a few weeks, the book was written and corrected, and appeared in 1841. Its success was as great as that of *Ettore Fieramosca*. It was an intense joy to me to think that at Florence, Bologna, Venice and Turin, the novel, though making headway slowly, was doing good. I reminded myself: 'I am making a name for myself and gaining power to cope with more important matters which, sooner or later, I hope to control.'"

In 1844 an old friend begging him to get him out of a difficulty, D'Azeglio left Milan for Rome. There he made the acquaintance of a courageous woman, once maid of honour to Queen Christina of Spain.

6. "... She was one of those essentially Italian natures, good, expansive, credulous. In politics, salvation, for her, consisted in three sole articles of belief: the tyrant must be slain, the barbarians banished, the people freed; but how these things were to be done she hadn't the least idea. By degrees I became fast friends with her and her daughters, who were as estimable as they were unhappy. In that house, which extended its hospitality to dreamers, idealists and rogues alike, I had made some interesting acquaintances. A certain Filippo A. Romagnola of Cesena had won my confidence, and, on his asking me for a private interview, I appointed him one for the following evening. He spoke to me at some length of the aspirations of the liberals of the Papal States, and besought me to assume, to a certain extent, the leadership of the movement. I answered him: 'Very well, I see no particular reason why I shouldn't; but I want time to think it over before giving you a definite answer.'

"I pondered the matter, and examined it from every side; at one moment the movement seemed to me a useful one, at another a mere piece of childishness; now, an agreeable way of becoming better acquainted with Italy and the Italians, and again, a dangerous business likely to lead me straight to jail without any useful end whatever. Finally, I made up my mind to accept.

"To work at once. On September 1st I left Rome with so and so of Spoleto, in a carriage that resembled a broken distaff and rolled about on one side, rattling on the flagstones like a cart full of scrap-iron. No

sooner, however, had we passed the Porta del Popolo than, dragged along by two horses, whose looks belied them, it flew along like the deuce. On the way I formulated my plans. It was a question, first of all, of uprooting the old ideas, namely, a blind belief in sects, conspiracies and popular risings. This was an easy job, inasmuch as every attempt had made shipwreck in a sea of blood and tears. After that it was a question of reconstruction, and that was where the difficult part came in.”¹

D’Azeglio, who gave his wife to understand he was undertaking this journey in order to find materials for the subject of a third historical novel, visited Latium, Umbria, the Marches (Pesaro, Urbino, Ancona, Macerata and Ascoli), and Romagna (Ravenna, Faenza, Forli, Imola and Cesena), carrying his painting tackle to divert the suspicions of the police. Everywhere he stopped, he sowed the seed to gather the harvest the same evening, before resuming his journey. To get some idea of D’Azeglio’s political propaganda, we must picture to ourselves the condition of the Pope’s subjects, who, after having begun to taste the delights of liberty under the French, for about eighteen years (1796–1814), were now groaning under the yoke of the cardinals’ arbitrary and despotic rule. To a life filled with political and social interests had succeeded one of idleness, ignorance and slavery. The Romagnese, in particular, were crushed and harassed by the intestinal divisions which the prelates and the Austrian police took care to aggravate. Each town was cooped up in its petty, cramping, municipal life, with communications between one town and another paralysed, and all commerce and industry stifled. Excise-men controlled the price of commodities according to the harvest of each district. If,

¹ See *Op cit.*, chap. xxxiv,

then, corn fetched a higher price at Cesena than at Forli on the same day, the Forli buyers promptly cornered the market.

Thence sprang up endless ill-will, hostility and hate. How could the memory of these things be erased? How could these civic and human rights stamped on the conscience be surrendered? How could this old-world servitude, of which there remained no trace in the rest of Europe, be supported? What was there to do? Conspire and join in the revolutionary movements: alas! Their efforts in that direction were in vain, for they had no army, and force is essential to success. Weary of sects and revolutions, steeled against suffering, impassive under jail and gibbet, they longed for a chance of showing their mettle; but where could they go? Whom could they choose for leader? What could they do?

At the psychological moment D'Azeglio came to them and addressed them in words to this effect: "What is it you want? To get rid of Austria and priest rule? If you ask them to go, they will probably decline. You must compel them to do so then; but how can you compel them without force? Have you got any? No. In Italy, who has any? Why, Piedmont."

His tour finished, D'Azeglio, hastening to Turin, asked and obtained an audience with Charles-Albert.

7. "At six o'clock in the morning, before dawn, I entered the Royal Palace, while the town was still asleep. After a minute's wait in the antechamber, where my heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, for I had made this journey and inquiry on my own responsibility, the groom of the chamber opened the door and ushered me into a large room. Charles-Albert was standing in the embrasure of the window; he motioned me to a stool and sat down opposite me. His appearance was strange and mysterious. Very

tall and slender, his pale, emaciated face was severe in repose ; but, as soon as he began to speak, his expression became gentle, his words kind and affectionate. Overcome by the strong fascination he exercised upon me, I had to make an effort to keep myself in hand. He asked me about myself and where I had come from. He had given me my cue. I took it at once, and breathlessly poured out an account of my doings. Charles-Albert listened to me and replied to my concluding remark, ' May I respectfully ask if what I have said and done meets with your Majesty's approval ? ' with the following words carefully emphasised : ' Tell those gentlemen to keep quiet, for at present there is nothing to be done ; but assure them that, if the opportunity occurs, *my life and those of my sons, my treasures and my army, shall all be given to Italy.*'

" Touched and charmed by the king's frankness as I was, I took care, in thanking him, to graft his own words on to mine : ' I am, then, to let those gentlemen know. . . ' He nodded assent to assure me that I had understood him well, and dismissed me. We both rose, and he then laid his hand on my shoulder, put his cheek to mine and embraced me.

" While, as we sat in the embrasure of the window on those two stools covered in white and green flowered silk, he offered his arms, his property and his life to Italy, through my mediation, who would have blamed me for distrusting him ? Who would have told me that that opportunity, which then seemed so unlikely, would present itself three years later, and that in that war of 1848 he was to lose successively his crown, his country and his life, and that, as Prime Minister to his son, I was to draw up the decree for his interment in the royal vaults of the Superga ?

" Charles-Albert, in the course of the conversation remarking, ' Now would be the moment to write

something,' I replied that I had already thought of doing so."¹

8. A few months later D'Azeglio brought out a political brochure, *Concerning the Romagna Question*, in which he narrated a rising of the liberals of Romagna at Rimini, which had ended in a sanguinary repression. That fruitless revolt afforded D'Azeglio an admirable pretext for enlightening men's minds on the line of conduct to pursue.

" . . . I took my brochure to Promis, one of the censors, and begged him to look it over and tell me if I could get the *imprimatur* at Turin. In the meanwhile I went to Milan to put my affairs in order, for I knew full well that, the brochure once published, I could never again set foot in Lombardy. On my return to Turin I hurried to Promis, who returned me my manuscript scored with a *No* as large as a well's mouth. I was prepared for that, and so, laughingly saying, 'I'll manage it somewhere else,' strapped up my valise and set off for Tuscany, the great *refugium peccatorum* of that day."²

The Romagna Question was published at Florence. The author told Marc Monnier³ that the printers stuck to their guns bravely. When they were warned of a suspicious-looking face at the door, they hid the political manuscript and popped in its place some little work of devotion they were pretending to produce. When the brochure came out D'Azeglio had to leave Florence, but he left as a conqueror, amid the acclamations of all.

9. That brochure soon became the author's greatest claim to glory. He didn't rest on his laurels, however,

¹ *I miei Ricordi*, chap. xxxiv., pp. 349 to 353.

² *Op. cit.*, chap. xxxiv., p. 3561

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 269.

but, on the elevation of Pius IX, went to Rome, saw the Pope, and opened his heart to him. Pius IX welcomed him, gave him his blessing, and received him often. The pontiff undoubtedly came under the influence of the marquis, that quickener of consciences, and suffered himself to be persuaded to grant his people some reforms.

The year 1848 marked the zenith of d'Azeglio's propaganda in favour of the holy war with Austria. It was a veritable crusade that the Pope blessed; the crusaders flocked to the battle-field from all parts of the peninsula to drive out Austria, who, backed by her soldiers and *sbirri*, had lent her support to local tyranny. Every Italian was fired with sacred hate and lawful violence. The Pope gave General Durando command of his troops, which were to defend the frontier. D'Azeglio, too, left, and fought in the battle on Mount Berico at Vicenza, on June 10th. He was wounded in the knee and had to keep his bed; but he carried on his wary propaganda from his room, and only left it to hasten to Turin, after the rout at Novara. A state of mental exasperation prevailed; the most opposite currents of thought clashed with one another. The young king, Victor Emanuel, sent for Massimo D'Azeglio. He declined, as he was not born for politics. His artist's nature and independent spirit, moreover, rendered him averse to shouldering burdens or responsibilities. But the king appealed to his devotion and patriotism, and D'Azeglio accepted the presidency of the Council of Ministers. It was a case of pulling down everything and building it up anew. Those were years of incessant labour and struggle. A target for every spiteful attack, D'Azeglio made good and saved the dynasty from foes within and without. He succeeded in winning the respect of his adversaries; he governed with unswerving loyalty, and so great a credit attached to his word

that even the Prince of Schwarzenberg, a diplomatist hostile to Italy, was known to say: "If the Marquis D'Azeglio said so, it must be true."

He remained in the breach until the figure of Cavour, his collaborator, came full into the foreground. Then D'Azeglio, who nursed no petty ambitions, intuitively recognising Cavour's genius, in 1852, designated him to the king as the man in whose hands he might unreservedly place himself. He retired, and once more took up his brushes, which supplied him with his income. D'Azeglio was always at the disposal of Cavour, whose sad loss he greatly deplored. Under pressure from his most intimate friends, he wrote his memoirs in his peaceful retreat on Lake Maggiore. His most cherished desire had been to make Italians, after having had so large a share in the making of Italy. He died at Turin on June 15th, 1866.

CHAPTER IV |

THE FOCUS (FLORENCE)

(a) 1. THOSE patriots whose spirits had not been broken by their life in prison found a ready welcome in the hill-girt city of Florence. As we have seen,¹ it had no despot to rule it, but a fairly accommodating Grand-duke who let his subjects make shift to live.

Now and again he was obliged, for Austria's sake, to exercise a certain amount of severity; but his anger was only very short-lived.

"If a young man played pranks, or a woman played the flirt, after a mild scolding, for form's sake, he would say, 'Let them alone.' If a family was ruined by dishonest bailiffs, there was a momentary outcry . . . and then, 'Let them alone.' If a police regulation was transgressed, there was a great fuss for twenty-four hours, and then, 'Let them alone.' If a dangerous subject or a turbulent refugee made themselves too conspicuous, they were expelled for form's sake; but, if they refused to leave the city, or came back after a stroll in the country, there was no quarrel picked with them . . . 'Let them alone.' . . ."

The efforts of Ferdinand III's Government, like that of his son Leopold II, were in the direction of keeping the peace. All that was expected of people was to make as little noise as possible. It didn't like cries, scandals or troubles: to avoid them, it adopted a

¹ Cp. Introduction.

² D'Azeglio, *I miei Ricordi*, chap xxxiv.

conciliatory and even a kindly attitude. In order to tolerate certain things, it watered down the accepted meaning of words to such an extent as to call suspects "opinionists," and revolutionists "braggarts." To avoid leading them into temptation and satisfying their hunger for discussion, Florence's paternal Government stopped the posting up of edicts in the public places, the reading of them in church, and the issue of official journals.

2. Florence opened its arms to foreigners. Princes and exiled Kings came to settle there: Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, lived there under the name of Count Saint-Leu, and was followed by his brothers Count Surviller and ex-King Jerome, who took the name of Count Monfort. Count Nicholas Demidoff and his brother Paul, as rich as Croesus, set up princely establishments. Prince Borghese vied with them in luxury and lavish entertainment. In Florentine drawing-rooms you could hear every language in Europe. The court, with its simple habits, was eclipsed by those princes' routs and receptions. "Florence is a kind of capital for all the most distinguished people in Europe."

"The weather is superb," wrote Lamartine in 1827,¹ "but we have hardly time to go and enjoy it; it is one endless hubbub that we live in. All Europe on the travel is here, and every year the French become more numerous. We see a great deal of Prince Borghese. His house is the *Thousand and one Nights*, even more than that of M. Demidoff. The crowd and the racket, in short, are enough to drive you to Bedlam. Dancing begins at midnight."²

¹ Lamartine, *Correspondance*. (Paris: Hachette, 1882, t. iii, 1827, p. 58.)

² *Op. cit.*, t. iii., p. 69.

And in 1828 he adds :

"The carnival has begun again. . . . Every day there's a dinner, every evening a ball. We are up to our necks in a week of fêtes : chariot-races, horse-races, theatrical performances. The whole day we spend strolling about the town in uniform and gala dress, the whole night dancing." ¹

3. Florence also attracted crowds of writers. Lord Byron left the galleries of Florence "drunk with beauty" ; Shelley wrote one of his most perfect poems, "The Ode to the West Wind," as he walked in the Cascine, and in the fragment "Leonardo's Medusa," anticipated Gauthier in his attempt to express the inspiration poetry draws from art. Sismondi, as early as 1817, declared : "Florence is our centre : all our communications, all our affairs, and often our thoughts, take us back there." ²

The Grand-duke tolerated men of letters. To Florence they hastened, accordingly, from every point of the compass, and made that city, for the second time, the Athens of Italy.

4. All gathered round J. P. VIEUSSEUX, at the first floor of the Palazzo Buondelmonte, in a reading-room where books, newspapers and reviews were set out for all who cared to consult them, and on the second floor, in the editorial offices of the *Antologia*. All the painters, historians, poets and philosophers that Italy and Europe produced at that time passed through those hospitable rooms. The patriots were quite at home there, and extended a cordial welcome to foreigners. To form an adequate idea of the importance of that reading-room, let us remember that elsewhere thought was taboo. Those rooms had a literary reputation not a whit less brilliant than the

¹ *Op. cit.* t. iii., pp. 76 and 99.

² *Letters of Sismondi to Madame d'Albany.* (Paris : 1863, p. 310.)

salons of the eighteenth century, and Italy has good reason to be grateful to Vieuksseux.

5. In the suite of rooms lined with books, side by side with the sympathetic face of the Genevese proprietor, "more Italian than the Italians," the finely chiselled, spiritual face of the Marquis Gino Capponi was often to be seen. Wherever he happened to be, in one of the rooms of his palace or on the terrace of his villa of Varramista, he moved about with the ease of the Grand Seigneur. Divesting himself in the course of a few years of the prejudices of a false education, he made his own way, and with such success that life at the court of Ferdinand III could no longer injure him. In addition to Latin and Greek, he knew French, German and English. A journey in France and England, returning by way of Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, marked the beginning of his moral virility. *En route* he met many striking personages, Italian *émigrés*—among others, Foscolo, who sought his society; he made inquiries about the different methods of instruction; bought up the contents of shop windows, stuffed his brain with notions and ideas, his boxes with fashionable finery, and, after long peregrinations, returned home content with others, but sorry to have to fall once more into an atmosphere of "Tedeschi" and priests.¹

Convinced of the necessity of educating the people in order to prepare them for freedom, he, at once, opened schools on the Lancasterian system, and founded a boarding-school for the young ladies of the aristocracy, and gave it the name of the "Most Holy Annunciation." He had no sooner made Vieuksseux's acquaintance in 1819 than he was enabled to realise the plan he had formed of editing a literary review, modelled on the *Edinburgh Review*. He entrusted the

¹ See Gino Capponi, *Scritti editi ed inediti*. (Firenze: Berbera 1877, pp. 19, 28.)

Anthology to SIGNOR PIETRO, in whom he reposed implicit confidence, and Vieusseux turned it into a most authoritative organ with the purpose of opening the people's eyes and preparing them to enjoy the benefits of a liberal constitutional government. A year after the founding of the *Anthology*, Vieusseux inserted in the first page of the number (January 1st, 1822) a letter which concluded as follows :

" . . . Not a month passes without my securing, to my great joy, some fresh contributor, a fact which leads me to hope that before long the *Anthology* may acquire quite a national character. . . . I once more beg all Italian writers to regard the *Anthology* as a national compilation always prepared to publish the products of their minds : it is intended to be a kind of *bond of union between all who have been hitherto cut off from one another.*" ¹

All Florence regarded Gino Capponi as an infallible authority. Jibes and insinuations had no effect upon him ; the tittle-tattle of society only amused him. He passed through life untrammelled, serene, with fearless bearing and clean hands. With a mind open to every scientific and political current of thought, he was one at heart with the patriots and the advanced liberal party. He spared neither himself nor his fortune in its service.

One of the first workers in the field and the leader of the intellectual expansion which reached its zenith in 1847, he remained faithful to the national programme after the defeat of 1848, and displayed a greater steadfastness even than before. Neither he nor Vieusseux were shaken by the Terrorist reaction, which lasted

¹ On the subject of J. P. Vieusseux's culture and literary activities, see *J. P. Vieusseux in the Light of his Correspondence with J. C. L. De Sismondi*, by A. Fienes. (Rome : Forzani & Co., 1888, extract from *The International Review*, Fifth Year ; vols. xvii. and xviii.)

for ten years. They were both well on in years; Capponi was blind and Vieusseux a prey to sickness. But, staunch and true, these old men still strove and laboured. Capponi's political conscience acquired, with old age, the consistency of polished steel. This can be seen in the following declarations of his :

6. " Divine right is a blasphemy. . . . No more of that heaven-sent justice for me. . . . There where the mind is sluggish, man dubs with the name of peace that state of misery which has become his second nature. Immured in the narrow circle of his private interests, he leaves public affairs to others, as if, forsooth, they were not his own concern, and the one thing he dreads and detests above all others is to be disturbed. Then individual forces cease to make themselves heard; paralysed by the general inertia, isolated wills give way; the *fait accompli* rules out all else; all that exists is judged to be necessary, as if it were an eternal law.

" Humility ought never to be held a virtue by any nation, for humility and slavery are twin sisters.

" Right is unassailable in its essence: barbarous nations and despotic kings violate and suppress it off-hand.

" Force cannot prevail over right. Is not one of the main functions of history, that notorious teacher of the whole human race, that of pointing to the path of honour and duty? And does she not, on the other hand, inexorably brand the violators of righteousness? Can kings, emperors, or popes evade her sentences? "

In 1861 the blind patriot cried: " I knew no happiness in life until my country was freed. In her I live again! "

But Capponi has caused us to digress: let us return

to Vieusseux's reading-rooms and a few of his guests whom we left there in 1830.

* * *

(b) I. GIAN-BATTISTA NICCOLINI (1785-1861), who frequented Vieusseux's rooms, was a dramatist who, with his national tragedies, *Foscarini*, *Giovanni da Procida*, *Lodovico Sforza*, and *Arnaldo da Brescia*, struck some ringing blows upon the red-hot iron which stands for the sufferings of Italy, and from that glowing metal forged the sword of freedom. The production of each of his plays was considered quite an event. *Foscarini* (1827) was given two hundred times. *Giovanni da Procida* evoked so boisterous an enthusiasm that the French and Austrian Ambassadors begged the Grand-duke to prohibit it. Its revival in 1847, and the performances of *Lodovico Sforza* were civic festivals.¹

Thanks to an inheritance, Niccolini, in 1825, acquired his independence. Previous to that time, poor, though a member of an honourable family, he had been in the pay of the Government, first as secretary to the Academy of Arts under Elisa Bonaparte, Queen of Etruria, and subsequently deputy archivist at the Pitti Palace, after the Grand-duke's return. As proud as Alfieri, and with an ungovernable temper, the exercise of those functions was in his eyes a shameful slavery. The inheritance he derived from an uncle, which enriched him all of a sudden, was the greatest joy of his life. A collaborator to the *Anthology*, he contributed some magnificent articles. This intellectual *milieu* put him on his mettle, increased the reckless spirit of revolt, and the ardent patriotism which were to find full expression in *Antonio Foscarini*, in which the cruelty of the Inquisition is stigmatised.

¹ *Vita e opere di G. B. Niccolini*, by A. Vannucci. (Florence: Le Monnier, 1866.)

In the dramas which followed the tragedian gives place to the historian, the poet to the polemist, sentiment to thought; especially in *Arnaldo da Brescia* and *Filippo Strozzi*, which are histories in dialogue rather than tragedies. Niccolini, who had a passion for history, had given heed to Foscolo's admonition: "I exhort you to study history, for no people have more calamities to blame themselves for, more mistakes to avoid, more virtues to exhibit, more noble minds to save from neglect, than we have."¹ And in Niccolini's eyes the drama was nothing but either the re-evoking of a memory, or a lesson of pride, or a bloody stigma of tyranny.

2. *Arnaldo da Brescia* found its way into every town in Italy. It circulated secretly, under another title; it was destined to knock alike at houses and hearts, arousing through the length and breadth of the peninsula the hope of deliverance from the Imperial and Papal yokes, under which Italy had groaned since 1155. It is well known that, in that fatal year, Frederick Barbarossa, excommunicated, wished to be crowned at Rome; that Pope Adrian IV, a foreigner, promised him the crown, provided Arnaldo was delivered up to him. That valiant soul was powerless to hold out by himself against Church and Empire. He was taken, hung, impaled and burnt at Rome and his ashes were scattered in the Tiber.

Niccolini's drama is an eloquent protest against the foreign invader and the despotism of the Pope; it places the people side by side with the clergy, God side by side with the bishop; a poor little monk face to face with the English Pope and the German Emperor. These three characters are no abstractions, but living realities in the splendid setting of decadent Rome.

¹ *Dell' origine e dell' ufficio della Letteratura*, opening speech delivered at the University of Pavia, January 22nd, 1809, p. 37, t. ii. (Edit. Le Monnier, 1850.)

In the second act, the scene is grandiose. The corpse of Cardinal Guido, victim of his own fanaticism, is placed upon St. Peter's steps. The Pope thrusts back the human flood that wishes to approach the body. "Back," he cries, "back with you!" the crowd retreats, begging for mercy; as the funeral knell is heard, the terrified people fall on their knees, while the Pope and the cardinals within the church alternately curse Arnaldo: "May he wander far from his native land and tremble in fear of the last day! May he flee to the house of the foreign oppressor and there, prostrate before those inexorable gates, may he beg his bread, to be for ever spurned!"

A superb scene is that between the Emperor Barbarossa and the old Romans, who implore him to shake off the priestly yoke, and to enter the Eternal City, not as a stranger, but as a citizen, in the manner of the Cæsars of old, who ruled over the Roman people. Barbarossa, breaking into a paroxysm of anger and contempt, declares that Italy belongs to Germany; that he is Emperor of the whole world, with sovereign power over the life and property of all. "All that lies hid in the coffers of the miser, in the bowels of the earth, is Cæsar's."

Another scene is grandiose in its desolation. It is the Roman Campagna where Arnaldo, barefooted and ragged, is deserted, owing to the reflux of the popular revolt. But he is fearless. Some Swiss soldiers want to take him away to their mountains; he declines, and they depart singing the praises of their lakes and cursing the withered grass and the scorching sun which bakes the plains of Rome. Arnaldo, knowing that peace between the Pope and Emperor is freedom's death, gazes in sadness upon the churches whose domes, in the crimson glow of sunset, mingle with the tower of the Capitol. His heart contracts, but his spirit rises at the vision of his approaching

martyrdom. That martyrdom takes place, the Emperor exalts, the Pope triumphs and Rome dies.



(c) 1. The traveller, entering Vieusseux's reading-room one winter's day in 1830, would have found, sitting in a corner of the room, a wretched, ill-favoured individual, with sunken eyes, stooping shoulders, and hollow cheeks. At that distressing sight he would have asked: "Who is that unhappy-looking mortal?"

Vieusseux, or Giordani, or Niccolini, or Capponi, would have drawn him aside to breathlessly assure him: That man over there? Why, that's the greatest poet of our day, a really great philosopher. While yet a child, he had Greek at his fingers' ends and read Hebrew like a Rabbi. His erudition was so vast that before he was twenty-five he translated and made a commentary upon those unpublished and forgotten Greek authors, upon the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid*, etc. Moralist, pamphleteer, philologue, the artist in him has never been swamped. In him you have a man of letters, a thinker and a peerless poet. He is called GIACOMO LEOPARDI, and comes from Recanati, a dead little town in the Marches of Ancona. He is ill and poverty-stricken, and all the burden of human grief weighs upon his soul. He is thirty-one years old, and has just published his *Canzoni*.

This testimony of a contemporary may be repeated word by word to-day, for the criticism which is continually stripping off laurels from the brows of the illustrious dead has never been able to lay a finger upon the laurels of Leopardi (1798-1837). He stands out in clear relief from his times, and his fame is ever-increasing. He left far behind him the poets who lived but for a day, the artists who wrought for their own glory alone. His song rose from his very heart-strings, from his eternal sorrow. The sobs which shook

him were not his, they came from the whole of humanity in travail.

Leopardi found his rare hours of consolation in that home at Florence, where the touching friendship of those men of letters was to him a source of grateful solace. He loved them with an intensity which the dedication on the title-page of the *Canzoni* serves to prove.¹

Six years later, at Naples, that noble spirit left the pain-stricken body.

A study of Leopardi's works does not come within the compass of this volume: we shall therefore confine ourselves to tracing the part he played in the national revival.

2. While yet a young man he felt the stirrings of patriotism. On May 21st, 1819, the young man unburdened himself to Professor Montani as follows:

"Italy, in my opinion, can expect nothing as long as she has no books which the mass of the people can read and understand and which can circulate freely through the country. It seems to me that the quite recent example afforded by other nations ought to show us what books of a really national character can do to arouse the dormant soul of a people, and to produce great events. But unfortunately for us, since the seventeenth century a great wall, which is for ever rising higher, has been erected between men of letters and the people. We, who are so devoted to the classics, refuse to perceive that all the Greek and Latin classic writers, and all our Italian authors, wrote for their own times, and in accordance with the needs, desires, manners, and especially in accordance with the methods of instruction and the intelligence of their compatriots. In our days, an intrinsically Italian

¹ See C. A. Sainte-Beuve, *Portraits contemporains*, vol. iv., "Leopardi," pp. 363 to 422.

style of eloquence, a really ardent form of poetry, charged with thought and passion, are things unknown ; there is not a single Italian *littérateur* whose fame has crossed the Alps, whereas we see so many foreigners famous throughout Europe. It is for that reason, sir, I should not like, amid this dearth of real citizens, by which I mean those citizens willing to devote their gifts of eloquence and poetry to the service of their country, to see your pen lie idle.”¹

3. It was Leopardi who, in the same year 1819, at the age of twenty-one, wrote those ardent poems charged with thought and passion. I refer to the three *Canzoni* : *To Italy*, *To Dante*, and *To Angelo Mai*. Obsessed by the memory of the grandeur and power of the ancients, more than other poets even—for in his sorry life of a recluse at Recanati he fed off the past—he opens his poem *To Italy* by recalling the glories of Italy under the Romans. The sight of his decadent country draws from him those lines which move us strangely, when we consider what that exalted soul must have endured in that suffering body :

How did'st thou fall, and when,
From such a height unto a depth so low ?
Doth no one fight for thee, no one defend thee,
None of thy own ? Arms, arms ! For I alone
Will fight and fall for thee.
Grant me, O Heaven, my blood
Shall be as fire unto Italian hearts !²

Here Leopardi sees a disquieting vision : fields of snow reddened with the blood of men and horses ; it is that of the hundred thousand Italians fighting for another nation and dying of cold and hunger in Russia. Leopardi, in order to drive away that fearsome sight, seeks refuge in the contemplation of a memory as old as it was heroic—the battle of Thermopylæ—when

¹ Leopardi, *Epistolario*. (Florence : Le Monnier, 1892, vol. i., pp. 201, 202.)

² Translation by W. D. Howells, *Modern Italian Poets*.

a handful of brave men had the supreme happiness to die for their country. He describes that struggle with unrivalled fire and passion.

In the *Canzoni* on the monument to Dante and to Angelo Mai the same sentiments recur, and the former recalls anew the Russian campaign. He adds a startling invective against France, which he modified in the 1831 edition. The young poet's patriotism was vehement and uncompromising. Its strained and absolute character was aggravated by the fact that Leopardi lived like a recluse in "a cavern where the air was fetid and unhealthy, where everything was ugly."

* * *

(d) 1. A soldierly figure mingled with the writers in Vieusseux's reading-room. And yet PIETRO COLLETTA was evidently no intruder, for Giordani and Capponi showed him a marked respect. He came from afar, and still bore the traces of his prison days at Brünn, at the foot of the Spielberg. He had been exiled there by King Ferdinand of Naples, whom he had served, notwithstanding, with loyal courage; at the end of two years Austria, having found him blameless, restored him to liberty. He betook himself to Florence, where he arrived when he was fifty years old.

In prison this courageous man conceived the idea of writing the history of his luckless land.¹

2. He did not write it at Brünn, however, but in Florence; and it was not his work alone, for Pietro Giordani, G. B. Niccolini, Giacomo Leopardi and Gino Capponi assisted him with it. These born writers encouraged the Neapolitan general, who looked more than his age by reason of the suffering and privations he had endured, to write an account of the political

Storia civile del Reame di Napoli. (Geneva.)

vicissitudes in which he had alternately been actor and spectator.

Pietro Colletta set to work, and, with the help of his friends and his prodigious memory, spent eight years in narrating the tragic events which took place in southern Italy from 1774 to 1825. That work is so uniform that it is impossible to determine the nature and extent of his collaborators' contributions. It is a serious and voluminous piece of work, in which Colletta's honesty is throughout apparent. His style is after the manner of Tacitus, whom he confessedly imitated. Telling effects, lurid pictures free from exaggeration, and frank dissertations invest the work with tragic grandeur. Colletta keeps an eye upon himself, and is never too lavish of declamation or pathos. He rises above himself, as he did above contemporary passions and circumstances, but with lofty impartiality passes judgment on kings and people.

Neither caprice nor a want of something better to do, but a sense of duty drove Colletta to write history. The picture of the miseries, the errors, the weaknesses and the sufferings of the people is intended to convey a living lesson. "... It is of the highest importance, he remarks, to make this people understand itself, so that, on the one hand, it may not persist, through over-confidence in itself, in past faults, and, on the other, that, crushed by undeserved reproaches, it may not, under an exaggerated impression of its own weakness, slumber despairingly in its chains." But, in addition to its value as a lesson, Colletta's work was to serve also as an encouragement. The admirable style in which it is written entitles Colletta's history to be regarded as a work of art. With no deliberate intention to do so, he has secured some magnificent effects: such as the earthquake in Calabria in 1793, the picture of the king's flight, the death of

Caracciolo, and the entry of the French. Some of the sketches of people he draws, as those of Carafa, Ferdinand II and Canosa, are most telling. The condemnation and death of King Joachim Murat is a most striking passage. Colletta does not push analysis to the point of dissection, anger to hate, irony to sarcasm: he preserves the happy medium. It is on this account that his history is a first-rate piece of work.

The historian brings his narration to an end with these disconsolate words:

“ Inasmuch as the sufferings of the people at Naples and the iniquities of the Government have been, as we have seen, uniform and unbroken during the entire period which this book covers; picturing my readers’ state of mind in the light of my own sensations of satiety and melancholy, I refuse to relate any more deaths, any more exiles, any more miseries, any more calamities, in short, with which my history teems to the point of monotony.”

The book was published after his death. Colletta’s friends, afraid to have this work, in which the Bourbons are so pitilessly scourged, printed in Italy, applied to French publishers. Of these none would take the responsibility of having it printed. It was published, finally, at Geneva, and from there circulated in Italy and elsewhere by the thousand. And it was thanks to it that the Italians rallied and dared so greatly.

3. The venerable Colletta had gone to Varramista to die, when they came to bid him leave the country. “ Give me just one more hour,” said he, “ and I will start for an exile in which I shall trouble the police of this world no more ! ”

CHAPTER V

THE CITY OF REFUGE (TURIN)

(a) 1. It was February 8th, 1848, at Turin, the stronghold of a small people who, down the ages, had had to wage war. Surrounded, blockaded and lacerated, it had fought against Spain, against France, against Austria and against the League. It was never free from surprises, *coups de main*, alarms, ambuscades and barricades. With weapons furbished, muskets levelled, for ever stalking its foes, that people, as each spring came round, watched the defiles of its Alps which the enemy, drunk with lust for the green plains which extend farther than the eye can reach to the blue ocean, was about to try to force. Turin was the citadel of that people, warlike by necessity, brave by instinct. In that February of 1848, the Turinese thronged the streets and the gates of their town, and, with anxious faces and questioning looks, talked with one another in undertones. It was a bright winter's day, and the sun shone full upon the snows of the Alps, whose summits so gracefully girdle the stronghold. Of a sudden, as the clock struck three, there rang out thrice from the Madama palace the joyful notes of a trumpet. Hearing this, the crowd collected in the square in front of the palace, and a general cry rose up: "The Constitution! The Constitution! Long live Charles-Albert, long live the Liberator King! Long live liberty!" In the twinkling of an eye, shops closed down, windows and balconies were

gaily decked, the cafés emptied themselves, and in every square, street and alley, people, who had never spoken to one another before, embraced in an irresistible impulse of fraternity. At six o'clock Turin was illuminated and, bearing aloft ten thousand banners, the crowd, forging its way up the Via Po, came to a halt in front of the Royal Palace. The processional torches resembled a gigantic glow-worm; from every window there rained down upon the crowd, flowers, cockades, and song. The warlike town, with its grey and massive houses, was transformed into a fairy city. The edict, hoisted by the students upon an illuminated pole, displayed its fourteen articles of liberty, and the name of the liberator king. The procession moved off and took the Via Nuova, opening into the square of San Carlo, where the scene changed. In an instant there was silence, the flags were lowered, the torches put out, and the procession passed in front of the police-station in startling silence. But in the centre of the square rose the statue of Emanuel-Philibert, the glorious ancestor of the House of Savoy; as if by enchantment the flags flew up, the torches were rekindled, and hurrahs issued from the throats of thousands. Then, the vast procession breaking up into separate columns, wandered through the different quarters of the town, which sank to sleep at midnight, free and happy.

The State, also, was anxious to show its joy. "To Turin! to Turin!" it cried, and, on February 27th, Turin was the scene of indescribable delirium.

Charles-Albert watched all his people defile before him; at their head the academicians; then all the communes of the State: Savoy, Piedmont, Liguria, Sardinia; and, in the place of honour, the Vaudois, upon whom the Constitution conferred civil rights and freedom of conscience. The king remarked: "They have been the last for so long, it is only fitting

they 'should be the first.' Then in order came the students, the employees, the deputations from the different industries, the tradesfolk, the artisans, the huntsmen, in their picturesque dress, and, last of all, a group in black, striking a depressing note in the general joy: these were the Lombards enslaved by Austria. The king held out his hand, which they kissed with emotion.

2. Were those fourteen articles worth so much popular frenzy? If so, to whom were the people of Piedmont indebted for them? Yes, the constitution which Charles-Albert gave his people in 1848 was deserving of that frenzy, for it contained all the essential forms of freedom: freedom of conscience, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press. Up to 1848 Piedmont had been deprived of them just as much as had the two Sicilies, the Papal States, and the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom.

The *ancien régime* was all-powerful in Piedmont as elsewhere, and, for all its local character, this despotism was every whit as rigorous as foreign despotism. Victor of Savoy returned to his throne in 1815, with precisely the same propensities as Ferdinand of Bourbon, Francis of Modena, and Pius VI. And, boasting of having slept for fifteen years, he restored to their former vigour and place of honour the right of primogeniture, the privileges, the trusts, the censorship and the torture. When he abdicated in 1820, Charles-Felix, his successor, proved to be just such another as he, and, going one step further, bowed his head to the all-puissant Emperor of Austria.

Under Charles-Albert, stagnation joined hands with reaction. Piedmont was ruled by the Jesuits, who let nothing enter or live there. Science and thought were considered things of the devil: activity of any kind was held to be equally subversive, whether it happened to be Gioberti's philosophy, Mazzini's

conspiracies, railway projects, industrial corporations, secret societies, night-schools, the *Journal des Débats*, etc. The University was put into leading-strings.

A single example will serve better than a lengthy analysis of the methods of a suspicious and meddling police. One day, at Mondovi, a prisoner desired to be shaved. The provincial governor granted permission in the following terms :

“ The prisoner is to have his hands, arms and legs bound to a chair. Two sentinels are to be placed one on his right hand, one on his left, and behind him is to stand a soldier with drawn sword. In front of him are to stand the commandant and the major of the fortress on one side, his aide-de-camp on the other. In this attitude, the prisoner may be shaved at his ease.”

3. The Marquis Solaro della Margherita, minister to Charles-Albert, thus enumerated with a naïve complacency his claim to the reputation of a statesman and the gratitude of the public :

“ Tithes being a divine right, I have never allowed any one to touch them. Some guilty clergy having been thrown into prison without the previous authorisation of the bishops, I took the necessary steps to prevent the recurrence in the future of such a monstrous abuse. At Turin I procured the presence of a nuncio to act as direct intermediary between the clergy of this realm and the court of Rome, the only lawful authority in their eyes. I prompted the archbishop to oppose certain measures regarding a project for school reform ; with my support, his counsel prevailed. I have strengthened the edicts against the Vaudois. I have founded two houses for Passionists, one at Genoa, the other at Turin ; two Benedictine monasteries, at Genoa and Finale respec-

tively ; the religious sisters of Saint Camilla and the perpetual worshippers at Turin ; the Chartreuse in Savoy ; a monastery of Carmelites at Genoa ; the Dominicans at Varazze, and I had the parish of San Carlo restored to the barefoot Carmelites."

The people, accordingly, had every reason to be glad in 1848, when Charles-Albert granted them that liberal constitution which, even to the present day, is Italy's charter.

What were the influences that won over the king, irresolute and self-distrustful, to the fair cause of freedom ? These influences went by the name of VINCENZO GIOBERTI, CESARE BALBO AND MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

4. Let us begin with the ABBÉ VINCENZO GIOBERTI (1801-52). In 1833, Mazzini, who had miraculously escaped the gallows, was at Marseilles, where he founded his revolutionary paper, *La Giovane Italia*.¹ In that sheet were to be found some enthusiastic articles signed "Demophile." Demophile was the *nom de plume* taken by Gioberti, who, in his turn, was expelled from Piedmont. The two outlaws were actuated by the same principles, for both claimed intellectual descent from Lamennais.

But while Gioberti stayed content with the *Essay on Indifference*, Mazzini lived on the *Words of a Believer* : and their paths branched off ; at a given moment, they parted.

While Mazzini remained inflexible in his idea of Italian unity, to be secured by the most extreme measures, Gioberti was satisfied with independence.

Gioberti lived for a while in Paris, and afterwards in Brussels, where he gave lessons in a school and taught Italian for a livelihood. Meanwhile he studied

¹See *La Giovane Italia*, reproduction by MARIO MENGHINI (Rome: ed, Società Dante Alighieri, 1902).

philosophy ; a philosophy, in truth, lacking breadth of outlook and nobility. After affirming his catholicity, he was very severe on unorthodox philosophers—that is, according to him, those who had not accepted the traditional systems.

5. In 1843 Gioberti startled Italy with a book that made a great stir, *Concerning the Moral and Political Pre-eminence of the Italians*, in which he proclaimed from exile, at a time when Italy was most enslaved, that the Italians had been, were, and would be the first nation in the world. The priesthood had a political rôle to play : it was at that time creating that rôle by making itself the arbiter between princes and peoples, by maintaining the balance and the peace of the world. That form of political arbitrament was possible in Italy, which claimed three things : national unity, territorial independence, and political freedom. The pontiff could satisfy these aspirations by putting himself at the head of a political confederation and bringing his influence to bear upon the princes of the country. And all this he could do, not by revolution but by gradual reforms. Italy would thus, with the Church's aid, regain her political pre-eminence. The book is written in a simple, flowing style and is crammed with metaphors.

6. This very clever production, which contented every one, and which treated all the world tenderly, was everywhere the rage. In this chorus of praise there was but one dissentient voice, Niccolini's ; but it echoed in the desert. Italy, after the ruin of all her other social constitutions, had preserved one synthesis only—the Church. She rallied therefore, in a transport of enthusiasm, under Gioberti's flag. When Cardinal Mastai left the conclave as Pius IX the *Primato* was on his book-shelves ; the clergy at once turned liberal and drew the crowds after them ; monks and parish priests spread broadcast the news

of Italy's salvation. The impetus was so formidable that Austria was afraid, and Radetsky, for all his devotion to the Church, had an order of the day posted up, forbidding the troops to confess themselves, at Easter, to any other priest but their respective regimental chaplains, and to attend any lenten sermons, for fear they should hear words of sedition. Gioberti then was the Godefroy de Bouillon of that popular crusade of 1848. He passed from town to town, in the midst of triumphal ovations such as kings have seldom had. Rome presented him with the freedom of the city and a guard of honour at his gate, and gave his name to the street where he lived.

7. Cesare Balbo's book, *Le Speranze d'Italia*, revived the enthusiasm of Gioberti, who, wheeling round suddenly, embraced Balbo's opinions and unhesitatingly accepted the latter's advice to the young Lombards, to study the career of arms in order to expel the foreigner, Austria. Rome, as the spiritual expression of the Catholic conception, was to remain at the head of the movement; but the troops which were to free Italy from the foreigner were to be led by an Italian prince, Charles-Albert.

The programme, it is clear, was quite a different one; the patriot's ideas had quite changed. After Novara, Gioberti, who had been for several months minister to Charles-Albert, left Turin and went to Paris as ambassador to the young king. But he soon sent in his resignation, and declined the pensions and honours offered him. He lived in Paris, and there resumed his life of work and study. Disillusioned over his papal chimera, undeceived in the matter of the moral arbitrament of the Pope, but unflinching in his patriotism, he wrote the *Rinnovamento* (concerning the political Renovation of Italy), in which he retracted his errors and formulated his new creed: no more foreigners, no more Jesuits, no more old

methods inapplicable to new needs ; but, in their place radical reforms in the Church, the destruction of the temporal power, the hegemony of Piedmont for the sake of the future unity of Italy. On the dust and débris of his work of 1848 he built up the modern liberal democratic structure. Pius IX, on retracing his steps and resuming his pontifical authority, had not been able to follow Gioberti. He had, therefore, all Gioberti's works, even those approved by Gregory XVI, put on the Index, to mark his hatred for the author.

8. CESARE BALBO (1789-1853). In 1844 this Turin aristocrat, who had already brought out a *Life of Dante* and an *Abridged History of Italy*, published a small book, *Le Speranze d'Italia* (Italy's Expectations). In it Balbo had stoutly maintained that the foreigner was the plague of Italy, and must be turned out of Lombardy. There was no beating about the bush in his book. It fell in with the illusions and the aspirations shared by a whole nation, who, already roused by the *Primato*, followed Balbo's advice and secretly made ready to take up the sword.

9. Let the reader peruse once more the concluding pages relating to D'Azeglio, his colloquy with Charles-Albert, and the popularity of his brochure, *The Romagna Question*, and he will have no difficulty in concluding that the intellectual influence of Gioberti, D'Azeglio and Balbo over the king and the people was enormous, and necessarily conduced to the grant of the Constitution of 1848 and the appearance in the field of Charles-Albert, who had hurried with his troops to the rescue of the valiant Lombards.

The campaign so brilliantly opened by the Milanese with the revolution of the *five days* ; the splendid victories of Goito and Peschiera, in which the Sardo-Piedmontese wrought such wonders, with King Charles-Albert at their head and the Duke of Savoy

in their ranks ; the impetus of the volunteers who had flocked from all sides, as well as the exploits of the papal militia and those of the Grand-duke and of the King of Naples, encouraged the hope of a favourable issue for the Italians. But before the powerful forces of the Empire the princes who had been, against their will, drawn into the whirlpool were seized with fear and remorse ; they recalled their troops, and Charles-Albert found himself alone. The struggle was an unequal one, and had, inevitably, to end in the defeat of Novara (1849). Charles-Albert then showed himself in an almost superhuman light. He desired to die on the field of battle, but fate had not so decreed ; he was anxious, at least, to attenuate the misfortunes of his people, without disturbing the liberties he had granted them. He abdicated, and forthwith went into exile in Spain.

10. And the burden, changing shoulders, fell upon Victor Emanuel, who, on the morrow of the defeat, became king at the age of twenty-eight. The victor, through the mouth of Radetsky, used every means, threats and caresses alike, to prevail upon the new king to deprive his people—after the example of the other kings and princes of Italy—of their constitutional Charter. The king defended himself and the Charter. He did not flinch. “ The kings of Savoy are familiar with the path of exile, but know nothing of the path of shame,” he could loyally maintain. He called Massimo D’Azeglio to his side, to help him, and these two, by virtue of patience and integrity, calmed the extremists, rallied the retrogrades and the rabid liberals, and inaugurated the era of liberty and justice founded on respect. Then something wonderful occurred. From the shores of Sicily, from the vineyards of the Terra di Lavoro, the hills of Florence, the lagoons of Venice, the plains of Lombardy and Emilia and the mountains of the Tyrol, the patriots who had

escaped the jail swarmed towards Piedmont: others came thither from France and Switzerland, to solace themselves for their painful exile. Men of letters, poets, philosophers, magistrates, priests and patricians flocked to Turin, the last refuge. And Turin was transformed into a safe asylum, a hospitable house, where each one found his place ready, the table laid.

For ten years—1849 to 1859—the ten years in which reaction raged and the bloody terror was rampant over the whole peninsula, Turin was a haven of refuge for all the storm-tossed. They there served their apprenticeship to freedom, and became brothers. Whilst among the other European peoples the principles of civic liberty, fraternity and solidarity slowly and with difficulty penetrated the conscience, at Turin these self-same principles came to their full expansion all at once, as if by spontaneous generation. When the intellectual and moral unity of the Italians was already an accomplished fact, thanks to Piedmont's work in harbouring the outlaws and grouping together the refugees, the political unity of Italy was as yet nothing but a cherished chimera.

(b) I. But the master craftsman who forged the weapons of unity, was CAVOUR (1810-61). What was it that induced D'Azeglio to suggest to King Victor Emanuel (August 1850) that Cavour should be given the portfolios of agriculture, commerce, and the marine, vacant on the death of Santarosa? What had Cavour done to be already so marked? He had already got through so much work that he wrote, at that time, to his cousin Auguste de la Rive, at Geneva, as follows: "In days like ours a politician is soon worn out: I am already half so; before long, I shall be so completely."¹

At the age of eighteen, when he had resigned his

¹ See *Le Comte de Cavour*, by W. de la Rive. (Geneva: Jullien, 1911, p. 210.)

commission as sub-lieutenant in the engineers, he, the youngest son of the family, with no career or influence assured him, plunged into the midst of civil life. From that day forward the young count threw himself headlong into a life of active work. He at once took up farming, and made agriculture his career. He provided for himself by the sweat of his brow, and assumed the management of the vast rice-fields and pasture-lands of Leri. Ever on the look out for every chemical discovery, every new mechanical invention, he was always to be found, everywhere at the same time, with his affable smile, his lucid advice, and his genial humour. In the course of fifteen years' struggle with the soil, floods, prejudices and fever, he doubled the output of those lands. It was on account of his labours there that Cavour preferred his farms at Leri to the hereditary park and manor of Santena.

2. In the autumn of 1834 Cavour made a long stay in Geneva, a town he particularly liked, and where he was able to satisfy his longing for debates, agitations, and the interchange of ideas, in the society of distinguished men, like the Châteaueux, the Naville, the de la Rive and his uncle, M. de Sellon. From Geneva he went to Paris, and thence to England. In Paris he thoroughly studied the question—Cavour never did anything by halves—of commercial reforms; in London, the pressing problems of pauperism and political economy. On his return to Turin, he at once endeavoured to put into practice the experience he had picked up on his travels. In Piedmont he founded infant schools and a whist club, which, under that innocent name, became an animated meeting-place to begin with, and later a social centre. He studied men and parties; he did not neglect little causes, little means; he made use of every counter, however trifling its value.

Avoiding the two extremes of ultra-conservatism

and ultra-demagogism, he kept to an "honest, happy medium." Cavour was kind and witty, jovial and shrewd. Nothing annoyed him, nothing put him out, and he found pleasure in the smallest details of everyday life.

A friendly chat with a workman ; snatches of conversation with a shopkeeper ; a little chaff with a solicitor ; visits of inspection at a girls' school ; grinding at a stiff book ; drawing up a difficult clause ; to him everything was easy and agreeable. He was a stranger to rancour, indignation, disdain, melancholy, pride and repose.

In 1843 he returned to England, and made a long stay in Norfolk, where he studied the culture of cereals, the system of underground drainage and the practice of manuring the meadows with crushed bones. In Leicestershire, he made a study of its famous breed of sheep ; in Yorkshire, of shorthorns. He followed the discussions on free trade, and declared himself in favour of the abolition of protected tariffs. He admired England, without letting his admiration run to infatuation.

3. The articles which he sent to the *Universal Library*, the *New Review*, and to the *Anthology* were accurate documentary studies on railroads and model farms ; these studies, however, did not prevent him from pursuing his farming operations at Leri, and from running at Turin a manufactory of chemical products, a milling establishment, the railway and the bank which he himself had founded, and from founding, together with Balbo and Santarosa, the *Risorgimento* (the Revival), which immediately became the organ of the moderate liberals.

Cavour's articles, which are exceedingly numerous and varied, are of an instructive character ; they were designed to develop the political spirit in Piedmont, and, in one word, to prepare " citizens for a free

country." When the news came in of the Milan insurrection, the *Risorgimento* published a peremptory appeal to arms: "The hour of life or death," cried Cavour, "has struck for the Sardinian monarchy, the hour for energetic resolutions, the hour which is to decide the destiny of nations. . . . If we can raise 5,000 men only, they must hasten to Milan without a moment's delay."

In this war he lost his eldest nephew, Augusto di Cavour, who fell at Goito, at the age of twenty. Augusto had bequeathed to his uncle the considerable fortune which his mother and grandmother had left him; but Cavour would not accept this mark of confidence, and the only thing of his nephew's he kept was a tunic riddled with shot, which he caused to be hung up in his study in such a position that he could always look at those glorious rents.

4. Elected deputy to Parliament, after Novara, by one of the colleges of his native town, Cavour constituted himself the whole-hearted champion of D'Azeglio. A group of deputies who desired to see a return to the old order of things, lost no time in opposing the statute. Cavour, with calm deliberation, attacked them from the Tribune, and, in spite of hisses, interruptions, threats and insults, succeeded in gaining a hearing. The cleavage became still more pronounced when D'Azeglio, instigated by Cavour, proposed the suppression of the ecclesiastical tribunals. It was from the Tribune on that occasion that Cavour played so prominent a part. In a powerful and convincing speech in which he dealt exhaustively with the thorny and complex relations of the Church with the modern State, he concluded as follows: "If the statute is not framed to carry all the fruits of freedom which it ought to bear, it will lose all credit, and, together with its own, that of the monarchy as well."

The terms of the debate were clearly stated. The

question was : was a Charter equivalent to freedom, or was it the foundation for freedom ? Or, again, was it a statement of rigid and immutable articles, or had it a much wider and far-reaching application ? Could the Church, in a free society, preserve those privileges which had been her right in a state of society in which privilege and law were one and the same thing ? As early as 1850 Cavour laid down the axiom of a free Church in a free State ; it is very interesting to notice that the principle upon which he took his stand in politics was the same which he was to proclaim, ten years later, in the national Parliament.

Several months after that memorable speech, Santarosa, one of the members of D'Azeglio's Cabinet, was taken seriously ill, and was shortly reported to be dying. By order of the Archbishop of Turin, the Sacraments were only to be administered to the dying man on condition of his disavowing the law relating to the ecclesiastical tribunals.

One evening the people of Turin learnt that Santarosa had died without retracting. Public opinion, hitherto temperate and inclined to tuck about, manifested itself very forcibly and compelled the Cabinet to pass an urgent act as an answer to the aggressor. D'Azeglio eagerly seized the opportunity, and proposed to put Cavour, the chief author of the law on ecclesiastical tribunals, in Santarosa's place. Victor Emanuel, as he was signing the decree for Cavour's nomination, remarked with a smile : " I, for my part, gladly give my consent, but remember this : he'll take all your portfolios from you." These words were fulfilled to the letter, for Cavour was destined to become the official titular head of every department except that of justice.

5. Cavour had risen to popularity and power. We have seen that this was the result of a very diligent and careful preparation. But he had also

prepared himself for every kind of deception. "If I have to give up all my boyhood's friends, or see my greatest intimates transformed into my bitterest enemies, I shall not fail in my duty; never will I abandon the principles of liberty to which I have consecrated my career and to which I have been faithful all my life." Cavour was ready to give everything up, which is a great force, especially in politics. He began, patient and skilled weaver that he was, to reconcile and unite the various conflicting elements, to harmonise the hostile tendencies, and bit by bit to absorb the left centre. His faction went on increasing, recruiting new members every day, until it absorbed the whole State, so justifying a witty man's definition: "We have a Government, a Chamber, a Constitution; and they all answer to the name of Cavour!"

In 1852 the king, on the advice of D'Azeglio, who had decided to retire, sent for Cavour and entrusted him with the task of forming a Cabinet, of which he was president, with the temporary administration of the finances. His first years of office were consecrated exclusively to internal reforms: to developing the country; reforming public morals; increasing the budget; intensifying the principal productions; reorganising the army; fortifying the towns and the coasts; augmenting the network of railroads; creating an entirely new merchant service; and negotiating sound commercial treaties with France and England. In his dealings with the Senate, which its servitude to the Church had rendered refractory and hostile, Cavour displayed such tact and versatility and such untiring patience as to win over his proudest enemies. The same qualities, with prudence thrown in, directed his relations with the foreign press.

6. To cope with that gigantic task, Cavour rose at four, and worked at despatches, circulars, documents for the press, and his correspondence until ten o'clock,

when he breakfasted off two eggs and a cup of tea. Immediately afterwards he went round to the offices of his ministries with a quick step, a beaming face, framed by his fair beard, and smiling through his spectacles at the passers-by, who greeted him with a respectful familiarity. At the ministry he made the round of the different departments, read the despatches, glanced at the papers, received colleagues, deputies, solicitors and bores. From there he would go to see the king, preside over the Council, and then to the Senate or to the House of Deputies. At six o'clock, after a visit to his niece, the Countess Alfieri, to whom he was greatly attached, he would dine with his brother and afterwards retire to his study to smoke a cigarette. After that he would work until close upon midnight.

Cavour did nothing to curtail the freedom of the press, nor did he even veto Mazzini's republican journal. "*Italy and the People* does us more good than harm; I would even pay him for writing in it."¹

Guardian of the lives of the exiles, refugees and *émigrés*, he would have nothing to do with the cruel method of deporting them to America. "... I don't see why we should let the Holy Father turn us into instruments of his high-handed police."²

7. One evening, in November 1854, Madame Alfieri asked Cavour, "Well, uncle, when do we start for the Crimea?" "Who knows?" said he. "England is pressing me to go; our troops would go there to wipe out the defeat at Novara. The only thing is, all my Cabinet is opposed to my project. But the king is on my side, and we shall bring it off together!"

8. The king and Cavour did bring it off; Cavour became Minister for Foreign Affairs, and in that capacity and that of President of the Council, signed,

¹ See Cavour, *Lettere edite ed inedite*, collected by Luigi Chiala, (Turin: 1887, L. Roux, t. vi., p. 161.)

² *Ibid.*, p. 171.

towards the middle of December, an offensive and defensive alliance between Piedmont on the one part, and England and France on the other. By that act Cavour showed what a genius he was, and Austria at once understood what that master-stroke meant: "It's nothing less than a pistol fired point-blank at us." In order that Piedmont might not figure in the struggle as a paid auxiliary, but as a real ally, a loan was arranged.

The Piedmontese troops in the Crimea vied in bravery with the Zouaves, and their news of victories was hailed with universal joy in Piedmont. After the war, the Congress. Cavour left for Paris, where not only did he not play the part of a supernumerary of a small State, but made himself heard when the question of the fate reserved for the Danubian Principalities came up. Naturally, it was not for him to speak about Italy. A speech in reference to that country was made in one of the concluding meetings by the President of the Congress, Count Walewski, who suddenly drew the attention of the plenipotentiaries to the condition of Italy—a condition fraught with great danger to Europe, which risked seeing peace constantly troubled by those revolutionary attempts, which are the inevitable consequence of unpopular and oppressive methods of government. He concluded by urging the Congress to address a note to the Italian princes, advising them to adopt a more liberal policy in home affairs. Nothing was done on account of the threatening opposition of Count Buol, but Cavour was none the less satisfied. The main thing was that in spite of Austria, the name of Italy had been brought up in the Paris Congress, and Cavour carried back with him to Turin the birth certificate of the kingdom. Italy felt great surprise at having at the same time both soldiers and diplomats; from that day, her faith in Cavour went on growing and reached its

greatest height in 1857, when, after Rattazzi's resignation the President of the Council simultaneously held the portfolios of home affairs, foreign affairs and finance; in the conduct of these Parliament followed him submissively, and the people grew accustomed to the prospect of an early war.

Even when work was most pressing, Cavour interested himself in the output of his lands. He wrote to his bailiff at Leri, M. Gorio, that, "as he was expecting the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, and had a diplomatic dinner in view, he would go and see him the following Sunday. . . ." In the meantime, he quite approves of keeping the cows in the stalls and feeding them with clover. He rejoices in the warm sun for the seed-time. He asks for information about the maize harvest. "If the left does not keep quiet, I shall have the pleasure of going to supervise the draining operations."¹

War was indispensable for the constitution of Italy, and Cavour had to make this war with Austria acceptable to France. Furnished with a passport in which his name did not appear, Cavour secretly left Switzerland for Plombières.

There he saw the Emperor Napoleon III, and war was decided upon. From that day until the campaign commenced Cavour lived in continuous tension; working night and day, he provided for everything: the formation of volunteer corps, the organisation of all the services, the inspection of all fortified towns. When he interrupted that work it was to skim through reports and newspapers so as to follow the most trivial incidents, the smallest changes of opinion.

One morning, his servant knocked at his study door. "A man is asking to see you, sir." "What's his name?" "He wouldn't give it, sir; he's got a thick stick and a broad-brimmed hat, and persists

¹ Cavour, *Lettere edite ed inedite*, t. vi., pp. 73-8, 86.

in declaring that you expect him, sir." "Ah," said Cavour, rising, "show him in." And in the doorway appeared the leonine head of Garibaldi, just arrived from Caprera.

The *condottiere* had hastened thither at the master's summons, and it was difficult to say which of the two looked the better pleased.

When the war broke out Cavour succeeded also to the Ministry of War, which his colleague Lamarmora had held, and could at last arm, pay and feed the volunteers. The Franco-Sardinian army marched from victory to victory: Magenta, Solferino, Pastrengo, San Martino opened the road to the Adriatic; they were about to free Venice and Trieste when the peace of Villafranca stopped their further progress. Cavour was on the verge of despair; he was seen to disembark at Hermance, on the Savoy side of Lake Lemán, feverish, rebellious and glum. But his despair was short-lived, for he was not the man to indulge in vain regrets, or to mope over a past which could not be recalled. Cavour then turned to England, where his friend, John Russell, had just been appointed Foreign Minister, and asked for the moral support of that generous people.

About the middle of April 1859 Garibaldi left Turin for Nice. He had to pass through Genoa. There he alighted, and, fifteen days later, the *Mille* started in two wretched ships upon the heroic Sicilian adventure.¹ Cavour furthered Garibaldi's expedition, and British cruisers, at long intervals, escorted the transports. When the whole of Italy, in its astonishment, was breathlessly following the homeric stages of the conquest of the two Sicilies, Cavour threw a Piedmontese army into the Marches, so once again cleverly outpointing his opponents.

9. Rome and the three Venices were yet to be

¹ For the expedition of the *Mille* see the chapter on Garibaldi

won. Cavour had no time to look back upon the long stretch of road already traversed; he looked straight ahead at what had still to be covered. He drew the attention of Parliament to Rome.

"The star of Italy," he said, "is Rome; there is our polar star. The Eternal City upon which twenty-five centuries have piled up triumph after triumph must needs be the capital of Italy. . . . The unity of Italy, the peace of Europe, can only be secured at that price. But, we are told, we shall never be able to obtain assent to that design from Catholicism or the powers which consider themselves its representatives and defenders. That difficulty cannot be solved by the sword; moral forces alone can solve it. The conviction which will gain ground every day, even in the centre of the great Catholic Society, is this: religion has nothing to fear from freedom. 'Holy Father,' we can say to the sovereign pontiff, 'temporal power is no longer a guarantee of your independence. Surrender it, and we will give you that freedom which for three centuries you have asked for in vain from all the great Catholic Powers. That freedom we offer you in its plenitude. We are ready to proclaim in Italy the great principle of a free Church in a free State.'"

This speech on Rome was delivered at the end of the month of March. On May 29th, after a stormy debate, Cavour returned home sad and weary. He dined as usual with his brother, and, whilst smoking, was seized with fits of shivering and violent sickness. For several days they had recourse to bleeding, which gave him relief. As he insisted with his doctor: "My head is confused, and I need all my faculties to deal with things of the greatest importance; bleed me again, for that is the only way of saving me," the doctor sent for the surgeon, who made a fresh in-

cision, but the blood refused to flow. Some poultices they applied did not even break the skin.

Three days afterwards, left alone with his manservant, he said: "We have got to part, Martin; when the time comes, you must send for Father Giacomo, who has promised to be with me at the last."

When the news of Cavour's illness spread through the town, his house was besieged by the dismayed populace. Father Giacomo confessed the dying man and gave him absolution. "I want," he murmured, "the good folk of Turin to know that I died as a Christian should. I am quite happy, for I have never wronged any one."

10. The king hastened to the dying man's bedside. When he had departed, the count said, with perfect lucidity:

"North Italy is made; there are no longer either Lombards, or Piedmontese, or Tuscans, or Romagnoli; we are all Italians. Garibaldi is an honest fellow: he wants to go to Rome and Venice, and so do I: no one is in a greater hurry to do so than I. As for Istria and the Tyrol, that's a different question. That will be for another generation. We have done our full share; we have made Italy. . . ."

His voice sank, and he spoke thickly. His niece sent for Father Giacomo, who arrived with the holy oils. Cavour recognised him, shook his hand, and said: "Frate, frate, libera Chiesa in libero Stato!" (a free Church in a free State). Those were his last words.

Cavour's coat of arms bore this device: "God wills the right." Cavour illustrated in act the motto on his family's escutcheon by adopting as a rule of life this maxim: "Via recta, via certa" (the right road is the sure road); of that his life furnished the best testimony.

His sudden and unexpected end was universally regretted. Italy went into mourning, and wept over him, as one weeps for that which cannot be replaced. His king, in the place of public declamations, honoured him by remaining faithful to his memory and carrying out his programme to the letter. Abroad, Cavour's death caused great consternation, especially in England, where, in the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords, orators, moved to tears, sounded the praises of the great Italian.

Lord Clanricarde, Lord Brougham and the Earl of Malmesbury considered the loss of Cavour as a European calamity.

II. In the House of Commons on June 7th, before the discussion of the order of the day, Sir Robert Peel brought forward a motion that—

“Parliament should give an official expression to our own feeling of regret for the loss of the man, and of condolence with that nation on whom this loss must most heavily fall. . . .”

Lord John Russell added :

“Sir, having been engaged in diplomatic transactions with Count Cavour, I cannot but feel it due to the memory of him who is gone to say that I believe there never was a man who devoted himself, heart and mind and soul, more entirely to his country than the late Count Cavour. Undoubtedly he had great ability, he had capacity for great labour, and that ability and that labour were devoted, from the earliest time at which he was capable of giving an opinion, to achieve the independence of the people of Italy. There is no one who looks back to the time when he commenced that enterprise but must see that it was a task attended with the greatest difficulty. The manner in which he began to interest the Powers of

Europe, by proposing to act in concert with England and France in the Crimean War, and afterwards at the Congress of Paris, by stating, in the face of European statesmen, what he considered to be the grievances and wrongs of Italy, while it showed how deeply he felt those grievances and wrongs, showed also that he had an intuition as to the means by which alone the independence of Italy could be accomplished. This is not the time to speak of the various transactions in which he had been engaged. I had the good fortune both diplomatically to treat with him, and to be personally and privately acquainted with him, and I cannot forbear offering this tribute to the memory of a man destined to stand conspicuous in history."

Lord Palmerston succeeded in striking a most pathetic note :

" . . . When I speak of what Count Cavour has done, it ought to be borne in mind that the most brilliant acts of his Administration and those which have most attracted the notice of the world, are, perhaps, not those for which his countrymen will most revere his memory. It should be remembered that he laid the foundation of improvements in the constitutional, legal, social and, indeed, in all the internal affairs of Italy, which will long survive him, and confer inestimable benefits on those who live and on those who are to come hereafter. It may be truly said of Count Cavour that he has left a name 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.' The moral which is to be drawn from the life of Count Cavour is this—that a man of transcendent talents, of indomitable energy, and of inextinguishable patriotism, may, by the impulses which his own single mind may give to his countrymen, aiding a righteous cause and seizing favourable opportunities, notwithstanding difficulties that appear

at first sight insurmountable, confer on his country the greatest and most inestimable benefits.

“The tale with which his memory will be associated is one of the most extraordinary—I may say, the most romantic—recorded in the annals of the world. We have seen under his influence and guidance a people (who were supposed to have become torpid in the enjoyment of luxury, and to have had no knowledge or feeling on politics except what may have been derived from the traditions of their history and the jealousies of rival States), we have seen that people (under his guidance and at his call) rising from the slumber of ages with the power of a ‘giant refreshed,’ breaking that spell by which they had so long been bound, and displaying on great occasions the courage of heroes, the sagacity of statesmen, the wisdom of philosophers, and obtaining for themselves that unity of political existence which for centuries had been denied them. Sir, I say these are great events in history, and that the man whose name will go down to posterity connected with such a series of events, whatever may have been the period of his death, however premature it may have been for the hopes of his countrymen, cannot be said to have died too soon for his glory and his fame.”

PART II

THE INDOMITABLES

"That man must be wilfully blind or ignorantly heedless who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their capabilities, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of duty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched 'longing after immortality,' the immortality of independence. . . ."—BYRON, "Letter to John Hobhouse." Venice, January 2nd, 1818.



CHAPTER VI

GIORGIO PALLAVICINO TRIVULZIO

I. WHEN the Austrians, in 1821, on the morrow of the liberal Lombard-Piedmontese revolts, drew in their net, there appeared in the treacherous meshes, side by side with other illustrious victims, GIORGIO PALLAVICINO TRIVULZIO, a young Milanese patrician, the bearer of a great name. At that time he was twenty-five years old. It is rare to find devotion to an ideal so complete and so continuous as was his. Though the history of the *Risorgimento* (Resurrection) brought to light many figures of transplendent nobility, I venture to affirm that that of Pallavicino stands out giant-like from the luminous background by reason of his untiring activity, which neither time, animosity, nor ingratitude could check.

The Greeks were wont to cast upon the funeral pyre of their comrades in arms all that they held most dear. Into the crucible whence was to emerge free and unshackled Italy, the erstwhile enslaved, Pallavicino cast all his earthly possessions, talents, and, most hard of all to part with, his ambitions. We meet with his knightly figure, paladin of our unity, at every turn and twist of our toilsome history.

A few details, therefore, of his boyhood will not, I think, be out of place to begin with. They have, moreover, this further to commend them: that they

are related by himself¹ with an exquisite frankness, and throw an interesting light on the education of the nobility in those days.

" . . . My mother, in accordance with a clause in my father's will, placed me, while yet a child, at Vimercati. No sooner was the door shut upon me than they ballasted me (lest I should soar into the free air of fancy) with books and a monster Italian-Latin lexicon. Heaven help us ! Such a weighty volume for such a wee mite ! I took a knife, and cut the dictionary into two parts, keeping one and handing the other to the head master to give to one of my comrades.

" In due course, I entered, like all my equals, the college for the nobility at Parma. There the classical teaching was so superficial and pedantic that, in spite of my fondness for study, I became so lazy that I found myself sitting on the dunces' form. There I stuck for a whole year engaged in catching flies, with which, fastened by a hair to a scrap of paper, I adorned the master's great-coat.

" The only serious instruction at the nobles' school was the art of aristocratic arrogance. Every one of us had to speak to a comrade in the third person, not forgetting to give him his proper title. A brat of seven summers would say to another of eight : ' Will Count So-and-so please come here ? ' and the other would answer : ' Here I am, Duke, or Marquis, or Prince.' It was frantically funny ; but you had to do it, or receive the prescribed number of swishes on the hand.

" . . . I went on with my literary instruction at Milan with private tutors, but I studied the *litteræ humaniores* at the Barnabite College at St. Alexander's. Woe to him (as Giusti would say) who on the path of letters has a priest or a monk to hold the lantern.

¹ *Memorie di G. Pallavicino*. (Publ. per cura della moglie : Torino Loescher, 1882, 3 vols.)

The light they hold is a torch which only makes the shadows darker.

“ My course in philosophy finished, I ought to have studied law ; but, as that kind of study made no appeal to me, I asked my mother’s permission to travel. This accorded, a second Telemachus with his worthy Mentor, I set forth on a delicious pilgrimage through Italy. After Italy, I visited in turn Hungary, Germany and Switzerland, returning over the Simplon. There I met Lord Byron. Handsome as Apollo, though a little lame, that famous poet was endowed with a musical voice and charming manners.

“ Life’s twentieth milestone passed, my mother thought good to give me the benefit of my majority. All my sisters were married. Young, rich, independent, I lived as did all my compeers in the nineteenth century. In justice to myself I ought to say this, that, in spite of a passionate nature, I was neither an idler nor a debauchee. I devoted several hours a day to horse exercise, fencing and the perusal of good authors, of whom Macchiavelli, Guicciardini and the other historians of the Renaissance were my special favourites.

“ Very restless, with a soul of fire in a frame of steel, stirred with an irresistible desire for a deeper knowledge of men and things, I started off upon my second journey. This time my sole companion was an old and faithful servant. Boarding a felucca at Genoa, I landed at Nice, and, after having, with the sober bearing of an antiquary, paid a visit to the ruins of southern France, I came to Paris. Paris, the great Proteus of history, had doffed the fashionable Napoleonic uniform to don the court dress *à la mode* Louis XVIII.

“ From Paris, Europe’s theatre of varieties, I went on to London, Edinburgh and Dublin. Then I paid a visit to Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Russia.

2. "Secret societies, thanks to the activity of foreign and Italian emissaries, were scattered everywhere. Amongst these, two were specially popular, the *Carboneria* and the *Adelfia*. Naples was the centre of the former; the latter had its headquarters in France. A Lombard, Count Federico Confalonieri, just come from France, was its guiding spirit.

"In January 1821, Confalonieri, in a confidential interview, said to me: 'You are young, active and keen; you are not going to be, I am sure, a mere spectator of the great events which are now in the making. The moment has arrived to free the peninsula from the Austrian yoke. To that end, a society, 'the Federation,' has been formed at Milan, with a branch beyond the Ticino. In a few days' time we shall get news that our brothers in Piedmont have risen in revolt, and we in Lombardy, in our turn, shall follow their lead. Of the issue there can be no doubt. Will you be a federal—what am I saying!—will you be a captain in the Confederation?' 'Yes, I will,' I replied, repeating the formula of the oath in these terms: 'I swear before God, and upon my honour, to devote all my strength, and, if need be, my life itself, to free Italy from foreign domination.'

"On March 10th the revolution broke out in Alessandria and Turin. The insurgents hoped to catch the Austrians between two fires, surround and destroy them. We expected to see the insurgents invade the plains of Lombardy. Instead of this, the Imperial soldiers poured down from the Tyrol.

"Confalonieri was seriously ill. Groaning with pain, he wrote out a message for the Piedmontese general, San Marzano, and implored me to find some one to carry the letter to Novara. But no one cared to undertake the dangerous errand. I apprised Confalonieri, in the presence of his wife, of the ill-success of my efforts. And the latter in beseeching tones

turned to me and said, 'Couldn't you go yourself?' Leaving their room in great haste, I proceeded to hunt for Castilia, and urged him to accompany me to Novara. It was a pitch dark night. At the break of day we were on our way to Abbiategrasso, where we dismissed our driver. We crossed the Ticino in a smuggler's boat, and, forging through forests, we reached the villa of the Marquis Arconati Visconti, who placed a barouche at our disposal. At Novara, we pointed out to San Marzano the dangers of delay and the impatience of the people of Lombardy, who looked to him to liberate them.

" 'In your opinion will 300 men be enough for the undertaking? If you think so, I'll jump on my horse and lead them. I have only 300 dragoons on whom I can count. I cannot trust the infantry of General La Torre.' We remained silent, and he went on: 'Do you want a word of advice? Go to General La Torre, and repeat to him what you have just told me. Come: I will accompany you.'

"La Torre made this statement to us: 'We have neither guns nor ammunition. The soldiers have but three cartridges in their bandoliers. It would be sheer folly to attack Austria under such conditions.' As we went out, San Marzano remarked that there was nothing to be done. 'Don't let us lose precious time. I cannot leave Novara; you can. Go to Turin and try to get speech with Prince Carignan.'

"With more boldness than prudence, we betook ourselves to Turin, where we were admitted to an audience at once. In the centre of a palatial room in the Carignan Palace, a tall and pale young man, in uniform, was standing. It was Charles-Albert. He listened to our impassioned request and undertook to tell the Council of it. The same evening the prince again received us and assured us that the revolution had some terrible enemies among the conservative

party, that Piedmont was short of money, men, food and arms, but that it would be defended if necessary. 'That is all we can do under the present state of things,' he said in discouraged tones, 'Let us trust to the future!'

"Back in Milan I made my report to Confalonieri, and, as the police was aware of our journey, Castillia and I hastened to leave again for Piedmont. From there I went to Switzerland, whence the urgent appeals of my mother and my friends summoned me back to Milan.

"The police lay low.

3. "But on December 3rd a police commissary entered Gaetano Castillia's house, and, finding among his correspondence a letter from an exile, dated from Spain, at a time which appeared suspicious to him, ordered his arrest. The conviction was shared by all that our journey into Piedmont was the real cause of Castillia's imprisonment. A friend informed me that I was suspected of having secured impunity for myself by the sacrifice of my companion. I hastened to the police: 'It was I who dragged Castillia to Piedmont. If that journey was a crime, the guilt was mine, and I alone deserve punishment.' The head of the police permitted me to return to my home, but forbade me to leave the town. Not a word did I breathe to my mother or sisters. I was afraid of their imploring me to fly. And I, a soldier on duty, naturally wished to remain at my post. To this I considered myself constrained by the code of honour.

"On the evening of the day after the morrow, I went to the theatre. A friend came up and whispered in my ear: 'Confalonieri is arrested; be on your guard.' Seeing Count Bolza a few steps off, I said to myself: 'There's that bird of evil omen; may God spare me.' Simultaneously another police commissary approached me, smile on lip: 'Marquis, will you be kind enough

to follow me? The head Superintendent would like to have a word with you.' I found two gendarmes in plain clothes at my sides: 'I am quite aware of the fact that you are taking me to prison. But that doesn't disturb me: lead on!'

"That night I slept peaceably in a comfortable room. On the morrow, at the palace, I was put through my first interrogatory. Accused of high treason, I was thrown into prison. On January 21st, 1824, the special commission appointed to try cases of high treason condemned sixteen conspirators to the gallows, and among the prisoners were Count Federico Confalonieri, Alexander Andryane, the Marquis Giorgio Pallavicino and Gaetano Castillia. His Majesty deigned to show clemency and commuted the sentence to that of hard labour for life for Confalonieri and Andryane, and to a term of twenty years for Pallavicino and Castillia. The fortress of the Spielberg was to be the destination of all the condemned.

"My step-father hastened to Vienna to crave pardon for me of the Emperor, who gave him this answer: 'I regret that I cannot grant it you: reasons of State forbid me to do so. I must, however, render justice to your step-son: he is a hero; for, in my opinion, sacrifice and heroism are synonymous. Now I learn from the records of the trial that Giorgio Pallavicino sacrificed himself to save his friends.' Some one may perchance remark that I show a want of modesty in publishing this statement in my praise. Quite right! but I belong to the school of those who say, 'Modesty may conceivably be a virtue, but it is a form of folly all the same.'

"So it was that, after two years of cruel scrutiny, we were chained and made to form up, bareheaded, on the criminals' platform; we listened to the recital of the commutation of our death sentence to hard labour, for life for some, for others for a term of years. A

shudder of horror ran through the crowd on learning that honourable men, still in the prime of life, were going to be buried in the vaults of the Spielberg.

“On February 29th, at midday, the dismal procession climbed the fatal slope, and the Spielberg extended us its sinister shelter.

4. “The citadel of the Spielberg, the erstwhile residence of the lords of Moravia, is to-day the grimmiest convict prison in the Austrian Empire. Close upon three hundred prisoners, consisting for the most part of robbers and assassins, are there confined, some in *carcere duro*, and others in *durissimo*.

“*Carcere duro* means penal servitude with a chain fastened to the ankles, a plank bed, and food even a starving man would refuse. *Carcere durissimo*, by way of an extra, throws in a band of iron round the loins, and insists that the chain is made fast to the wall; the food is the same, though the law reduces it to bread and water. The dress is the same for all the convicts: parti-coloured trousers of sack-cloth, grey on the right side, maroon on the left; a kind of waistcoat of the same description, and a jacket of the same colours but reversed; a shirt of some stiff material—a real instrument of torture—and a white cap.

“The dietary comprised three soups *per diem*—a reddish broth, together with a few slices of brown bread. The Germans call it *brennsuppe*, and when it is well cooked it isn't bad; but at the Spielberg it was a truly nauseating dish. Add to this a morsel of mutton, a mere mouthful, and three ounces of white bread.

“We experienced all the torments of hunger, especially the more robust among us. Villa, with the build of an athlete, after suffering from incessant weakness, died of hunger in the course of a few years. The very evening before his death the order left Vienna

to provide him with chicken, jellies, and al kinds of delicacies.

“ One of the political prisoners, a retired officer, Bachiega by name, had, I know not how, got hold of a sparrow which he hid from every one. The day of the monthly inspection, whilst the police spies, or *sbirri* as they were commonly called, were ransacking his mattress, the poor little bird hopped out from under the flooring, to the great indignation of the police superintendent, who forthwith confiscated it. Bachiega wept, implored and conjured them to leave him his only friend. ‘ Impossible,’ Mr. Muth replied. ‘ In granting it to you, I should be compromised. The only thing I can do is to forward your request to his Excellency, the Governor of Moravia.’ His Excellency, in his turn, shook his head, saying : ‘ It is a serious matter : I will write to the minister about it. The latter declared : ‘ It does not come within my jurisdiction. I will inform the Emperor of the matter.’ Ultimately, Francis I, under private seal, was graciously pleased to let the prisoner have his sparrow.

“ . . . The Abbé Wrba was endowed with an angelic nature, conspicuous talents, pure morals, and a Christian spirit. These very qualities rendered him, in the eyes of the Government, an unfit confessor for the State prisoners. He was dismissed and replaced by the youthful abbé — : a Tartuffe, in the flesh, with hypocrisy exuding from every pore, with downcast eyes, and honeyed speech. Intelligent and cultured, his conversation was not devoid of charm which melted away the instant he wished to convince us of the enviable lot of the Austrian subject. Then the abbé dropped his charm, and nearly approached the ridiculous. One day he was discoursing on the Jews’ revolt against the Romans in the days of Titus. Skipping a few intervening centuries, he wound up by deploring the blindness of the Italians, the foes of

Austria. And this was the conclusion he came to: 'Since it has pleased God to subject the Lombard-Venetians to the Emperor, we ought to believe that the Austrian Government is the best of all possible governments.' He inspired me with an insurmountable repugnance, and I pleaded for the recall of the Abbé Wrba. The Emperor gave his consent. That I am still alive is a miracle, and for that miracle I have to thank the Abbé Wrba for the consolation he brought the unhappy captive. In him you had the perfect type of the Christian priest.

5. "... One fine day, the Governor of Moravia received an order to pack off to Vienna all the books belonging to the political prisoners. The Emperor had heard, through his spies, that reading went on in the jails; such a crime he could not forgive.

"Whilst, on the one hand, the political prisoners were denied the solace of reading, manual labour, on the other hand, was made obligatory. And to him who had no desire to knit socks with stinking wool the sole alternative was to make lint with reeking hospital rags. For the rest, every poor wretch used to work, for even that kind of labour was preferable to the torture of total inactivity. One day, on the governor of the prison asking me how I killed the time, I replied: 'I make lint, and I have done enough to dress all the wounds of the Empire.'

"The regulations prescribed two visits daily, one in the morning and one in the evening. In addition to these, the governor paid us a surprise visit every month. At those times there was a room-to-room inspection of the prison properties: the mattresses, blankets, bowls, jugs and wooden spoons. That over, the prisoners were stripped and their clothes, of which the linings were unpicked, examined by the governor and his myrmidons. Boots, everything in fact, even the foul night-jars, did not escape this

scrutiny. And that, in the presence of a gentleman wearing several orders of knighthood.

“ . . . We disturbed the slumbers of the Emperor Francis who wished to be furnished with a daily report in addition to that drawn up by the magistrates appointed to keep an eye on us. He requested the President of the War-Office to find him a sub-lieutenant with a knowledge of Italian and the northern dialects. A quartermaster was accordingly packed off to the police at Vienna, there to pass his sorry apprenticeship. He remained there for a year, and came to Brünn with the title of Sub-Manager of the dungeon of Spielberg. His orders were to feign an ignorance of Italian, and to speak nothing but French and German. Every evening he was to station himself at the grating of our cells, to stand there for hours on end, straining his ears to catch the words which the State prisoners let fall either in conversation with one another, or when talking to themselves, and to communicate them to his Majesty in a special report. But this despicable manœuvre was very soon found out. An honest fellow on sentry duty at the end of the corridor could not hide his disgust. When the skunk had disappeared, he came up and said in a loud voice ‘*Infamissima spia.*’ He had let the cat out of the bag.

6. “My prison was a sepulchre without the peace which the dead enjoy. Battle as I would with the endless torments of my wretched condition, my sufferings got the upper hand, and I lay at death’s door. Prone upon my palliasse, without books, without news of my family, I would make up lint, or with a pin scratch upon the wall a stanza of Dante or of Petrarch, a date or some fragment of former reading. A pitying jailer had provided me with two pocket dictionaries, one English and the other German. To conceal them from my Cerberus, I had unstitched the leaves, which, whenever the governor of police

paid us a visit, I used to bury in the cracks of the worn-out flooring. I copied out on the wall the two vocabularies, which I duly committed to heart with the patience befitting a monk or a convict. I then set about two pieces of work: a satire after the manner of Menippus, an epigrammatic history of my political adventures, and the *Sphinx*, a collection of satirical and philosophical anagrams. I allowed one of my finger-nails to grow, and this, when cut off and mounted on a piece of wood, served the purpose of a nib. A little soot and some rhubarb prescribed by the doctor took the place of ink. And what about paper? Each prisoner had his stock of toilet paper on which it was taboo to write. The thing, then, was to get the doctor to order you a glass of milk, to soak the afore-mentioned paper in it by way of sizeing it, and then to roll it into a cylindrical shape with a glass; I could thus, with the help of a convict who swept our cells, write, and even correspond with my companions. These, of whom there were two, were successively released, and the solitude affected me so disastrously that the doctors gave me up.

"At that time the report got about that I had become mad. It was not true, but I might well have become so. My nerves were in a pitiable state. After a very careful examination, the doctor wrote to Vienna to implore that some intellectual work might be found for me, and that I might be moved to a more genial climate. The Emperor sent two books: *Tasso* and *Klopstok*, and gave instructions for a suitable spot to be found whither I might be transferred.

"A year rolled by, when, one day, the Emperor remembered me. 'While I think of it,' said he, 'where is Pallavicino? Has he been moved?' The courtier, after expressing his ignorance, ran off to inform the minister. The latter summoned the commissary, and, scared out of his wits, shouted: 'Quick,

jump into a carriage and drive to Brünn at top-speed. Should the Emperor repeat his question—"Where is Pallavicino?"—we must be able to answer him that he is on his way to Gradisca. You are to take the prisoner there. That's settled, then; don't lose a minute; push on night and day.' 'But,' objected the commissary, 'Pallavicino is in a very bad way; to make him travel post-haste would be . . .' 'I was forgetting that,' interrupted the minister. 'Do what you think proper; the essential thing is, if his Majesty questions me, to be able to assure him that Giorgio Pallavicino is on his way. It does not pay to try to put the Emperor off.'

"I was sleeping. Mr. Muth stole in softly and begged me to get up. I allowed myself to hope . . . could it mean pardon? And a thrill of delight stole over my heart. It was not pardon. My convict dress was exchanged for that of an honest man, and, at daybreak, ensconced in a comfortable post-chaise, I was rolling in the direction of Gradisca.

7. "Seeing that my installation at Gradisca was the result of my bad health, I had hoped for a more humane dietary there. What was my grief and surprise, therefore, to find that my circumstances had gone from bad to worse! The Minister of Police whose only concern it was to land me, alive or dead, at Gradisca, had omitted to forward to the governor of the jail the regulations to be observed in the case of political prisoners. I was therefore reduced to the ordinary of the jail. My sufferings were atrocious. Several months had elapsed, when the management of the jail was provisionally confided to the controller, who with 500 florins pay and 1,000 in debt had to provide for a sick wife and five children. One day, at the hour of my daily walk, he whispered in my ear: 'I am in desperate need of 1,000 florins; if you can find me that sum I shall be eternally grateful to you.'

8. " 'I can, but give me the necessary to write with.' I found pen and ink in my cell. Some time after that I received 2,000 florins, 1,000 of which I gave to the controller, the rest I kept. And now the drama developed.

" But first picture to yourself, gentle reader, a room of about three square yards, with its one and only window protected by iron bars as thick as your arm ; for properties : two plank beds, two mattresses, one winder, a few skeins of wool, some knitting-needles, two bowls, two jugs, two spoons—and two men. These latter are dressed in patched sackcloth suits, and wear greasy caps of the same stuff. They drag their chains behind them as they walk. One of them is a Slav peasant, a kind of country bumpkin from some village or other in Carniola. A medley of ferocity and envy, Thomas Ribberschegg was born a thief as others are born poets. He mumbles prayers from morn till eve. He is very strong in spite of his sixty years. His life-sentence he owes to his skill in stealing. The other is Giorgio Pallavicino, the same who had the courage to say to his mother, at the moment of leaving for the Spielberg, ' All is lost, save honour.'

" Our children will find it difficult to believe that this century was no whit less savage than the barbarous times when they would fasten dead and living together. For some days Ribberschegg had been glum and taciturn ; he neither ate nor slept ; from time to time the muscles of his face would contract ; his blood-stained eyes were haggard. He knew that I had 1,000 florins in my possession. In a forest he would not have thought twice about cutting his companion's throat to rob him ; but in a prison that method of procedure was not feasible. Gradually the thought of the money crystallised in that brute's brain into a fixed idea,

" May 1st, 1834, as I was winding a skein, he planted himself in front of me, and with these words fairly took my breath away: 'Hand over that money, or I'll denounce you.' And he glared at a ball of wool that was lying, with some other balls and skeins, piled up on a small table in the darkest corner of the prison. My head swam, and I implored him not to ruin me, and I drew a lurid picture of the torments of hell. At that he hesitated. The nightmare I had conjured up maddened him: on a sudden he sprang to the door and shouted, 'I want to confess, I want to confess.'

" On the arrival of the chaplain, I entreated him to prevent an admission which, profiting no one, would ruin an unhappy family. The chaplain promised to do his best for me. I handed him the mysterious ball in which the money was rolled, and with it one of Cooper's novels, and a volume of Goethe, as I whispered in his ear: 'I entrust these things to your keeping under the seal of confession.' The chaplain put the ball in his pocket, the books under his cloak, and repaired to the oratory with Ribberschegg. Half an hour later they returned, the chaplain crying, 'The books are lost!' 'And the money?' 'I've got that in my waistcoat, and in my house there is an excellent place to hide it in.'

" That night I suffered inexpressible anguish. The maniac never slept a wink. He fixed me with his eye as the hyena does his prey before devouring it. His madness was unmistakable and dangerous, and I summoned the doctor accordingly. He prescribed a purge, but refused to recognise the symptoms of madness. Ribberschegg drank his purge, and was waiting for a bowl of soup, when the jailer trotted him off with all despatch to the clerk's office. Shortly afterwards the poor wretch filled the prison with his groans as he howled out, 'Mercy, mercy!' They

were giving him a touch of the bastinado to make him confess that I had money. I never saw him again.

9 " . . . In the morning the prisoners got a loaf of bread, at midday a bowl of soup, and another in the evening. But good God, what bread! It was a disgusting mixture of bran and refuse, as heavy as lead, and ruined the stomach without nourishing it. One day, the prisoners protested because the bread was full of mouse-droppings. 'Chuck away the droppings and eat the bread,' was the counsel of comfort. The luckless creatures thereupon rioted, and each of them got ten lashes for his pains. They appealed and got ten more. The soup of barley and beans was flavoured with rancid oil or vinegar. The favourite phrase of the commissary of the jail was the following: 'A prisoner's death is the State's gain.' In my ravenous hunger I found even the horrible ordinary eatable. One day, when hunger gripped me, my eye fell upon the drawer where Ribberschegg used to stow his bread and his traps. I wondered if there was a crust of bread by any chance! I opened the drawer to find a few crumbs of chocolate and half a cone of sugar which I had formerly given to the brute to tame him. The chocolate I devoured at once, and the sugar I divided into six portions, which sufficed for six times. When that had come to an end, I ransacked Ribberschegg's drawer once more: sandwiched between some nutshells and some crumbs of bread I detected the last remaining morsel of chocolate with the marks of his teeth upon it. The power to place it to my lips failing me, I cast it into a corner; I picked it up again, only to throw it away once more. Finally I pounced upon it, and devoured it. I fell prostrate on my couch and asked God to let me die.

"Wasted with fasting and dysentery, I could no longer stand on my legs. Nevertheless, when the hour for exercise came round, I dragged myself into the

administrator's garden in the sun. The women's prison overlooked it. The poor souls would murmur a few words of encouragement to me as soon as the warder's back was turned. One of them threw at my feet all her savings—two thalers. Detected and denounced, the poor girl got I don't know how many strokes of the birch. How I longed to be a tiger, to make mince-meat of that manager! The girl was the only daughter of a wealthy Trieste banker. More sinned against than sinning, she was serving her sentence of fifteen years' hard labour at Gradisca.

10. "Some time after that I was transferred, by the Emperor's orders, to the prison at Lubiana. I was shut up on the top floor of a dungeon, in a vast room with four windows overlooking the country. 'It is a paradise among prisons,' I remarked to the commissary with a smile. The food was better. But the happenings at Gradisca were still green, and I was forbidden to talk to a single soul. The better to break me to obedience, the administrator observed to me: 'Each time you address a word to one of your jailers, you won't be punished; but he will be dismissed at once. Then you will have his ruin on your conscience.' For a livelong year I was as dumb as an abbot of the Trappists. For my moral discipline, it was not enough to prevent my reading and writing, or receiving news of my family: they must needs reduce me to silence, and rob me of the small solace I found in manual work.

"What remains a mystery to me is how, when fallen into such an abyss of misery, I wasn't seized with madness or despair.

"Four persons had access to my cell: the doctor, the surgeon, the chaplain and the chief inspector of the provincial prisons. The doctor was an honest man, who brought to his skill in his profession the distinction of exquisite manners. Removing his hat, he

discoursed with me bareheaded ; so doing me honour, in recognising that under the convict's coat there beat the heart of a patriot. The surgeon, on the other hand, treated me roughly. I sent for him one day, as I was suffering from shooting pains in the bladder. 'What is it you complain of? Your sufferings to-day are nothing to what they will be afterwards.' The chaplain was a young priest who used to read religious books to me ; that was the extent of his ministrations. To have said a single word more would have been considered criminal in him. Now that particular crime is unpardonable in the sight of the imperial pedagogue. The chief inspector, Count de Saran, was an accomplished gentleman.

"The years passed . . . and no pardon came. I was reconciled to the idea of dying in prison. But, in the early days of March 1835, the town bells pealed their loudest. What was it? A warder murmured : 'Bear up. The Emperor is dead.' A few days later a letter reached me from my sister Teresa Belgioioso. The brave soul had hastened to Vienna to crave pardon for me at the hands of the new Emperor. She wrote to me to hope, but nothing more. My uncertainty was to last for several months longer. When the court mourning was over, I was the recipient of a decree of the Emperor Ferdinand in which political prisoners were given the choice of completing their sentence in prison, or being deported for the remainder of their days to America, with the loss of their civil rights and the confiscation of their property. We were allowed fourteen days to make up our minds. Those fourteen days seemed to me like fourteen centuries. Enamoured of freedom, I chose life deportation to New York. On August 1st, 1836, the brig *Hussard* set sail from Trieste to New York. That Austrian boat bore my companions across to America. I was to have left with the other convicts, but was

too unwell to do so. I had addressed to Vienna a request couched as follows: 'My nerves are in a pitiable plight: a few days back I had a nervous attack of such exceptional violence that I lay in agony for twenty minutes. I may add that an hereditary herpes is affecting the wind-pipe and is threatening me with phthisis. I crave the favour of a medical consultation to settle whether I am in a fit state to stand the stress and perils of a long and tiring sea-voyage. In choosing exile it was largely in the hope of escaping the death which hovered over me in jail. . . .'

II. "Vienna received my request kindly. The faculty declared that I was too weak to run the risk of a voyage. The Government, accordingly, indicated the town of Prague as my temporary dwelling-place, reserving to themselves always the right to deport me to America when they chose.

"At Prague I could live as I liked. I passed four years there—the happiest in my life of stress and turmoil. At Carlsbad I was able really to take care of myself. It was then that the thought of founding a family took my fancy; but the deportee, dead—in a civil sense—cannot contract marriage, which is a legal act. To acquire that good fortune, an imperial rescript was needed. I obtained it from Ferdinand, thanks to the kind offices of the Empress Maria Pia. Some little time later I was made completely happy. When the new Emperor¹ assumed the iron crown at Milan an amnesty was published. I was excluded from it. In 1840 I returned to Milan, where until 1848 I was under the eye of the police.

12. "At San Fiorano, formerly a fief of the Trivulzio-Pallavicino, there was an ancient palace belonging to

¹ Francis-Joseph (1830-1916). During his reign took place the Hungarian revolt (1849), the war with Italy (1859), the Austro-Prussian War (1866), which drove Austria out of Germany, the formation of the Triple Alliance (1878), the rupture of the Triple Alliance (1915), and the Great War (1914).

me. As it would have been too costly to restore, I had it pulled down, and where only yesterday the feudal castle rose there stands to-day a modest but comfortable country-house.

“There I lived for several years, where I played patron to the fine arts, of which I had always been an enthusiastic admirer. How far was I from foreseeing that my dwelling, which I was so tenderly embellishing, was to one day lodge the hero of the Italian revolution—Giuseppe Garibaldi!

“The revolution was already in the air. Milan was in a ferment. The unbridled soldiery had shed the blood of her citizens. To affirm their detestation of Austria, the people had thronged in their thousands to the funeral of Federico Confalonieri.¹ These events kept the public spirit awake, and were the precursors of the glorious revolution of March.”

13. Pallavicino had his share of hard work during the five glorious days of the revolution of Milan, in which priests and laity, magistrates and artisans, nobles and plebeians, gendarmes, old men and children, with their blouses, uniforms, frock-coats and cassocks met and mingled together. From dawn till close of day Pallavicino cheered the crowds with word and example. At night he inspected the sentries, led the patrols, arrested the suspects. Casting on the scrap-heap all territorial divisions, he pleaded that it was no longer a question of Lombards, Venetians, Sardinians, but Italians, and Italians only, under the democratic rule of Charles-Albert; and under the very mouth of the Austrian guns he proposed the following pressing measures:

¹ A noble confessor of his oppressed country, who, on his way back from Switzerland, was obliged to stop at Hospenthal, where the dropsy from which he was suffering suddenly took a turn for the worse. He died there on December 2nd, 1846. On the 14th of that month his remains were interred in the church of San Fedele at Milan.

"That the Provisional Government raise a new loan on the capital which all the wrought gold and silver will furnish. If that suffice not, let the Provisional Government levy new taxes upon the numerous classes of the rich. They will not refuse when they recognise that a slight pecuniary sacrifice will shield them from the brutal extortion of Radetzky and the piracy of his Croats. Let all the bells not indispensable to religious worship be melted down; that will give our army several additional cannons. Let all classes be called up."

Alas! Charles-Albert's army, victorious at Pastrengo and Goito, retreated at Peschiera, was held up at Verona, and capitulated at Custozza.

The Austrians, driven out of Milan March 22nd, re-entered the city on August 6th.

Pallavicino retired in exile to Paris, and afterwards to Turin.

14. Faithful to the oath he took in 1821, he laboured incessantly to spread his patriot's creed. From 1850 to 1860, during ten years of seeming sloth, Pallavicino belled the cat, and, come fair, come foul, come good health or bad, come welcome or rebuff, went on ringing the bell. He sought out all those who belonged to widely opposed parties, and endeavoured to rally them to the cause. He got round them, rekindled their enthusiasm, won them with that dauntless dash of his. Gioberti dreamt an impossible dream: the redemption of Italy by the Pope. Pius IX, with callous cruelty, threw him over; and Gioberti went in exile to Paris. It was then that Pallavicino took him in hand, restored his shaken courage, and won him over by degrees to his own programme—unity through the House of Savoy. The *Rinnovamento*, Gioberti's literary testament, was inspired by Pallavicino.¹

¹ See *Il Piemonte negli anni 1850-51-52*, letters by Vincenzo Gioberti and Giorgio Pallavicino. (Published by B. E. Maineri, Milan, 1875.)

Manin, the hero of Venice, the austere and purest of Mazzini's contemporaries, was also an exile in Paris. Pallavicino, an admirer of his staunchness as a citizen and the dignity of his penurious life, endeavoured to bring him round to the cause of a free and united Italy under the tricolor standard of Victor Emanuel. Manin was moved and was finally convinced; for, if he loved the republican more than any other form of government, his love for Italy was even greater still. He espoused the cause, and in 1856, in conjunction with Pallavicino, founded the National Italian Party, with the following programme: "It is Italy we have to construct, not a republic: an Italy integral, united, independent and free: Italy with Victor Emanuel for king."

Between Paris and Turin, Manin and Pallavicino kept up a feverish, hurried correspondence.¹ The former composed propagandist articles in his best style for *The Globe*, *The Morning Post*, *The Leader*, *The Daily News*, *The British Review*; for *L'Estafette*, *l'Univers*, *La Presse*, *Le Siècle*, *Les Débats*, *La Revue de Paris*, with the object of interesting foreign opinion in the cause of Italian revolution. "Never weary of sowing," Pallavicino urged; "sow without stint, for the seed is of prime quality: sow, and slack not your hand, for sooner or later the corn will spring up."

When a sense of solitude, discouragement and fatigue stole over Manin, Pallavicino warmed him back to life with his burning faith. "Don't slink back into your tent Achilles-like, when the battle is afoot. You cannot shirk, for fight you must. If we put up a staunch and steadfast struggle, we shall most surely win the day."

And what of the storm they raised in the camp of the Clericals?

¹ *Daniele Manin e Giorgio Pallavicino: Epistolario politico* (1855-57), by B. E. Maineri. (Milan: 1878.)

"Blame from those gentry spells approval in the eyes of an honest man. Believe me, a true idea will always prevail in the end; pluck up courage then. . . . The Alps shall fall away before my faith in Italy's future falters. In God's name, set the ball rolling in the Papal States. Surely you are not afraid of fresh insults, of fresh anathemas? After all, they are only pills you must swallow for the sake of your native land." "We may find ourselves on the scaffold: who knows? But you will never die; genius is a martyr that can never be killed."

15. Pallavicino, in the meanwhile, did not spare himself. He flooded Italy and America with his propaganda. All efforts to repress him were in vain; he bounced up again like an india-rubber ball. Thoroughly frightened, the ultra-conservative press, the organ of the municipal cliques, treated him as a visionary, a blundering owl, a madman. The other journals refused him their hospitality. It was with the greatest difficulty that he finally obtained that of the *Gazetta del Piemonte*, the *Diritto*, the *Risorgimento*, in which he daily sounded the reveille. His frank and forceful nature did not march with Cavour's reserve. To the mighty weaver, weaving, day in, day out, his strong enduring web he attributed sinister motives. The roundabout, devious ways of diplomacy were as repugnant to him as were petty intrigues. Accordingly, it was not to Cavour but to Victor Emanuel, in whom he had undying faith, that he turned his eyes. And to the king, who admired his unwavering devotion, he said: "I place at your Majesty's disposal my last coin and my last drop of blood." With the tempest at its worst, Pallavicino took the helm and so saved the Italian National Party from splitting on the rocks, of which the Republicans and the Muratians were by no means the least dangerous.

In his dealings with the former he displayed a dexterity, a tact, and a courtesy which revealed in him not merely the patriot, whom passion for that divine mistress, his country, pervaded, but the beau-ideal of a gentleman to boot. He was urgent with Garibaldi, who, for all answer, sent him this laconic missive—a poem in itself :

“ GENOA,
“ July 5th, 1856.

“ DEAR PALLAVICINO,

“ In your quality of friend and fellow prisoner of Foresti, you have a claim to my affection and confidence. I hasten, therefore, in two words, to assure you and Manin of my active sympathy and desire to serve. Do me the honour of admitting me into your ranks, and tell me when we must begin to move. Please command my services, whatever may befall.”

He won over LA FARINA of Palermo, the author of the creed of the National Italian Party, but on Mazzini he could make no impression. Whilst Pallavicino was placing the revolution under the leadership of Victor Emanuel, Mazzini was in favour of acting under the ægis of a neutral flag. Mazzini, on August 2nd of 1856, had sent him a noble letter which concluded thus :

“ Brother, I have the men, you the means. Why then, should we not organise the movement together ? I have a number of faithful adherents in Tuscany, spoiling to fight, but in want of weapons. I cannot supply them with these, for I make shift to live with a small annuity which my poor mother has made me ; you are rich. Oh if you only knew how I envy you, and how much I deplore my poverty ! ”

Pallavicino's reply was in the same high key :

"... You say you have the men. But how many ? You say that I have the means—what are they ? If we had, you a million men, I a hundred million francs to arm them we might attempt the enterprise. But how can you expect, with a few handfuls of gold, and a few hundred carbines, to make head against the millions and the guns of Italy's foes ? Even the Duke of Modena is more powerful than we. In medicine, homœopathic measures may be excellent ; in politics, they are worse than useless. Besides, I am quite prepared to believe that a country ripe for revolution may be short of arms, but not of several millions of francs to procure them with.

"I am being quite straight with you. I beg you to take my frankness in good part. Give me your love, even if we happen to be on different sides."

The Muratian¹ party was a still greater peril. Pallavicino exerted all the influence he could bring to bear, both in the tribune (he was deputy in the Sardinian parliament) and in the press, to thwart its designs. The greater part of the Neapolitan exiles at Turin, and French opinion generally, seemed in favour of the plan of falling upon the Bourbons in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, and crowning Murat's son there. That open division, which bade fair to blight the dream of unification, was a thorn in the flesh of the patriots. Manin did not scruple to state that "the followers of Murat are betraying Italy." Pallavicino multiplied his brochures, articles and leaflets that he scattered by the thousand, in Naples and Sicily especially, that the unsuspecting might be warned, the lukewarm heated up, the indifferent roused. "I am

¹ This party wanted to bring about the downfall of the Bourbons from the throne of the two Sicilies, in favour of the son of Joachim Murat, ex-king of Naples.

disliked by Mazzini, Radetzky and Murat ; but I don't trouble about that. So courage, and quick march forward ! ”

He bade the sceptics and the weak-kneed look at the Sardinian army, the Palladium of the nation : for Pallavicino had above all a logical mind. “ If the Italian question be a question of justice at the tribunal of God, it is a question of brute force, and of brute force alone, at the tribunal of man : on that account, therefore, the penniless Sardinian army must be freely financed, men and munitions must be freely found.”

His appeals followed one another in rapid succession, to such good purpose that in 1858 and 1859, Piedmont was one vast barracks and arsenal combined, where for freedom's cause men and weapons were alike turned out.

At Manin's death, Pallavicino redoubled his energies, and pushed on with the sacred work, with the help of La Farina, to whom he entrusted the management of the *Piccolo Corriere d'Italia*, the daily organ of the National Party, that distributed it broadcast through the length and breadth of the peninsula. Pallavicino defrayed the expenses of the unflagging, red-hot propaganda of civic revolution entirely out of his private purse. When the idea had taken firm root everywhere, the Society was the first to give it a good send-off. By a trilingual proclamation to the four Swiss regiments of the King of Naples, Pallavicino contributed to the disbanding of those troupes. The worm-eaten throne of the Bourbons thereby received a mortal blow.

Events followed thick and fast. In Cavour's name, Pallavicino summoned Garibaldi to Turin. Thereupon countless volunteers swarmed in from Lombardy, Venetia, Romagna and Tuscany. They clamoured to be enrolled in the Sardinian army to fight the Austrians. That peril-fraught emigration lasted for four months,

and represented a solemn event in the annals of a people. Some families gave as many as four children to the motherland—to these belonged the Belgioiosi and the Cairoli. A Venetian priest put himself at the head of all his young parishioners. The few youths that stayed at home were presented with puppets and German toys. One portion of the emigrants was enrolled in the regular army, the others formed four regiments under Garibaldi.

The outcome of all this is well known: the victories of the Franco-Italian Army at Varese, Como, Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, Melegnano, Solferino and San Martino; the rout of the Papal and Bourbon militia by the Italians unsupported by the French; the victories of the revolutionaries in Sicily under Garibaldi, and of the regulars in central Italy under the king and his Commander-in-Chief Cialdini.

16. After his entry into Naples, September 7th, 1860, Garibaldi wrote to Pallavicino: "Come, Italy and I need you. Come at once, for it is urgent for me to leave Naples." Pallavicino arrived in Naples, where he was appointed Pro-Dictator at the time when Garibaldi was conducting the campaign of the Volturno. At Naples opinions were divided. Mazzini and Cattaneo demanded a convocation of the deputies of the Neapolitan provinces, a kind of "Constituente" to deliberate on the plebiscite. Pallavicino, on the contrary, was anxious for a plebiscite to be taken at once, in order to avoid the party quarrels which would have inevitably broken out in a multi-coloured assembly. On October 3rd Pallavicino inserted in the *Opinione Nazionale* a letter addressed to Mazzini.

"Even with no desire to do so, you are causing a split. Prove yourself a true patriot by withdrawing from these provinces. I repeat—even with no desire to do so, you are causing a split, and it is essential for

us to weld into one organic whole all the separate forces of the nation. I know you preach peace—as far as your words are concerned—but you are by no means universally believed; and there are many who use your name with the parricidal object of setting up another banner in Italy. You are bound in honour to stifle the suspicions of the one and the manœuvres of the other. Show yourself magnanimous enough to leave Naples, and you will carry with you the praises of every reputable person.”

Mazzini replied as follows :

“ NAPLES,

“ October, 1860.

“ I refuse, because I am not conscious of guilt ; because, an Italian on Italian soil redeemed from slavery, I conceive it my duty to represent and maintain in my person the right possessed by every Italian to live in his own country so long as he respects her laws ; because, after having striven to rouse the people of Italy to sacrifice, it seems to me the time has come to raise them by the force of example to the consciousness of human dignity ; because genuine personal liberty cannot exist without respect for that of others ; because to go into exile of my own accord would seem insulting to my country and my king, who can stand in fear of no man without confessing his weakness and his lack of confidence in the love of his subjects ; because I hold from the Dictator of this country a declaration which has not yet been revoked, that I am free in a land of free men. If loyal souls, like you, believe in my word, it is their bounden duty to convince my opponents that the intolerant course they pursue constitutes the only provocation to anarchy now existing. If they do not believe in a man who for thirty years has done his level best for the nation, at whose knees his accusers learnt to lisp the name

of unity, and who has never lied to any human soul, let it be their fate, too, not to be believed. If men are ungrateful, there is no reason why I should tamely sanction or submit to injustice at their hands.

“ GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.”

Garibaldi hesitated. “ I am a soldier,” he reminded Pallavicino ; “ things of this kind are Greek to me.” Pallavicino promptly resigned. The town rose up. Crowds blocked the streets. The Neapolitans stuck in their hats pieces of paper on which was written the word “ Si,” the affirmative particle which asked for the recall of Victor Emanuel. Garibaldi gave in to the people, who were asked to record their votes. “ Does this people desire the one and indivisible Italy, with Victor Emanuel and his rightful heirs as constitutional monarchs ? ” such was the question which the people were called upon to answer by a “ Yes ” or a “ No.”

The people voted “ Yes.” That was the first time it had been consulted as to its destiny. It had been Greek and Roman ; had bowed its neck under the rule of the Goths and Ostrogoths, Normans and Austrians ; under that of the King of Hungary, of the Angevins, of the Spaniards, of the French of Championnet, of Murat, of all the tyrants, of all the dynasties, always compelled by right of conquest and usurpation. The people, then, chose its ruler ; not merely the gentlefolk, men of law, or of the sword, not only those possessed of wit, knowledge or money, but the “ laz-zarone ” who fingered the ballot card which he could not read. The foreigners, too, clamoured for the citizen’s right to proclaim Victor Emanuel. The Pro-Dictator Pallavicino procured it by acclamation, and recorded his vote to the flourish of trumpets.

17. That over, Pallavicino retired to San Fiorano. He declined to fulfil any more public duties. From

his retreat he exhorted the Italians, if unity, from the Alps to the Adriatic, was to be an accomplished fact, not to interfere with the army. He addressed himself, with far-seeing sagacity, to the problems of civic and moral education ; and would like to have seen the following measure included in the code of every nation : " Let every man, however great and heroic he may be, who, in violating the law, rises above it, be outside its jurisdiction." " The rich," he said, " ought to provide a reserve fund to help the unemployed workmen, or those who, by reason of their infirmities, can no longer work." And he set the example by helping the farmers on his estate at Fiorano.

The " international theory " was not strong enough to seduce him. " That overmastering love for humanity which the International would like to put in the place of the more limited love of country passes my comprehension." Questioned on the subject of universal suffrage, he replied : " I would not dare to give my approval to universal suffrage. . . . There are still too many illiterates in Italy, of whom nine-tenths are in the pay of the clericals. Let us first educate the people by means of schools. Let us extend the suffrage by degrees."

As a member of the Senate, he voted against the death sentence. With heart and soul he yearned for liberty of conscience ; for compulsory, free and secular instruction ; for unrestricted commerce and industry.

" The motherland, the motherland," he wrote, " was my first love and shall be my last." Breathing his last, on August 4th, 1878, he carried to that farthest bourn a love pure and unimpaired.

CHAPTER VII

JUSTICE UNDER THE BOURBONS

I. IN 1851, W. E. Gladstone had gone to Naples on account of the illness of his little daughter. He made a stay there of nearly four months. On his return to England, he addressed a letter to Lord Aberdeen, in which he drew the darkest picture imaginable of the Neapolitan Government.¹ He was at pains to repeat, in the course of the charges which he brought against it, that, in taking the pen in hand, he was actuated by humane and Christian motives. That letter, examined by Lord Palmerston, Minister for Foreign Affairs, circulated apace in England and abroad, and, everywhere freely discussed, constituted, at the time, an event of European interest and an historic document of first-rate importance. It marked a double stage: it initiated England into the Italian question, and won over W. E. Gladstone to Italy, whose unflinching friend he became. Gladstone's unremitting interest in the Italian question found expression not merely in the House of Commons, where his inspired utterances always set off his gifts of debate, but also in works of great historic and political bearing. Gladstone, who in the happy phrase of Ruggero Bonghi, "has always been the best friend of those who have suffered most for Italy," had a profound knowledge of the Italian classics, and gave the 'palm to Dante and

¹ "First letter to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government. April 7th, 1851" (*Gleanings of Past Years*). (London: Murray, 1879.)

Leopardi. Their works, the *Divina Commedia*, above all, were his inseparable companions.

But it is chiefly because the letter to Lord Aberdeen, as well as the second which he addressed to him,¹ contributed to the downfall of the Bourbons and to the liberation of the Neapolitan people, that I deem it useful to quote a few passages from them. Mr. Gladstone's observations of what he himself saw strikingly confirm the statements of Settembrini, etc. The most cautious of readers will no longer dare to doubt, after their perusal, the strict veracity of the prison memoirs of Settembrini and Castromediano. Moreover, the figure of Poerio, the man of invincible will, sketched with tender reverence by his two jail companions, stands out vividly from the pandemonium which Gladstone describes in a style at once restrained and palpitating. It is for this very reason that the testimony of the great statesman finds a place here."

" . . . It is not mere imperfection, nor corruption in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe: it is incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the Power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human and divine; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object, so that the Government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal, hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves, and forms the mainspring of practical progress and improvement; it is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the

¹ " Second letter to Earl Aberdeen, July 14th, 1851 " (*Gleanings*, etc).

violation of every moral law under the stimulants of fear and vengeance ; it is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office, which has made it under veils only too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberately by the immediate advisers of the Crown, for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, aye, and even if not by capital sentences, the life of men among the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished and refined of the whole community ; it is the savage and cowardly system of moral, as well as in a lower degree of physical torture, through which the sentences extracted from the debased courts of justice are carried into effect.

“ The effect of all this is, total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. There is no association, but a violent antagonism, between the idea of freedom and that of order. The governing power, which teaches of itself that it is the image of God upon earth, is clothed, in the view of the overwhelming majority of the thinking public, with all the vices of its attributes. I have seen and heard the strong and too true expression used, ‘ *This is the negation of God erected into a system of government.* ’ ”

The general conclusions which Mr. Gladstone arrived at on the nature of the government of the two Sicilies at this date were as follows :

2. “ . . . In estimating the number of political prisoners in the kingdom of Naples, in reference to the population, I do believe they amount to 20,000. In Naples alone some hundreds are at this moment under indictment *capitally*. . . . Pray consider, next, that the number of refugees and persons variously concealed, probably larger, perhaps much larger than the prisoners,

is also to be reckoned. We must then remember that a very large proportion of these prisoners belong to the middle class (though there are also considerable numbers of the working class), and further that the numbers of the middle class, in the kingdom of Naples (of which region I shall speak all through, meaning the Regno or continental dominions, of his Sicilian Majesty) must be a much smaller part of the entire population than they are among ourselves. We must next consider that, of these persons, very few have independent means of support for their families; not to mention that, as I *hear*, confiscation and sequestration upon arrest is frequent. So that generally each case of a prisoner or refugee becomes a centre of a separate circle of human misery; and now there may be some inkling of the grounds for saying that the system, the character of which I am about to examine further, has whole classes for its object, and those classes the very classes upon which the health, solidity, and progress of the nation mainly depend. . . . It appears that the full complement of the Chamber of Deputies was 164; elected by a Constituency which brought to poll about 117,000 votes. Of these about 140 was the greatest number that came to Naples to exercise the functions of the Chamber. An absolute majority of this number, or 76, besides some others who had been deprived of office, had either been arrested or gone into exile. So that, after the regular formation of a popular representative Chamber, and its suppression in the teeth of the law, the government of Naples had consummated its audacity by putting into prison, or driving into banishment for the sake of escaping prison, an actual majority of the representatives of the people.

“ . . . In utter defiance of this law, the Government, of which the Prefect of Police is an important member, through the agents of that department, watches and dogs the people, pays domiciliary visits, very commonly

at night, ransacks houses, seizing papers and effects and tearing up floors at pleasure under pretence of searching for arms, and imprisons men by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand, without any warrant whatever, sometimes without even any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman; constantly without any statement whatever of the nature of the offence.

“Nor is this last fact wonderful. Men are arrested, not because they have committed, or are believed to have committed, any offence; but because they are persons whom it is thought convenient to confine and to get rid of, and against whom, therefore, some charge must be found or fabricated.”

3. “. . . For months, or for a year, or for two years or three, as the case may be, these prisoners are detained before their trials; but very generally for the longer terms. I do not happen to have heard of any one tried at Naples on a political charge, in these last times, with less than sixteen or eighteen months of previous imprisonment. I have *seen* men still waiting, who have been confined for twenty-six months, and this confinement, as I have said, began by an act not of law, but of force in defiance of law.

“. . . Now how are these *detenuti* treated during the long and awful period of apprehension and dismay between their illegal seizure and their illegal trial? The prisons of Naples, as is well known, are another name for the extreme of filth and horror. I have really seen something of them, but not the worst. This I have seen: the official doctors not going to the sick prisoners, men almost with death on their faces, toiling upstairs to them at that charnel-house of the Vicaria, because the lower regions of such a palace of darkness are too foul and loathsome to allow it to be expected that professional men should consent to earn bread by entering them.

4. " And now, perhaps, I cannot do better than to furnish a thread to my statement by dealing particularly with the case of CARLO POERIO. It has every recommendation for the purpose.

" His father was a distinguished lawyer. He is himself a refined and accomplished gentleman, a copious and eloquent speaker, a respected and blameless character. I have had the means of ascertaining in some degree, his political position. He is strictly a Constitutionalist ; and while I refrain from examining into the shameful chapter of Neapolitan history which that word might open, I must beg you to remember that its strict meaning there is just the same as here, that it signifies a person opposed in heart to all violent measures, from whatever quarter, and having for its political creed the maintenance of the monarchy on its legal basis, by legal means, and with all the civilising improvements of laws and establishments which may tend to the welfare and happiness of the community. His pattern is England rather than America or France. I have never heard him charged with error in politics, other than such as can generally be alleged with truth against the most high-minded and loyal, the most intelligent and constitutional of our own statesmen. I must say, after a pretty full examination of his case, that the condemnation of such a man for treason is a proceeding just as much conformable to the laws of truth, justice, decency and fair play, and to the common-sense of the community, in fact, just as great and gross an outrage on them all, as would be a like condemnation in this country of any of our best-known public men, Lord John Russell, or Lord Lansdowne, or Sir James Graham, or yourself.

" . . . Carlo Poerio was one of the ministers of the Crown under the Constitution, and had also one of the most prominent positions in the Neapolitan Parliament. He was, as regarded the Sicilian question,

friendly to the maintenance of the unity of the kingdom. He was also friendly to the war of independence, as it was termed ; but I have never heard that he manifested greater zeal in that matter than the King of Naples ; it is a question, of course, wholly irrespective of what we have now to consider. Poerio appeared to enjoy the king's full confidence ; his resignation, when offered, was at first declined, and his advice asked even after its acceptance.

" . . . A person named Jervolino, a disappointed applicant for some low office, had been selected for the work both of espionage and of perjury ; and Poerio was now accused, under information from him, of being among the chiefs of a republican sect, denominated the *Unità Italiana*, and of an intention to murder the king. He demanded to be confronted with his accuser. He had long before known, and named Jervolino to his friends, as having falsely denounced him to the Government. But the authorities refused to confront them ; the name was not even told him ; he went from one prison to another ; he was confined, as he alleges, in places fit for filthy brutes rather than for men ; he was cut off from the sight of friends ; even his mother, his sole remaining near relation in the country, was not permitted to see him for two months together.

" . . . The accusation, then, of Jervolino formed the sole real basis of the trial and condemnation of Poerio.

" . . . Three of the forty-one prisoners in what I may call the Poerio case were condemned to death—Settembrini, Agresti and Faucitano. Poerio himself was condemned to twenty-four years of irons.

" . . . Now there is no doubt that the infliction of capital punishment, under judicial sentences, is extremely rare in the kingdom of Naples ; but, whatever capital punishment may be in other points of view, I

do not hesitate to say it would be a refined humanity, in respect to the amount of suffering which it inflicts, in whatever form, through the agency of man, as compared with that which is actually undergone in sentences of imprisonment.

5. . . . "Their chains were as follows. Each man wears a strong leather girth round him above the hips. To this are secured the upper ends of two chains. One chain of four long and heavy links descends to a kind of double ring fixed round the ankle. The second chain consists of eight links, each of the same weight and length with the four, and this unites the two prisoners together, so that they can stand about six feet apart. Neither of these chains is ever undone day or night.

" . . . The trousers worn by the prisoners button all the way up, that they may be removed at night without disturbing the chains. The weight of these chains, I understand, is about eight *rotoli*, or between sixteen and seventeen English pounds for the shorter one, which must be doubled when we give each prisoner his half of the longer one. The prisoner had a heavy, limping movement, much as if one leg had been shorter than the other, but the refinement of suffering in this case arises from the circumstance that here we have men of education and high feeling chained incessantly together. For no purpose are these chains undone; and the meaning of these last words must be well considered: they are to be taken strictly.

" . . . I had seen Poerio in December, during his trial; but I should not have known him at Nisida. He did not expect his own health to stand, although God, he said, had given him strength to endure. It was suggested to him, from an authoritative quarter, that his mother, of whom he was the only prop, might be sent to the king to implore his pardon, or he might himself apply for it. He steadily refused.

"... Since I have left Naples, Poerio had sunk to a lower depth of calamity.¹

"... I cannot honestly suppress my conviction that the object in the case of Poerio, as a man of mental power sufficient to be feared, is to obtain the scaffold's aim by means more cruel than the scaffold, and without the outcry which the scaffold would create.

"... I have endeavoured to avoid multiplicity of detail, and have referred particularly to the case of Poerio, not because I have the slightest reason to believe it more cruel or wicked than others, but because I was able to follow it somewhat better through its particulars, and because it is one which will more readily than most others attract interest out of his own country. *Crimine ab uno disce omnes*. It is time that either the veil should be lifted from scenes fitter for hell than earth, or some considerable mitigation should be voluntarily adopted. I have undertaken this wearisome and painful task in the hope of doing something to diminish a mass of human suffering as huge, I believe, and as acute, to say the least, as any that the eye of Heaven beholds."

6. On bringing Mr. Gladstone's charges against the Neapolitan Government to a close, and before presenting to our readers the harrowing *Memoirs* of Luigi Settembrini and Sigismondo Castromediano, which lend so strong a support to those charges, we will anticipate the reader's question: "How did Gladstone manage to penetrate into Nisida prison?"

We are privileged to satisfy that very natural curiosity through the kindness of Signorina Carolina Pironti, the daughter of Don Michele Pironti, Poerio's

¹ From the island of Nisida, after the publication of the letters by Gladstone to Lord Aberdeen, Poerio was transferred to the dungeons of Montefusco, where he became the companion of the Duke of Cabellino, who, as we shall see later on, speaks of the illustrious convict with touching veneration

prison companion, who was coupled to the same chain with him at Nisida and later at Montefusco. Mlle. Pironti learnt the details of that historic visit from the lips of Pascarella Giobbi, who led Gladstone into the cell of the two patriots.

In February 1851, Pascarella was fifteen years old. This shrewd and fearless young girl was much attached to the Baroness Poerio, who had brought her up. When, therefore, the baroness asked her to go and see Gladstone, who was staying at the pension Daker, on the sea-front, she did so with alacrity. Pascarella, who used from time to time to carry letters from the baroness to her son, agreed to run the risk of taking the stranger with her. "I implored him not to mention his name, nor to open his mouth in the presence of the governor of the prison. Had his accent betrayed him we should have been lost.

" 'Good-day, Commandant.'

" 'Hulloa, whom have you got there?' said he, pointing to the stranger.

" 'You don't recognise me, then? I always take his mother's letters to Don Carlo. What! that fellow there? He's a simpleton who keeps me company. Look what a stick he is!'

"Saying this, I pushed Gladstone in front of me. The Commandant could make nothing out of it, and let us pass. Don Carlo was chained to Don Michele.

" 'Interest Europe in the Italian cause,' Carlo Poerio said with force.

" 'The time is not yet ripe,' replied Gladstone; 'I cannot help you at present.'

"And Poerio: 'If it means our death, it does not matter, as long as you interest Europe.'

" 'I endorse my friend's words, and those of all our absent friends,' asserted Michele Pironti.

" 'But your torments will be redoubled,' replied Gladstone; 'have you thought of that?'

“ ‘ That does not matter.’

“ When I understood that Gladstone could not at once help those unlucky men, I burst into sobs. While Gladstone lifted up the chains to measure them, the captives shook them to hide the sound of my imprudent sobbing ! ” ¹

7. One word about MICHELE PIRONTI (1814-85) a fine patriotic figure. When he and his prison companions were taken to Naples to be deported to the Argentine, he was so ill that to get him on board he had to be hoisted up with his crutches. The order to disembark him arriving, he was landed at Nisida. That was the most horrible hour in all his tortured existence.

The convict ship, by some miracle, changed its destination and landed at Cork. When the Neapolitan Government learnt about the deliverance, and the triumphal welcome given to the martyrs in England, its anger knew no bounds, and its hate fell upon Nisida's only political prisoner, Michele Pironti, who only secured his freedom in 1860.

From that year until his death, Michele Pironti occupied some very important posts in the magistracy ; he was Keeper of the Seals in 1869, and afterwards President of the Court of Appeal and Attorney-General. He continued to serve his country with an enlightened intelligence, a scrupulous probity and an indomitable patriotism.

¹ Signorina Pironti informs us that, after the publication of Gladstone's letters to Lord Aberdeen, Pascarella was the object of implacable persecution. She had taken refuge in the house of Michele Pironti's future wife, where, thanks to the presence of mind of the cook, who shut the brave girl in a wardrobe, she slipped through the fingers of the police. Gladstone proposed taking her to England, but Pascarella declined to leave Naples. . . . She lived for four years in the house of Lord Temple, the British Ambassador. And the story ends with a marriage: Pascarella made the acquaintance of Mr. Giobbe, tailor to the British Embassy, and they married.

CHAPTER VIII

LUIGI SETTEMBRINI

I. EVER since Settembrini's earliest days, Naples, his native town, was daily subjected to suffering and alarms. Endurance became second nature to him. He spent half his life in jail. Like Poerio, Castromediano and a thousand others, his body alone belonged to the jailer, while his spirit, in free and fearless flight, scoured the infinite domains of thought. Settembrini and the others, whom jail and exile were powerless to tame, took counsel with God, and nerved and supported by the hope of fuller light and truer justice, strove and suffered, not for their own people alone, but for posterity also. Never can we adequately express our gratitude to those masters of true greatness, nor recall their words too often.

"I was quite young ¹ when I saw a great number of soldiers passing through the town; some of their officers were billeted on us. They asked me: 'Would you like to come with us, we are going to fight the Tedeschi [Austrians]?' I ran to my mother and begged her to let me go and fight. To this she answered: 'You had better pray God to defend our country and save us from the Tedeschi.' Alas! the Tedeschi came! I saw many of them in their white uniforms, with a laurel leaf in their hats. . . . Other officers invaded our house. I went about with a heavy heart,

¹ *Ricordanze della mia vita*, 2 vols. (Naples: A. Morano, 1916.)

my father was anxious, my mother sad, and the house bare, with the silver and all valuables hidden away. It took me some time to reconcile myself to the loss of my tricolour cockade and the use of iron forks. Don Joseph Golino, my tutor, deprived of school and mass alike, died in destitution.

“One morning I heard the bugle, followed by a cry of distress. My mother ran to the window. I, too, wanted to see, but mother held me back, and fell down in a swoon; my father, with a cry of ‘Ah, the whip! things have come to a pretty pass,’ closed all the windows. There was a man strapped to a donkey, with bare shoulders, a mitre on his head, and surrounded by Austrian soldiers. The executioners were flogging him. It was the torture which Canosa had reserved for the *Carbonari*. I have never forgotten the sound of the bugle, that shriek, and the sight of my mother swooning on the ground.

“The three brothers Capozzoli, land-owners in the province of Salerno, hunted down as *Carbonari*, had been carrying on the campaign for the last six years, and were reputed to be really brave men. The liberals in the district, hearing of the political changes in France in the year 1828, entertained the fond hope of obtaining new laws for themselves, by rousing the people to revolt, with the catch-word of a constitution, under the leadership of the Capozzoli. But Francis II got wind of these riots and immediately sent Brigadier Delcarretto and a few hundred soldiers with orders to adopt ruthless measures of repression. Seizing any one he found on his way, whether guilty or merely suspect, Delcarretto had them tried by a military commission appointed by himself. This commission condemned twenty-two persons to death, and sixty to jail and eighty as accomplices, to the prison at Naples. This exploit procured for Delcarretto the title of marquis, and the rank of marshal. We youngsters used

to repeat the names of the martyrs, especially that of Canon di Luca, an old man of eighty, who, when about to die on the scaffold, exclaimed: 'Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'

"De Matteis, Canosa's right hand, apprised of some revolutionary attempts which the Calabrians, encouraged by certain exiles, and by Raffaele Poerio in particular, were about to put into execution, instituted a ferocious persecution of them. He imprisoned people by the hundred, women, old folk, and even children. By means of the stick, starvation and torture, he would find out where the guilty lay hidden. Should any ill-starred suspect fall into his clutches, he had him tied toes and fingers together, and then with a kick sent him rolling down the stairs. The governor's palace, transformed into a torture chamber, rang with the shrieks and groans of the victims. Cries of protest arose, from every side, against this human hyena.

"... In 1832 a few intrepid spirits decided to proclaim the French constitution. The movement was nipped in the bud, and these courageous men were cast into the prisons of Santa Maria at Naples, and there endured indescribable sufferings. Bound by cords so tightly that their ankles and wrists were crushed, they had to lie on the floor. Every moment the commissary and the jailer would strike them, and empty buckets of cold water over them. More than one was suspended by a rope from the ceiling while damp straw was lighted under him. I myself saw the monk Don Angelo Peluso, in the porter's lodge in the prison, trying to light his pipe at the embers, but it was only with difficulty he could do so, so terribly twisted and deformed were his fingers. Never shall I forget the poor monk's mangled hands!

"At the end of 1832 King Ferdinand married Maria Christina of Savoy. She was a sweet and devout woman, 'Punish,' she used to say to the king, 'if

state reasons demand it, but don't shed any blood.' As long as she lived, death sentences were invariably commuted. After her death blood, and much blood, was shed.

"King Ferdinand, though more sober than his brothers, was very ignorant. He never read. He mocked at learning, scoffed at talent, and only valued slimness and cunning.

"Any one who could read and write he regarded as an enemy. His entourage comprised only ignorant brutes from whom he learnt two vices: falsehood and mockery. Mockery in a king spells cowardice, for one cannot answer him back. One day, when Queen Christina was about to sit at the spinet, he took the stool away, and burst out laughing. The Queen said: 'I thought I had married the King of Naples, and not a *lazzarone*.' The king was, in fact, the very type of the *lazzarone*, a vulgar, miserly and superstitious man. If his private life was reputable, as a king he was more than a failure. Five months after Christina's death he went to Vienna, where he married Maria Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Charles. This woman at once evinced a deep hatred for the Neapolitans who spoke with kindly feelings of Christina. Maria Theresa was incessantly repeating to her husband, 'Punish, Ferdinand, punish.' He followed out to the letter the advice of his second wife, who took good care to keep a tight hand upon him.

2. "... I was living peacefully at Catanzaro with my family, my beloved studies, and my pupils, to whom I was giving lessons in rhetoric. One evening, I was strolling with two friends outside the town. We were talking of the different episodes in the recent revolutions, of those sent to prison and of all those who were reduced to begging their bread. The evening was superb; the stars shone brilliantly. For the first time I told my friends about the *Giovane Italia*,

a new civil religion of which we were to be the apostles and martyrs. I concluded with these words: 'We shall live to see an Italy strong and united, we shall see the armies, led by a Consul or Dictator, cross the Alps, besiege Vienna and plant our flag upon its ramparts.' My friends threw themselves into my arms, and became the first disciples of the branch which I founded in Catanzaro. In order to get political news from Naples, and keep my friend Musolini posted up in my movements, we exchanged letters written with invisible ink.

"Thus the years 1837 and 1838 passed by. But a traitor was among us, the curate of a neighbouring village, Nicolas Barbuto. . . .

"On the night of May 8th, 1839, while I was asleep, my house was surrounded by soldiers and police, who, entering, turned everything upside down, searched my papers, my books, my furniture, and stole several objects, including my wife's earrings.

" . . . I was arrested. The jailer led me to a cold, damp cell, where the walls were caked with mildew. There was nothing in it but a stone bed, an earthenware lantern, a stone jug, and some dirty plates and dishes. Left alone, I rolled myself up in my coat, and, utterly exhausted, fell asleep. . . . The turning of heavy keys in the lock aroused me. It was the warder. I said to him, 'Could I have a mattress?' 'No mattress to be had, but a *farto*.' 'What is that?' 'A hempen sack.' 'All right, kindly bring it; and will you also bring me a shirt, a towel and a handkerchief which you will find in my bag?' 'You can have nothing without an order from the Superintendent.' 'Could you buy me something to eat?' 'Your dinner is here. Porco [swine], give the gentleman his soup.' Porco was a prisoner attached to the prison service, a stubby little man, with a crushed nose, a protruding lower jaw, barefooted, dirty and

loud of voice. 'Dinner is served, sir,' he said with a sneer, and, taking from a copper pot a ladle full of beans which he poured into a greasy bowl, threw on the flags a piece of brown bread. Then, ladle in hand, with crossed arms, he began to pace the room whistling some obscene ditty. Meanwhile the warder said to me: 'Give me the fastenings of your drawers and your socks.' 'May I know why?' 'It is the rule. Strictly speaking, you ought not even to keep your overcoat.' 'But to what use could I put these fastenings?' 'I don't know. But a prisoner once strangled himself.'

"I was hungry, but I didn't dare eat the beans, for the bowl put me off. I ate the crust of the bread, and threw away the crumb, which was muddy. The rats that were scurrying about by the dozen devoured it, together with the beans. I could not close my eyes the whole night long. I counted the cries of the sentries, and awaited the torture. . . . The drinking-water was full of worms, and when my thirst became unbearable I had to shut my eyes before I could drink it. I was allowed to smoke; and they brought me a pipe and some tobacco, and I smoked until I stupefied myself. After seventeen days of cold and hunger in that cellar, where my greatest torment lay in not being able to wash at all, except my eyes, which I dried with my handkerchief, the warder came down to my kennel and said, 'You must come with me to the Commissary.' I was then brought into the presence of the Commissary of the State Court of Inquiry—the Cav Vincenzo Marchese—old, one-eyed, and unctuous. He rambled along, talking about my father and the sorrow he must feel knowing me to be in prison; he exhorted me to confess everything, for mine were juvenile errors which might well be condoned; he declared himself ready to help me. I interrupted him: 'May I know why I have been arrested?'

He changed his tone: 'You are accused of belonging to a secret society called *Giovane Italia*.' 'It is false.' 'Don't you know the curate Barbuto?' 'I have never even heard his name.' 'But you know Benedetto Musolino?' 'Yes, we were comrades.' 'Did you write these letters?' 'No.' 'But it is your handwriting. So you insist in giving a point blank denial to all my questions—a futile proceeding in the face of all these proofs and documents.' 'Show them to me.' 'You will see them at the proper time and place.'

"... A moralist might be scandalised by my conduct, and might maintain that I ought not to have lied, as untruth is always blameworthy, and that one ought to speak the truth even at the price of one's life. Now, had I accused myself only, I should not have spoken the whole truth, and my judges would not have been satisfied; had I spoken the whole truth I should have accused others besides myself, and they would have been sent to prison; I should, in one word, have become an infamous informer. To tell this falsehood, on the contrary, seemed to me a most moral action; to speak the truth, in my case, would have been both criminal and cowardly. Examined no less than five times, I answered always in the negative, that I did not know any one, and that I was not the author of the intercepted letters. As if it wasn't a simple thing to forge another's handwriting!'

"At the end of thirty-two days in prison the warder came and told me, 'Your wife has come, she is waiting to see you.' 'What do you say, my wife has come?' 'Yes, she is waiting to get permission from the Commissary to see you. Prepare yourself and take courage.' As soon as he had gone, I climbed up to my barred skylight window, and gazed steadfastly at the end of the road which I could just see, and which led to the prison. I kept my eyes glued to the spot for three

long hours, consumed with mortal anguish ; at last I saw a woman and a child looking up at me. Recognising them, I thrust my hand through the bars to salute them. She answered by waving her hand, and then they moved off. I threw myself on my sack, and, crying broken-heartedly, gave way to a paroxysm of anger. That they should torment me, well and good ; they may have had their good reasons for that, but to make a pregnant woman and her little child climb up here on a wild-goose chase meant the infliction of needless suffering, and a cowardly insult. Better, then, that she should not come and see me, for I was losing my composure. I wanted to write to her, and beg her not to come to see me any more.

“ I had some common paper in which my tobacco had been wrapped. I broke an old pipe-stem which I sharpened as best I could with the help of a flint. With my teeth I tore a shred of wood off the door ; I burnt it in the flame of my lantern, and, having thus got a kind of charcoal, I diluted it with water. There was my ink. I wrote. The next day some clean linen was brought me from my wife, and when in the presence of the warder I handed back my soiled linen in its place, I slipped the little note in one of the socks. My wife read the note, but never acted upon it, for two days afterwards she came to me accompanied by the inspector of the prison. Who can express what I felt on seeing her again in this place ? My little boy threw himself into my arms, hugged me closely, and soon fell asleep on my knees. My wife told me that, contrary to all counsels of our friends, who wished to keep her with them at Catanzaro, she had preferred to travel for six whole days to join me. ‘ I have sold everything that I could not carry away, but I have kept your books. I am with my parents. We are in sore straits, but we must suffer with dignity. Be strong and brave, so that I may be proud of being

your wife.' Never before had I heard her speak thus. Sorrow had transformed and strengthened her ; she was both grave and resolute, affectionate and inspiring. When an hour had expired, we had to part ; the child, when roused, did not want to leave me. ' You must come too,' he said.

" The next day my wife sent me my dinner. At the bottom of the wine-bottle, which was of black glass, I discovered a piece of pencil ; two days later I found a piece of rolled-up paper. The bottle became our letter-box. My wife wrote on one half of the page, then rolled it up in a green leaf that she hid at the bottom of the bottle. That done she would pour in my ration of wine. I drank my wine, and by the help of my pipe I would fish out the paper. I then wrote on the vacant space, and replaced the paper in the bottle, which was a very black one. The warder never discovered this, nor did he examine the bottle. These little letters kept me informed of what was going on, and were, moreover, a great comfort.

" . . . After sixty-six days of prison I was transferred to a spacious, well-ventilated room with a large window overlooking a garden. As soon as I entered I was overjoyed to see the sun and to warm myself in its rays, for, though we were at the end of July, I had till then been always chilled—and did not notice, as I had occasion to do for sixteen months and eight days, that the air of the whole place was poisoned by the effluvia from the closets next to it. At night-fall I talked through the wall, which, being of plaster, was by no means soundproof, to my neighbour, the brother of B. Musolino. He was only twenty, and sang all day long. His warder let him do so, all the more that the elder brother was lavish with his tips.

" . . . I heard from him that another traitor had furnished ample particulars to the Minister of Police,

and that his denunciations had brought him in fifteen ducats a month.

"One day the warder thrust his head through the doorway, and said: 'Your wife has given birth to a little girl. To every one's health: to you your freedom, and to the little one a fat marriage. Dine gaily!' Thus I learnt the news of my daughter's—Julia Eleanor Beatrice's—birth. . . . Poor child! Her mother fed her while enduring all the horrors of poverty. She, moreover, on going to the Superintendent to beg him to hasten the trial, was given this answer: 'Madam, do not think any more about your husband, who will, to put it mildly, be condemned to twenty years of prison; think of yourself instead.' . . . She hid her sufferings and scarcely ever made mention of them to me. Never did she seek help from a living soul, nor invite any one's pity. She herself made the children's clothes, and kept them always neat and tidy. If you ask me how it was that we could endure so much, I can but say that youth and love are great fortifiers.

3. "In January 1841, twenty months since I was committed for trial, my four friends and I were taken to the vast prison of the 'Vicaria' at the head of a troop of thieves. . . . I was confined to a cell, an ice-cellar in the winter, a furnace in summer, where the air was infected and the pestiferous smell altogether sickening; the ceiling was so low that I felt I might be crushed at any moment.

" . . . The lack of air, light and movement knocked me up completely, and I got a tumour on the right jaw. The prison doctor looked at me, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "You ought to go into hospital, but I cannot send you there. The abscess ought to be opened.' 'Well, do so by all means.' 'Impossible without a permit.' 'Kindly get it from your superiors.'

"I waited a long while, but no permit came. One day I could endure it no longer. 'Doctor,' said I to

him, 'either you open the abscess, or I'll cut it open myself with a penknife.' He opened it at last, and I got relief.

"On June 22nd we were taken to the prison of Castelnovo. . . . In that vault we were assailed by an army of large rats, from which we could only defend ourselves by throwing them scraps of our dinner. At night we could get no rest, for our mattresses were put on a plank over which the rats used to run races. Racked with fever, I would sit up and smoke.

"At the trial the Public Prosecutor, smile on lips, most amiably asked for nineteen years' imprisonment for Musolino, Anastasio and myself. After his speech we were reconducted to our cells. Putting my eye to the crack in the wall which served as a window, I saw a crew of chained convicts going to work on the floating dock. 'The same for us then,' I thought to myself.

"However, I was acquitted, but for a further fifteen months I was kept at the police's disposal. I occupied room No. 5 in the prison, where wrapt in gloomy darkness, and eaten by vermin, were lying 400 men : condemned and accused alike, the political suspect, the murderer, the student fined for having no certificate of residence, the criminal who had hacked his wife to pieces, the thief, the forger, the man sunk in vice, the ticket-of-leave man. They shouted, and sung and sometimes worse ; some, seated on their pallets, smoked ; others, immersed in thought, paced up and down. In the night, when all the shutters were closed, the room exhaled a smell of dirt and tobacco-smoke mingled with the miasma of all those filthy bodies. One would have died there asphyxiated if the warders had not opened the windows twice during the night. Five times a day the chains were examined. The jailer was accompanied by three underlings, one of whom carried over his shoulder

several bunches of keys and *passe-partouts* to open the gates and doors ; another bore a lantern and a torch, and a third a hammer with which he used to beat on all the chains with a sinister rhythm. And in order to spare the prisoners no humiliation, they were counted every morning and every evening. The keeper would stand on the threshold of the two rooms, while some under-warders—species of sleuth-hounds—collected the prisoners and pushed them in front of him. He began counting, often made mistakes, and began all over again. After evening roll-call all the rooms and cells were closed.

“ . . . One day, at length, the Superintendent fetched us from prison number five, and threw us into the ‘Infermeria,’ where thieves, murderers and prisoners were put. Sorry company indeed, but the room itself was not so bad. Half of it served as dormitory, the other half, separated off by a wooden screen, had the windows on the south side. It was empty, and during the day-time the tailors were wont to work there. There I would remain motionless, gazing at the sun and pondering my hard fate. I wrote a dialogue on ‘Women,’ and put into verse Horace’s *Ars Poetica*, adding to it an ample commentary. At last, on October 14th, we were called up by the Superintendent : ‘Mr. Settembrini,’ said he to me, ‘you may go back to your home.’ I embraced my comrades, and, after giving tips to the warders, I went out alone. It was evening and a drizzling rain was falling. When I came to the house where my family lived I asked a woman if it was there a lady lived whose husband was in prison. ‘Yes,’ she said, looked at me hard, and, guessing the truth, screamed out, ‘The lady’s husband.’ My little boy ran out to me, saying, ‘Father, don’t go back to prison again.’ My wife’s face lit up with joy ; Julia embraced me and would not let me go any more. After three and a half years of prison,

there was I returned to my family at last, my children crouching at my knees, my wife at my side, and her old mother blessing us and crying for joy.”

4. Settembrini once more resumed his work. He had to go about giving private lessons, as he was not allowed to hold classes in his house. One day, in the year 1847, Settembrini was passing in front of the palace of the Minister of Police, Delcarretto, and saw him drive up post-haste in his coach. The instant the minister alighted a poor woman in mourning and with four children at her skirt, held out a paper to him. The minister stopped and ordered his men to drive her away. The poor creature took her little ones by the hand and went away in tears. Settembrini, feeling outraged at such a sight, pledged himself to avenge the unhappy woman, went home, and without pause or interruption wrote the *Protest of the People of the Two Sicilies*—a striking picture of the people’s widespread suffering, and a terrible charge against the king and his ministers. As soon as these anonymous pages were printed Settembrini’s wife destroyed the original. The *Protest* circulated widely, and was read by all. The police arrested publishers, printers and booksellers; all their efforts to discover the author of the terrible pamphlet were in vain.

I cannot refrain from quoting at least one passage from it:

“In the kingdom of the two Sicilies there is no trace of religion left, for the priests prostitute it, the king pokes fun at it, and the nobles haggle over it.

“Who is this Ferdinand? A mean, miserly, superstitious individual—a mere cypher, surrounded by the most stupid, perverted and corrupt brood imaginable; such is the one who wields the sovereign power. From him come all our evils; on his side are the court nobles, of whom the greater part cannot even read.

Among them you cannot find one who is pious, not one with an iota of common sense—perhaps Ferdinand is a lesser scoundrel than them all.”

Carried off his feet by the fatal momentum of 1848, Ferdinand was forced to grant the Constitution to his people and took the oath of fidelity in the church of St. Francis of Paul. Oblivious of the fact that his grandfather had been a perjurer, the crowd went delirious over him. The king chose his ministers; Carlo Poerio, who was given the portfolio of Public Instruction, called Settembrini to his side. At the end of two months the latter sent in his resignation. This was framed in terms so firm and dignified that I cannot forbear to quote a few extracts from it.

“ It was neither malice nor feelings of pride that prompted me to resign my post, but the bidding of my conscience; for it is the thing itself, and not the salary, which I prize, and I cannot sell my honour for 120 ducats a month, nor for the gold-mines of all the Russians. I am returning to my studies and resuming Italian literature with my beloved pupils. I take up, once more, my sheltered mediocrity, from the shelter of which I shall pray God to illumine those who rule my country. When the government posts are reduced to a reasonable number, when they are given, not to partisans but to men who are straight and honest; when the ministers have learnt that, in giving a post, they give not of their own, but the blood and tears of an unhappy nation craving only the right to breathe freely after so much misery; when it realises the need of educating and instructing the people—then, if my country requires my help, she may call me. In her service I am ready to sacrifice my peace, my studies, my life, and that even of my children.”

5. When Ferdinand II heard of the defeat at Novara, and the return of the Austrians to Milan, he postponed the opening of Parliament, and proclaimed a state of siege at Naples. Among the kings of Europe he was the first to embark upon a course of ferocious reaction, deluging the dungeons, cramming the jails, and rallying round him troops of police spies and unqualified jail-birds.

Settembrini was not spared. He was seized, put in irons, and his house searched—nothing could be found, not a single document. Though the pleading of this innocent man was a masterpiece, he was, for all that, condemned to death.

“The morning of February 1st I woke at break of day. From the passage window I saw a gendarme who was asking a comrade of his, ‘How far have they got?’ And I heard the other answer: ‘Oh, there is plenty of time yet.’ I said to myself: Since I have some spare time, I may as well use it. Perhaps I may never see my wife again. I shall write her my last letter:

“To you, O sorrowful companion of my life, I desire to write at this moment, which falls during the sixteen hours during which my judges are deciding my fate. If I am sentenced to death, I shall not be able to see you again, neither you nor our beloved children. My darling Gigia, I am tranquil, prepared for anything, and, what surprises me is, that I am still able to control this heart of mine, which, from time to time, would fain tear my heaving breast in twain. Woe to me, if my heart was to prevail. If I am condemned I promise you, upon our love, and upon the love we bear our children, that your Luigi will not give way. I shall die with the conviction that my blood will bear fruit for my country; I shall die with the calm courage of the martyr, and my last thoughts

will be for my country, for you, for my Raphael, for my Julia. My death at the hangman's hands will be no source of shame for you and my dear ones ; one day it will redound to your honour. You will be broken down, I know, but master your heart, dearest, and bear up for the sake of the children to whom you will say, one day, that my spirit is ever near you, that I behold you, that I hear you, that I continue to cherish you as I have loved you, and love you in this tragic hour. I bequeath to my children the example of my life, and a stainless name. Tell them to store up the words I spoke at the bar the day of my trial. Tell them that, while blessing them a thousandfold, I leave them three precepts to follow : to recognise and love God, to love their work, and their country above all.

" My darling, were these indeed the smiling promises I made you when we embarked together upon a life of love, when the whole world showed us a face so fair ? What have we done to deserve sorrows so great and summary ? But every complaint, at this hour, would smack of blasphemy, for it might disclaim the very virtue for which I die. Knowledge is but affliction, virtue but bitterness, but this affliction and this bitterness are so beautiful. My enemies do not and cannot feel the beauty and the dignity of this grief. If they were in my place, they would tremble. I am lapped in peace, for I believe in God and in virtue. I do not tremble ; may he shudder who condemns me, for thereby he offends his God.

" . . . Shall I perchance be buried in a dungeon, a torture more terrible even than death ? Whatever may befall, my Gigia, I shall always be myself. See, as I write, my cheeks are dry, my hand is firm, my heart serene. My God, I acknowledge Thee, I adore Thee, and I render thanks to Thee for what Thou hast wrought in me. Comfort my distressed wife,

protect my children, and lead them ever nearer Thee ; they have no earthly father, they are Thy children. Keep them from evil, for to men they cannot look for help. To Thee, O my God, I commend my country. Let my blood appease all passions and all hatred : may it be the last blood to bathe this desolate land.

" I cease, my Gigia, for fear that my heart may break. I cannot find any words wherewith to comfort you, and my hand begins to shake. I give you a kiss like that sacred one which sealed our engagement. Kiss my Raphael and my Julia for me. Every morning and every evening that you give them your benediction tell them that I, too, bless them. Good-bye.

" Your husband,

" LUIGI SETTEMBRINI." ¹

' . . . After one long hour we were ushered into the court. There an old recorder, followed by inspectors, warders and *sbirri* (police spies), with tearful eyes and trembling voice, read out as follows : ' The Supreme Court sentences to death Salvatore Faucitano, Luigi Settembrini and F. Agresti.' ' Go on,' I said to him, ' we want to hear all.' He resumed : ' The Supreme Court unanimously condemns S. Faucitano to death, second degree of example, to be executed publicly in this capital, and to a fine of 500 ducats ; Luigi Settembrini, to death, third degree of example, to be executed publicly in this capital, and to a fine of 600 ducats ; Filippo Agresti, to death, third degree of example, etc., and to a fine of 1,000 ducats, etc. . . . '

" The sentence read, I said : ' Kindly thank the Court on behalf of L. Settembrini.' . . . Not wishing that the sight of our anguish should be a source of rejoicing for any one, I told the warder to open the

¹ *The Edinburgh Review* said at the time that this letter composed one of the most eloquent pages in Italian literature. " More than a model of eloquence, it is a deathless monument befitting the glory of any man."

door, and, followed by my two friends, we entered into the *estra cappella*. It was half-past two. The *estra cappella* is a dark room which only borrows its light from another small room which looks into a courtyard. On the wall, fastened with wafers, are pictures of the Virgin and the saints in front of which lights are burning. Here are confined those under sentence of death. The head-warder, with tears in his eyes, said to us: 'You must put on the regulation clothes.' Our own clothes were taken away with the exception of our shoes, and we were given a shirt, a pair of trousers and a jacket of rough linen which smelt of hemp. I happened to find in one of my pockets a little note from my Julia, and, showing it to the warder, I declared, 'This is a letter from my daughter; I am keeping it, as I want it to be buried with me.'

"We were made to sit on the floor, where the shackles, weighing about 20 lbs., were fastened to our legs. It was impossible to stir one step without help. By means of a handkerchief we tried to ease the pressure of the heavy bolts upon our heels.

6. "... The Public Prosecutor entered the room, removed his hat and said: 'Gentlemen, the king has graciously consented to spare your lives only; I shall always cry: "Long live the king! Long live Ferdinand II!"' I replied: 'We thank the king for having prevented a grave injustice; we thank you, sir; and we thank our consciences, which are void of offence.' The Public Prosecutor offered us a bleeding and a drink. Smilingly I declined. . . . Our lawyers came to see us, and said: 'The Public Prosecutor has informed us that you will start at three o'clock. You will go to life banishment, the others to jail. . . .' 'Will the pardon not be read out to us?' 'No, the order has arrived like a bolt from the blue. Everything is ready.'

"We were straightway brought out from prison,

where our friends embraced us as if we had been raised from the dead. We were paired off, and bound two and two together with a cord, and handcuffs were clapped on us. The procession began to move off through a line of police. We were twenty-three in all. The crowd was looking out for me, as well as for Carlo Poerio, who three years previously had been minister. We were made to pass through the central streets of the town and through the market, in the hope, perhaps, that we might be insulted by the people of the slums. An idle expectation: one man alone said: 'Long live Ferdinand!' and he was held in contempt for having mocked at misfortune. At the postern gate I recognised my family and we exchanged a last good-bye. From the windows of the Royal Palace we could see glasses and telescopes levelled at us. The police handed us over to the marines, not without first asking our forgiveness for having had to accomplish such a painful task, and expressing their best wishes for our welfare. We were loaded with chains, and again coupled in the presence of many naval officers and some generals. All, except those of us who were deported, had to doff their garments and don a red jacket, a pair of trousers and a dark coloured cap, and shoulder a long strip of black stuff which served as mattress and blanket combined. We were thrust into a coaler, and from there hoisted on to the steamer *Neptune*, where we were all herded together in the bows. Our chains were hurting us, and at every movement clanked in an ominous fashion. We passed a most infernal night. The next morning, at dawn, we put in near Nisida, where eighteen of our companions were set on shore. As for us, we had to remain there all day long by reason of the rough sea. We were allowed to walk about on deck. As we tramped up and down I gazed at the lovely hill of Posillipo, and I recognised the little house

where I had spent such happy times with my dear ones. I pointed out to Filippo the roads and the garden where we had been for such beautiful walks with our wives and our friends.

7. "At dawn on February 6th we arrived at Santo Stefano. The prisoners sentenced to life banishment were not put in irons, but were forbidden to come down from the floor where their cells were. The unhappy prisoner had, therefore, nothing but his cell, and a narrow loggia overlooking a courtyard to which he was denied access and a patch of sky which, framed by the high prison walls, seemed for all the world like a lid of lead. . . .

"You could scarcely find room to stand in this loggia, so blocked up was it with all manner of utensils and with men, who, as they elbowed one another, shouted, sang, swore, lit a skimpy fire or chopped wood. Then, in the courtyard, there was nothing to be seen but prisoners dragging after them their heavy diabolical chains, often, too, the plank on which the bastinado was given. The winds beat upon you, the sun burnt you, the rain depressed you; all that you saw and heard was harrowing to the feelings and one long source of annoyance from which the prison cell alone offered escape. Each cell measured a few square yards, and from nine to ten prisoners were crowded in each. They were black and begrimed like a cottage kitchen, sordid and shabby, the pallets, covered with rags, had only a narrow passage between each. On the walls, hanging from wooden pegs, were earthenware pots, pans, plates, rosaries of garlic, peppercorns, spindles and other wretched utensils. A chair was a rare thing, and a table even more so. Nothing made of iron was allowed, not even nails: forks, spoons, bowls, were made of wood; to chop the lard one had to use a bone—the rib of an ox. The prisoners were permitted to cook their daily meal themselves; this

consisted of beans or paste. This cooking was done in little earthenware stoves which were placed in the embrasure of the windows or on the planks of the bed. Each of us lit his own stove, from which there poured forth a thick smoke which filled the cell, blinded the eyes, and drove you out on to the loggia. But even there you could not get away from others that behaved in a similar way, and it was quite hopeless to try and find a spot free from the smoke which found its way through doors, through windows, through everywhere. A lantern, hung from a split cane, gave light, at night, to those who sat in a circle, spinning hemp.

"If the cells were dismal by day, they were even more grim and fearsome by night, which in such places closes in before sunset—the hour when the prisoners were locked in. What a furnace! and what a stench! What memories and sorrow that tragic hour brings back! During the day, you could look forward and hope, but, once pent up in your pigstye, you felt despair creeping over you. Then it was that you heard nought but drunken men's songs, or menacing cries which sounded like the roaring of caged beasts; sometimes groans and a low moaning noise would reach you, and in the morning you would wake up to find dead bodies lying on stretchers. When at last, exhausted by fatigue and weariness, you tried to find rest and isolation on your bed, and your thoughts flew to your wife, to your father, to all the beloved beings you had left behind, you suddenly felt upon you the reeking breath of the murderer who slept next to you, and who in his dreams gave vent to foul oaths or drunken hiccoughs.

"There one lived at the mercy of the winds and waves, separated from the whole universe, and spared no single suffering which the wide world held. The prison of Santo Stefano was the sink of the kingdom

of the two Sicilies, whither were shipped the worst specimens from among its 8,000,000 souls. Each one had dabbled in crime or robbery; each man had killed his man or two, or three, five, seven or even more. There were some that had killed their father, brother, wife, or even their own children. There were some that were very old, some middle-aged, and some of even tender years. They all belonged to the lowest human stratum, and, if any of them came from a better social origin, he was more scoundrelly and ignoble than the rest. They were real wild beasts; atheists, they blasphemed God, even in jest; they mocked at those who spoke of virtue; they boasted of their crimes; every family affection was dead in them; they only retained their passion for gambling and wine. Immured in these prisons for as many as fifteen, twenty, thirty years, they had forgotten the world, as the world them. An old man of eighty-nine had been shut up there for thirty-two years; a man from Calabria, seventy-five years old, brigand, robber, author of crimes unspeakable, boasted of having assassinated thirty-five men. These miserable creatures were past masters in every shade of jealousy, hatred, intrigue, shift and vice imaginable. Every word, every look, every trifle irritated them profoundly. They settled their quarrels with the knife. It was impossible to conceive how these men interned in a prison, on a rock, strictly supervised, were able to procure so many weapons. They got them through the warders, from whom they bought files and pointed pieces of iron which they shaped into stilettos. Sometimes they picked up nails, pulled off door-hinges, stole links from their chains, threw all these things on the fire and in the night, by means of two stones, one of which serving as anvil and the other as hammer, they forged the most astonishing arms. They hid them in the cracks of the walls, under the paving of the

cells, in the wooden vessels in which they had cleverly contrived false bottoms.

“The most frequent causes of their brawls were wine and gambling, and though the latter was strictly prohibited, they gambled away their beds, their bread, their rags and their rations, and whilst thus occupied they drank as much wine as they could get from the tavern-keeper. When they were drunk they revived old grievances long since forgotten, and all of a sudden they would start up, and with bloodshot eyes stagger to and fro as they closed with one another, a pool of blood and wine mingling at their feet. One brawl was the father of many others, friends and fellow-provincials taking up the inheritance of hate and vengeance; the murderer was murdered in his turn, and so on. When the brawl broke out, all was a mad pandemonium of howling, yelling and swearing; the prison trembled to its foundations. The sentinel gave the alarm. When all was silent again, the Commandant appeared followed by the police, the surgeon, the chaplain; the wounded were taken to the hospital, the dead to the cemetery, the others to the whip and the *puntale*, punishments that were applied daily both for serious offences and for mere peccadilloes. The culprit was laid flat on a plank in the middle of the courtyard; two warders armed with heavy tarred ropes wetted in water struck him mercilessly on the back and thighs, in the presence of the doctor, the chaplain and the Commandant, who prescribed the number of strokes. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were lined up on the loggia, and the prisoners were compelled to witness the scene. The scourging at an end, the culprit was chained by the foot to the *puntale*: a kind of large iron ring riveted to the paving of the cell or fixed to a grating. He was fastened to it for days, and even for months together. Sometimes the punishment was made more drastic by putting on

shackles, two half circles in iron, which were fixed to the feet and wedged in by an enormous bolt which weighed heavily on the heels and made the slightest movement difficult and painful. These chastisements were of constant occurrence; the flogging a daily spectacle.

"In this prison, among these monsters we were twenty political prisoners, six convicts, and fourteen sentenced to terms of imprisonment from twenty-five to thirty years duration. The last were all poor devils condemned for having by word of mouth sown the seeds of discontent against the State. Against us the authorities used the utmost rigour. . . . The political prisoners were the only ones that attended divine service, for those who believed in virtue believed also in God. They dragged about their chains without one word of complaint, with patient dignity, with an ardent faith in the future, though they were ignored by the world, and sympathised with only by a few who mourned with them our country's long-drawn agony.

8. "Three years to-day—February 6th, 1854—since I entered this convict prison! It was on a Thursday, and the weather was bitterly cold. I was the first to enter the moment the postern gate swung open. These three years represent one sole day, at once both very long and very short. Here time is like an ocean without shore, without sun, moon, or stars, vast and unbroken. But if I look within myself, and contemplate my poor heart torn in twain, when I count my sorrows, and lay bare the deep wounds that penetrate the innermost depths of my soul—then those three years seem an eternity.

"My body and my clothes are soiled, and my shrinking soul seems to share their pollution; it, also, becomes sullied; it feels as if I, too, had my hands stained with blood and robbery. For me virtue and beauty belong to the past! O my God! Father of

the unfortunate, Comforter of those who suffer, save my soul from this taint, if Thou hast decreed that I should here end my sorrowful life, hasten my end. Thou knowest that suffering has not made me a coward ; I carry my cross, I drag it along even on my knees.

“ But I am afraid of becoming corrupted ; I fear that my soul may disgrace itself How shall I appear before Thee with such a soul ? I beseech Thee to let me die, seeing that man has spared my life but to torment me further. Let savagery and civilisation alike trample upon me, tear my frail limbs and feeble body. Here are my hands ; bind them with cords and handcuffs. Here are my feet ; fasten them in fetters. Sate yourselves with my flesh and my blood—but, for pity’s sake, do not maim my soul. My soul is my own ; it fears but one thing—crime. The world does not understand, only a very few understand that of all possible afflictions, the greatest is to witness the downfall of one’s soul. I feel it ; the day I feel it no more, I shall be corrupted or dead.

“ What have I done that I should deserve these tortures, that I should rub shoulders with murderers and parricides ? Christ agonised for three hours between two thieves ; I have agonised for the last three years among 700 of the most abject criminals.

“ I am, at this moment, like one of those aerolites that float through the infinite spaces of the universe until, nearing a planet, they fall upon it. All is blank and void around me, only my weary thoughts are left to me. My recollections are like stars millions of miles away, which often are hid from our sight when the air is charged with vapour. No light laps me round, I swim in the infinite silence of the void. When shall I find a rim on which to fall ? This solitude fills me with fear, so that I cannot at times forbear to speak with the ruffians around me.

9. "In a cell which measures only a few yards we are eight prisoners, three political ones and five murderers. The first of the five convicts (I sketch them according to their places) is a peasant from the Abruzzi. A small, grey-haired man, with little, wicked and glittering black eyes, a nose like a trunk, a screech-voice, and who stammers out strange words in dialect. Miserly, dirty, repulsive, he has a bed which would be honoured with the appellation of a pigstye. He lends money at usury like most of his kind. He keeps his tobacco in a scooped-out pine-cone; from time to time he empties some out on to the back of his hand, puts his trunk to it, and sniffs it up. He has been in prison for the last twenty-five years for many robberies with bloodshed, and for one homicide.

"... The second convict is also a peasant from the Abruzzi. Sixty-four years old, lean, clean-shaven, he has the aspect and the bearing, the necktie, the pursed-up lips of the criminal judge Scudieri, to whom he is related. I have nicknamed him 'the judge,' though he is the most cheerful madman I have ever seen. He dreams only of greatness, riches, feasting and pleasures. He says that he has 1,113 ducats in gold and silver coins, and he hides this treasure sometimes under a fig-tree, sometimes at the foot of a wall, or buries it three yards under the ground in a copper saucepan. Reading and writing are to him a closed book, but he talks politics, law and ethics.

"... When one tires of listening to him, for he has a very trying voice, he babbles to himself like a croning old woman, or a priest mumbling his prayers. He is very poor, full of debts because he spends all his money either to buy things that tickle his vanity, or to assist other convicts who drain him without mercy. He has been sentenced to death for murder and robbery; but, his sentence commuted, he has spent the last twenty-nine years at Santo Stefano. He hopes to

come out of it, in the event of a universal upheaval. Then, once free, he is going to unearth his hidden money, marry a young girl and build himself a large house. He will have but one passion : a farmyard where he will rear all kinds of poultry.

"The third one is a homunculus of better birth, born near Naples and imprisoned since the age of thirteen. Swarthy, marked with the small-pox, as inflammable as a match, he is a gambler and a drunkard. He was sentenced to twenty-five years of imprisonment for killing an insolent individual who was persecuting his family. Once, in prison, he killed another man, and tacked another twenty-two years on to his former sentence. . . . He buys and sells, skips about, obliges everybody, reads, and, should he chance in one of the novels to come across the portrait of a scoundrel he becomes scandalised, waxes indignant, and declares that such a man ought to have been punished with a good dagger-stab.

"The fourth is a large animal, stranded here twenty-three years ago for murder and robbery. He has red hair, and but three teeth.

"The fifth is a shoemaker, with the blood, the pride, the hardihood of an ancient Samnite. He retains, in spite of his iron-grey hair, the strength and vigour of a young man. While still a stripling he had charge of the Duke of Laurenzana's stables. His maternal uncle, an inveterate thief, began to corrupt him, by sharing with him his ill-gotten gains and making him the gift of a gun. His bad example led him away to commit thefts and murder and other crimes, and finally landed him in prison with the death sentence commuted to thirty years' penal servitude. In prison Pasquale gave and took knife-stabs, learned the trade of a shoemaker, which permitted of his going into town chained to his companion and escorted by a warder. One day they bound and gagged the

keeper, filed their chains, and ran away to the province of Avellino, where they became redoubtable brigands. Pasquale, after eight months, returned, one night, to his native place to see his betrothed and his sisters; but his brother, who had taken possession of all his goods, called in the police, who recaptured the runaway convict.

"I have given him my shoes to mend and to make, provided him with skins and leather; I have persuaded him to forgive his brother. Now he has become a first-rate shoemaker, makes boots for all my companions, and the officials of the prison. He loves his work, has saved some money, and has forgiven his brother. While I am scribbling these lines he is seated near me hard at work at his bench. . . .

10. "During the last eight months I have undertaken the translation of Lucian's works. I have decided to try my hand at this *Travail de forçat*, to avoid getting rusty, to keep up my practice in the Greek language, and to mark the love I have long felt for Lucian. I have the text without notes or commentary, a Greek-Latin vocabulary, and a Greek grammar as used in the seminary at Padua. With the aid of these three little books I have had the temerity to wrestle with a Greek writer of such a rare distinction of style.

" . . . Who will carry me to Posillipo, to my garden of roses, all redolent of the sweet-scented magnolia? Who will grant me this boon, that I may salute the sun that rises above Vesuvius like a young lover, and the town which, like a fair woman reclining on a bed of emeralds, rests her head on the hill, while her feet are kissed by the sapphire sea? Why may I not greet the sun when he hides behind Misenum, sad of heart because he can contemplate such beauties no more? How the earth did blossom, and the grass, and the trees and the flowers too! What a balmy breeze blew

from the sea where, as in a silver mirror, the coy moon beheld her pallid form. . . .

" I have been sleeping in this prison for four years, and I feel like the dormouse which sleeps all the winter, subsisting off the reserves stored up in the summer ; in like fashion I live by nourishing my brain with the recollections of the past. I have just read two volumes of Humbolt's *Cosmos*, which I should like to re-read and study. Prison without books must be a torment indeed. In the mornings I translate Lucian, afterwards I take up an English grammar, as the fancy has taken me to learn that language. . . . I remember how certain men have written works in prison that have been much appreciated, and have there perfected their art. Antonio Serra, in his cell at Castel Capuano, composed his book which was destined to be the first treatise on Political Economy ; Paganini in prison became an excellent violinist, and many others, whose names I forget, did excellent work.

" Yes, but in this hell one does not think ; at least, I do not dare to think among this brood of convicts. Here all thoughts become extinct after a short time ; there remains only the body, which grows sickly, like a stunted plant reared in the shade.

II. " . . . Only think—for a whole fortnight my friend Silvio Spaventa and I have occupied a large room in the hospital, not because we are ill, but in order to escape from our cell, and to enjoy a certain amount of tranquillity, to read and write in silence, and try to heal our wounded spirits. And already it does not seem as if we are in prison. I am clean, and I walk about on a brick floor. No wild beasts any more, no screams, no shouts. Oh ! if this dream could but last ! Oh ! if I had never to go back there ! . . . If I could only remain in this sepulchral silence for the whole of the time that I must languish in this prison ! Oh that these blissful moments might put an end to

the corruption of my soul, my embittered thoughts! Oh for one moment's peace, for a glimmer of spiritual light . . . if only the darkness that surrounds me would grow less dense. . . . I do not write all I feel, think, see or hear, because, given the strength to do so, where and how should I conceal these notes? If they are taken and read, they will offend no one. My object in writing is not to tell others of my sufferings, but to be able one day to read them to myself and recall my misfortunes. I am afraid of losing my memory; it would indeed be painful if I should forget my grief—all that is left to me.

12. " . . . On June 28th I saw, with the help of a telescope, a boat approaching. I could distinguish a woman standing in the bows. The leap my heart gave told that that erect figure was Julia. An hour later I pressed to my heart my well-beloved daughter and my unhappy wife.

"Orders had preceded the two women, and were peremptory. They enjoined upon the Commandant to keep an eye on the afore-mentioned Raffaella Settembrini, who, with her daughter Julia, was coming to visit the well-known convict of that name, and to compel her to leave as soon as she had seen her husband. They were going to obey this order literally, but, partly through the kindness of some people well-disposed towards us, and partly because of the lack of boats ready to put out, and thanks also to the same method of persuasion that had procured funerals for Leopardi, my wife was enabled to stay for six days.

" . . . I had left my daughter still a child; I saw her now a young woman, her large eyes and charming face veiled with sadness. A brave man has asked for her hand! for he is not afraid of belonging to the family of a political convict. What dowry can I give her? An idea! I shall give her my translation of Lucian. That is why I am working with joy, with

awakened mind, with redoubled strength. . . . It is but a modest present that I can offer her, but what else can I do? I should like to write a *Jerusalem*,¹ only where is the talent?"

"SAN STEFANO,

"December 22nd, 1856.

"MY DEAR GIGIA,

" . . . Do you realise what it means to ask for pardon? It is to acknowledge that the illegalities, the persecutions, the sentences of the Government have been just, that what we have suffered is of slight importance, seeing that we deserve it. . . . The Government encourages such requests in order to publish them, to depreciate us, to trample upon us, and to trumpet forth their clemency to other nations: 'You see,' they would say, 'they have reconciled themselves with us, they recognise that our system is a just one. These rebels, these liberals, are perhaps a hundred or two, all told; do you want us to change our course for this handful of people?' To prefer a request for pardon is not a lowering of one's personal dignity, but it is a disclaimer of one's political faith that we have sworn to keep firm and undefiled. It is a question of public interest, not a merely personal one."

"From the BAY OF CADIZ,

"January 28th, 1859.

" . . . My darling Gigia, prison is over. I have come back among men. What matters if I have to cross the ocean? . . ."

In reference to this voyage, we shall read later, in the *Memoirs* of Castromediano, how the exiles aboard the *David Stewart* succeeded in persuading H. G. Prentiss, the captain of that vessel, to change his

¹ Allusion to Torquato Tasso's masterpiece, *La Gerusalemme liberata*.

course and steer towards the coast of Ireland, instead of heading for New York. And here it will be of interest to relate in what manner, and by whom, that persuasion was applied.

The ship well out at sea, Settembrini was surprised to find himself addressed by a young man in the dress of a steward, who claimed to be his son, from whom he had been separated for so many weary years. Settembrini, unable, at first, to credit this, was finally persuaded on seeing his boy reappear in the uniform of an officer in the British Navy, in which Raphael, practically adopted into an English family, had been trained.

Leaving his father overjoyed at this romantic and quite unexpected discovery, Raphael climbed to the quarter-deck in search of the captain, whom he persuaded, perhaps with no great difficulty, to "bout" ship and point for that generous land where they found so hearty a welcome.

14. In his liberated country, what place will that lofty mind occupy? What recompense will be worthy of him? None. There exists no rôle commensurate with his moral stature. When Naples was free, the erstwhile modest teacher resumed his lectures in literature at the University, where he became the revered Master. Youth and books were his only loves, his supreme consolation. Modest and dignified, calm and happy, he never ceased to urge the young to lead dignified lives, and to give disinterested service. Rising superior to competition, and giving the cold-shoulder to sterile and fruitless discussions, he remained faithful to the following canon of civic duty:

"On this earth there are only two parties, honest men and rogues. I have always striven to count myself among the former, without concerning myself with denominations, having been a witness of various

wrong deeds amongst royalists, liberals, reactionaries, republicans and constitutionalists. I love liberty, which, in my eyes, means the exercise of individual rights without offending others, strict justice, order, respect for and obedience to law and proper authority. I feel a fervent love towards freedom of that kind, as must every honest man ; if to love it constitutes a crime, I acknowledge my guilt, and submissively accept my chastisement.

“ That this freedom may be secured, I would fain have a Government that frames just laws, and forces every one to keep them strictly. Call that Government by any name you like ; I, for my part, don't trouble my head about a question of such little importance.”

CHAPTER IX

SIGISMONDO CASTROMEDIANO, DUKE OF CABELLINO

I. SIGISMONDO CHILIANO GAETANO, the last scion of a noble line,¹ was born on January 20th, 1811, the son of Duke Domenico Castromediano, and the Duchess Teresa Balsamo. His youth passed under the despotic rule of Ferdinand I, Francesco II, and Ferdinand II, when the chief power was vested in the hands of the ministers of police, the Prince of Canosa, and the Marquis Del Carretto. The young man never belonged to any party, and never conspired. His only crime lay in his love for his country. When he was thirty-seven years old a blind and ferocious reaction buried him alive in the filthy dungeon of Montefusco. His prison *Memoirs*,² a few pages of which I here translate, constitute a document of great importance.

“On the evening of February 2nd, 1848, I was strolling outside the village with two of my friends,

¹ The duke of Castromediano was of very noble birth. Kilien de Lymburgh, one of the four sovereign lords of Germany, went down in 1155 with his well-armed retainers to the assistance of the Norman King William I, and received the lands of Castromediano, Pietrapertosa and Castrobellotta, and the right for himself and his successors to wear the title of Castromediano, the most important of his fiefs. He was dispossessed, and exiled to Brindisi by Charles of Anjou as a punishment for having defended Manfred of Swabia. But the same king took him back into favour and gave him several fields near Otranto, where the Castromediano extended their domains as far as Cabellino, Ussano, San Cesario, etc. Having won the approval of the house of Anjou and Aragon, this family was later held in high esteem by the Spanish and Austrian monarchs.

² *Carceri e galere politiche*, Memoirs of the Duke Sigismondo Castromediano. (Lecce, 1895, in 2 vols.)

under the star-strewn canopy of heaven. We fell to talking about our troubles, as of the hopes, which the liberal tendencies of Pius IX, and the echoes of the precursory movements for the Constitution had aroused. Of a sudden there fell upon the silent countryside a full-voiced peal of bells. Lecce, the neighbouring town, must have been surprised by some good piece of news. A messenger whom, the better to make sure, I had sent thither, returning after a lapse of two hours, handed me a tricolour flag sent me by my friends. In a transport of joy, I kissed that symbol, and swore to guard and defend it as I would an heirloom. The letter accompanying the flag was thus couched: 'We have secured our freedom with the promise of a "Statuto."'

"At break of day, I hoisted the flag upon the balcony of my ancestral home. We were waiting, every soul of us, for news from Naples, for the report of the revels which were to take place on the opening of Parliament, and of the king's speech. We learnt from the mail, which did not arrive until forty-eight hours afterwards, that the capital was drenched in the townsmen's blood, the richest palaces sacked and burnt, the ministers driven from Court, and the deputies expelled from Monteoliveto, and dispersed by the gendarmes. Ferocious military anarchy, unbridled reaction, reigned supreme; the king had betaken himself to the church of the Carmine to return thanks to the Madonna. . . .

". . . A flying column of artillery, dragoons and lancers, four thousand men, all told, was thrown into the Puglie to spread terror there, whilst spies, *sbirri*, and gendarmes entered all the houses, whence, without the shadow of any lawful pretext, they snatched the inmates, and dragged them bound to prison. I was myself swallowed up by this reactionary whirlpool, with no other crime to my charge save that of having

been a member of a patriotic club which had for its object the safeguarding of the right conceded to the nation, and the maintenance of order in the town. The gendarmes were on my tracks. On the point of making up my mind to seek safety in exile, two traitors sold me, and I was captured.

2. "... While we were waiting our trial, we were thrown into the 'Udienza,' a central prison, in the heart of Lecce—one of the most stifling towns in southern Italy.

"Though the prison could boast of some lofty rooms, the ordinary prisoners were so numerous that these rooms resembled an ant-heap more than anything else. Through windows protected by a threefold iron grating, the air and light struggled in as through a vent-hole. The damp, smoke and grime formed a layer of mildew on the walls, whilst the soil was a slush of mud and dung. The people I saw there had hang-dog looks; off-scourings of the world, thieves, assassins, brutalised by idleness. Exhausted and panting, parched with thirst, at our last gasp, we knew not where to cast ourselves. On the verge of fainting, with haggard eyes, my legs shaking under me, I leant instinctively against the wall. An elderly prisoner addressed me in an undertone: 'Sir, get away from that wall.' 'Why?' I stammered. 'Don't you see that it is alive with insects?' I turned round. Horror of horrors! The plaster swarmed with vermin, which had, in no time, settled on my clothes. Immured in that vault, crushed with anguish, our terrible mishap plunged us into a state of indescribable torpor..

"... Our trial dragged on from August 31st until December 2nd, 1851, the day on which the curtain of the sombre tragedy was lowered. Though literally hemmed in by warders on our way there and back, one of the crowd—a working man—managed one day to throw into the pocket of my cloak a packet of

sweets. The public prosecutor concluded his speech with a demand for imprisonment in irons, for a term of years, for the majority of the accused, and, for Castromediano and three others, the sentence of the gallows, with the third degree of public example.

"This meant that the poor wretch went to the scaffold with bare feet, in a black tunic and with his face covered in a black veil. A placard on his back advertised his infamy.

"... The room was cleared; the jury retired to deliberate. We were allowed to leave our cages, and to stroll about the room. I went and sat in the chair of one of my judges; my thoughts turned to God, to my father. I prayed. I prayed for my country, for the soul of my blessed mother, but fatigue conquered me, and I fell asleep. Three hours later, our judges returned. Three hours had sufficed them to decide the fate of thirty-six prisoners. The public, pale and sad, trooped back into the room accompanied by the police. We heard the recorder read out as follows: 'The High Court of Terra d'Otranto . . . condemns Nicola Schiavoni di Manduria and Don Sigismondo Castromediano di Cabellino to thirty years in irons, etc. The sentence to take effect this very day.

"When night fell we were still in the room in which the sentence had been given. The *sbirri*, with fists and elbows, cleared the premises. After having bound us, they brought us, with fixed bayonets, back to prison. The streets were deserted. The prisoners, one and all, clustered round my bed. Fortified by their affection, by dawn next day I was completely resigned.

3. . . . The scene was enacted in a small enclosure in the entry to another larger one, where the convicts took their exercise at stated hours. Under a shed we saw some warders busy over some iron tools, in front

of an anvil. They ordered us to sit on the ground, and place our bare feet on the anvil. One of them roughly seized my foot and squeezed the ankle into a kind of stirrup in which he thrust a thick bolt. With a hammer he fastened a chain to it. Those blows resounded in the court, and louder still in my heart, my blood, my brain. He struck and struck, and in pitiless mockery that butcher hummed as he kept time with his hammer :

“Dance, one and all, to the hammer’s beat,
This roof shall shelter your nimble feet.”

And his mates shouted in encouragement, ‘Strike, Master Giorgio, strike these foes of the king who want to seize our goods and our wives.’ And he struck so lustily that I felt none too sure that a misdirected blow would not break the ankle or the tibia. But the chain was irrevocably fastened to my foot, and, the warders motioning me to get up, in a dazed condition I managed to do so. In the name of the holy cause to which we had dedicated ourselves, we once more took courage ; and that to such purpose that Schiavoni and I, after a mutual embrace, lifted up our chains.

“You must know that they who are condemned to chains cannot remain alone, but must live with another convict fastened to the other end of the chain. We were allowed to choose our companion.

“The chain ? As it was to gall me for many long years, let me make mention of it once again. With its sixteen links it measured nearly four yards in length, and weighed twenty-two pounds. That chain fastened so firmly to the flesh, I regarded in the light of some monstrous serpent, which, as it bites, presses upon your brain and crushes out your life. It had to remain clamped to the prisoner’s legs ; whether walking or stationary, whether eating or drinking or ill in

hospital—for ever and for ever. Only as he agonised on his death-bed was it taken off. To aggravate the torture, the victims were coupled together; two and two in the same chain. If one moved, the other must needs follow; if he lay upon his bed, so must the other; if a physical need compelled, even in the night, his companion had no choice but to accompany him. On my release I was able to buy my chain, and I keep it, as a precious relic, in the chapel of the castle of Cabellino. When the ceremony of the chain came to a close, the *sbirri* hastened to shave us. Their razor, which was more like a pruning-knife than anything else, drew blood from us. After that we had to put on the regulation garments: drawers and shirt of tow, the better to scratch us; breeches and cap of drab-coloured wool, jacket and waistcoat of red; everything so inferior in quality, and so tight that whoever wore them was sure, in the long run, to become deformed. Lastly, we were given the *fario*, which contained a kind of rag mat to serve as a sleeping-bag, and, in place of sheet and blanket, a coarse covering of donkey's hair. An earthenware bowl completed our outfit. While all this was going on, the turnkey put in his appearance. Brandishing his bunches of keys to terrorise us the more, he ordered us to be taken inside. Our *sbirri* halted in front of a padlocked grating which they opened; pushed us brutally inside, and closed the postern behind us. The place was a ditch, a sewer; the floor of pointed pebble-stones; the ceiling low, the windows miserable loop-holes; the walls and the ground littered with foul-smelling refuse. The damp felt like a solid substance, and there was a stench of putrid flesh. The hundred prisoners, huddled in that den, were, one and all, assassins, incendiaries, brigands—human scum, in short.

4. “. . . Amongst the groups of convicts removed

from Nisida, I saw the most illustrious, the best, Carlo Poerio, who called our chain 'the bracing iron cure.' He was of middle height, with a broad forehead under hair of lightish hue, but already thin and white, large, sad eyes, and lips softened by a trustful smile. Under such serenity of expression, such restraint in word and gesture, you could never have divined his strength and indomitable character; but, as soon as you clapped eyes upon him, there was no mistaking his loyal nature. Endowed with a tenacious memory, he recalled names and dates with astonishing precision. He loved to recite to us the poems of his brother, Alexander, or to declaim the cantos of Dante, and verses from our best classic poets. He was acquainted with many illustrious contemporaries, whose biographies he would sketch and fill in with details very little known. Though he had never dabbled in party quarrels or revolutionary movements, his whole life had been one long conspiracy. . . .

"No sooner had my cell companions climbed on to the deck of the *Rondine*, than they cried in chorus: 'Hullo! there's Carlo Poerio.' I stood aside, so as to put in an appearance when the general effusion had subsided. It was for the first time that I found myself in the presence of the illustrious man, who shook me heartily by the hand as he murmured, 'We shall be friends.' Those words created a solemn contract that death itself was powerless to cancel. . . . A nature so sound, so pure, so disinterested, we shall never see again.

"Poerio was fastened to the same chain with Michele Pironti. He had been previously paired with Margherita his informer and false witness. Margherita and Poerio coupled together at Nisida! Could any greater refinement of cruelty be imagined? Could any outrage more savage have been perpetrated on unrecognised virtue? In it was apparent the low,

cowardly vengeance of a Government dead to the meaning of honour.

"On the boat we passed the time in chatting; the weather was so clear and bright that hope again stole softly into our souls. As we talked we chanced to speculate upon the fate in store for us. My friends were living in a fool's paradise; I alone held my tongue, for it would have been cruel on my part to arouse them from their dreams. But, when asked for my opinion, I expressed my doubts, and repeated the secret which the jailer had whispered in my ear as we were leaving Procida.

"I told them that they were taking us to Montefusco. No sooner had the words crossed my lips than a cloud overshadowed the faces of all, quickly, however, to be chased away by an expression of sheer incredulity.

"'Impossible,' they cried. 'Impossible,' Nicola Nisco repeated with emphasis. 'I was born in the district of Avellino, and no one knows better than I that that infamous dungeon was closed in 1845 by order of Ferdinand II, when urged to do so, *in the name of humanity*, by the district council. As a prison it no longer exists; so you see they can't put us there.'

"'If there was any truth in what you say,' added Poerio, 'the dynasty would thereby drive the last nail into its coffin; there cannot be anything in it, for I really don't think it can be capable of committing such a gross piece of folly.'

"We weighed anchor at Naples, where we were thrown into a filthy stable, and had to sleep on the ground in the urine and dung. As St. Martin's clock struck twelve a perfect pandemonium of wheels, chains, hammers, weapons, of stampings and interchange of angry orders and cries filled us with shuddering fear. Like wolves after their prey they pounced upon us, and dragged us from our dens. Outside a big body

of soldiers and police agents formed up round us. The scene lit by the ruddy glow of the torches and a large bonfire fed with hay and twigs was a fearsome one, and some were mortally afraid they were going to be burnt alive, and not without reason, for our executioners only communicated with one another by means of gestures. It really seemed as if we were guests at a funeral ceremony.

5. "After a rigid scrutiny of our chains, we were divided into parties of four, and forced into carriages, where a gendarme secured us with handcuffs and cords, in such wise that one of my wrists was fastened to one of my left-hand neighbour's, and the other to my *vis-à-vis*. In each carriage there was thus a circle of pinioned, outstretched hands: one torment the more. We had almost reached Avellino when a barefooted tramp, squatting on a bank, began, as he brandished his stick, to bawl his loudest: 'I am dying of hunger, but I'm never tired of saying: Long live the king! Here come the woodchucks. . . . I say, look at these rotten Jacobins. Jog along; Montefusco is waiting for you!' And he went on humming:

"He who from the jaws of Montefusco comes again,
Surely in his mother's womb a second time has lain.

"They—had, God save us!—trained upon us two cannons that commanded the road, and near them were standing two gunners with the fuses ready lit. Halted, we implored our warders to give us at least a drop of water. All in vain, for, as for that matter, they made it perfectly plain that we were being taken to Montefusco to die, and the word 'die' was accompanied by a cynical smile. And, as at all costs we had to arrive at the jail that same evening, the drivers pitilessly plied their whips, while our guards yelled and swore.

"Montefusco crowns the summit of a small hill

opposite Montevergine. It derives, maybe, its name from the mists which rise from the valleys and shroud its crest. The jail is built on the summit. King Ferdinand changed its purpose in the name of humanity; seven years later, he reopened it to glut his vengeance.

“Campagna, our head *sbirro*, handed us over, one by one, to the Commandant, DI FRANCO—a sinister name, capable of striking fear into the most ferocious of bandits. He was anxious to lose no time in showing off his cruelty, and ordered his men to strip and search us. Our things were taken off, all save our shirts—and this in mid-winter in front of the entrance gate. On our protesting against this glaring outrage, we were told ‘You deserve worse still, and I only spare you because I’m in a hurry, as it’s getting late, to shut you up in your sepulchre.’

6. “The vault which swallowed us up is honey-combed into the mountain-side, and is scooped out of the ground. It is about seventeen to twenty-two yards in length, and nine to eleven in breadth. Divided into two unequal rooms, its roofs are supported by massive pilasters and arches as hard as granite. The narrowest of the dormitories, cut out of the mountain, looks out on the entrance gate, and has no window, save a little opening in the farther end, the light from which is so feeble that it is difficult to distinguish the space illumined by it. The other dormitory, or, to be more explicit, the other portion of excavation, has four windows in the façade of the building; these, in spite of their being placed so high, are on a level with the road.

“They were barricaded with thick iron bars. We were forbidden to look out of the windows, a feat, which, moreover, would have required the strength and skill of an acrobat. The plaster of the walls, blackened with age, had peeled off in parts. The walls

sweated to such an extent that if you pressed the surface the water would run off drop by drop, and there were nitrous rings of a green colour peculiar to deserted cellars. I will spare you a description of the rats, spiders, and noisome insects, nor will I trouble to describe the unwholesome air you had to breathe there. Without a shadow of doubt they had taken us down there to kill us. We implored them to give us, in the absence of pallets, a covering of some sort and some straw. No one answered. But the silence was all at once broken by a roar from Di Franco: 'You are not allowed to speak to the jailers; we'll see to the beds later on. For the present, do as you jolly well like.'

"We slept together on the stones. The night was freezing. Snow was falling, the wind whistled through the window-panes. Rolled in our mantles, we leant against each other to avoid being chilled to the bone. After much persuasion on our part, Carlo Poerio agreed to lean against the pilaster, sheltered from the wind, and with him Pironti, fastened to the same chain. Poerio had fallen asleep, when suddenly a strange cracking sound startled us. By the light of the lantern we perceived that a part of the wall was giving way just above the place where Carlo had placed his head. With a cry we pounced upon him, and, lifting him up, carried him to another place. The fragment fell a few seconds later, and from it there oozed some pestilential fluid.

7. "... In addition to the six windows which let a mere glimpse of light into our hovel, there was a seventh, provided with an iron grating. It did not disclose a handbreadth of sky, but served as a means of communication between the dormitory and a neighbouring room—the guard-room of the warders who had charge of us. From that trap-door window we observed the Commandant surrounded by his satellites.

By our gestures we showed him our sorry condition. We could not have had to do with a worse brute; his cruelty was a by-word in every jail in the two Sicilies. He was lean and lank like a pea-stick, with little, piggy eyes, greenish complexion, dry lips sunk in a thick reddish moustache; though far from old, his face was furrowed, his hair sparse and bristly, his teeth black. His ways were shifty and distrustful like a hyena, his gestures coarse and violent; in one word, he had all the native qualities of the hangman. He never opened his mouth save to spurt out oaths and invectives. When he had risen to the rank of second lieutenant he had been dismissed from the army.

"At first he pretended not to understand, and he mowed with his head by way of jeering at us. Finally, stamping his foot, and clanking his sword, he regaled us with a grin, and, in his best Sicilian, with the following harangue.

" ' Devil take it ! why get my monkey up ? Don't you know that the proper corrective to extreme heat is extreme cold ? The king, our lord and master (and he doffed his cap till it swept the ground, an action which his underlings were quick to copy) in offering you this *sorbet*, is anxious to quench the flames which set your brains on fire. Why are you so ungrateful ? I have a word of advice to offer you. If this desirable residence doesn't suit you, cut one another's throats and be damned to you ; if you haven't the pluck to do so, have a shot at revolting, at forcing a grating, and some rifle-shots will soon work the trick for you. They've shoved you in here for you to kick the bucket : the sooner that happy event happens, the sooner I shall be rid of so much rubbish. Go and cut your throats, do ; may the lightning strike you dead ! The convicts in every jail know what sort of cove Commandant Di Franco is. - If you don't know it, may the plague take you ! You'll find it

out in time. Still, it's just as well you should know the sort of man I am. Well, I hardly remember my parents. I am a trooper. Barrack bred, the soldiers brought me up in their school; baccy, drink, dice, and swearing. Then I went to live amongst cut-throats and thieves, gentry that I have tamed to a treat, with the whip, the puntale and the black hole to do them in; and, by God, I've seen a few done in. I can hardly read, and I never even try to. It only means loss of time, and leads to the pretty pass you're in. Devil take pen, ink, paper, and every bally book! That's the stuff that's sent you crazy, and you can take this from me, that never a blessed book are you going to finger this day forward. So don't ask me for the trash. Neither books, paper, pen, nor the wherewithal to write with. You've not got to correspond with any one, unless you want a devilish good hiding. So, beyond the books you brought with you, and which I am going to make you give up, don't flatter yourselves you are going to get any more. If your friends send you any, I'll pitch 'em on the fire.

“ ‘ You're not going to get, and you can lay to that, either paper or ink. You had better peg out with this putrid fever, rather than let me cop you with them. Twenty-five strokes with the lash for every scrap of paper, twenty-five for every pen or pencil, and bleeding buttocks for every blooming letter you smuggle in or out. One thing more. No visitors allowed in this establishment; no one's allowed to put his nose in here. I warned you yesterday, and I warn you again to-day, not to palaver with the warders or the soldiers. I'm the only man you've got to talk to. Better far have a fistula than disobey me. You're no longer in the public jail. The king calls this jail an exceptional one. Do you take me? May you all go to hell, if I don't know how to run an exceptional jail. . . . ’ ”

"When we had recovered from the stupor into which this choice harangue had plunged us, we asked the Commandant if there was a different list of regulations to those which obtained in the other jails. If there were, we besought him to be good enough to let us know them so that we should not transgress them. At the end of several days he replied: 'By the king's orders, besides the general regulations, you've got to keep some framed for your special benefit. You've got to obey, and knuckle under to them, without thinking anything more about the matter.'

"Within a week after our entry into this foul hovel twenty of our number had fallen sick. We begged and prayed for some help for them. At last a doctor arrived, and installed a hospital with eight beds on the first floor. The eight worst cases were moved into it after a fortnight had elapsed. Under the escort of the police spies, and loaded with chains, they left the loathsome den. How slowly and wearily they dragged themselves along! As we looked at them we stood petrified. But the sight struck the folk outside in quite a different light.

"The last to appear on the landing was Stagliano, a very distinguished and wealthy youth, of a gentle and kindly disposition. A gendarme supported him. It was bitterly cold that day, with sleet and a north-west wind blowing. On the little terrace, the Intendant, the Prefect, the Judge, the Inspector of Police, and the Governor of the jail were ranged up, suspicious and short-tempered. Stagliano, with his head bent, and his hat slouched over his eyes, failed to see them. His face, moreover, was wrapped in a scarf. Di Franco, in order to show his zeal and give full play to his brutality, threw himself upon the unhappy mortal, tore cap, shawl and coat off him as he shouted, 'So, you filthy imbecile of a jail-bird, you don't recognise the servants of his Majesty when you see them!

Down with you, you beast. It's easy to see you're a swine of a rebel, but I'll find a way to break you in, and get rid of those airs of yours. What luxuries for a convict whom the king despises! Have you forgotten that you're in my hands, hands that can very quickly make you give up the ghost? You'll see, when they're carrying you to the cemetery, whether you'll go in cloak and cap, you cur!

"I felt like a wheel revolving night and day round its hub which quite slowly wears away. . . . We strode up and down our cave, staring at one another as if demented, our hearts, the while, wrung with anguish. One day after another, one day like another, all were merged in a drab uniformity and we only reckoned time in relation to rising and retiring to bed.

". . . Fourteen months later, April 3rd, 1853, we were informed of an act of grace on the king's part, procured through the intercession of the Tsar. That act of grace, though trifling in itself, was to us like dew in days of drought. The couples were separated by breaking the chain which joined them, and the chain was reduced to four links. Later, I handed my chain over to a jailer who had been kind to me. He kept it and gave it back to me at Naples in 1860, when my troubles were ended.

". . . Jacovelli had come to join us at Montefusco, and had brought with him a chessboard which they allowed him to keep, and which served to while away our time. He often lost, and one day, his king being in check, he took it up and broke it, crying, 'He has always to be my enemy!' The jailers gathered up the fragments which had fallen out of the window together with those innocent words, and Jacovelli was condemned to be flogged. He would have undergone the punishment had not the doctor opportunely saved him from that by declaring that he would have died on the rack. He was strapped to the *puntale*,

and there he remained until the day they sent him to the jail at Brindisi. He came out from there in 1860.

"A nightingale perched himself on the stunted trees on the slope in front of our windows, and there would sing so sweetly every evening, that you would have said he did so expressly to soften our grief. The poor little thing was suspected of having some mysterious understanding with us. They chased it away with sticks and stones, but the faithful bird came back so persistently that the jailers determined to kill it. This they did with some sort of firearm.

8. "Our executioners amused themselves with forging out of the flimsiest trifles falsehoods of so fulsome a character that even those to whose advantage it was to believe them were unable to do so. Here are a few samples out of scores.

"On March 19th, on a cold and rainy evening, sentinels, warders and soldiers were on guard; the cry of 'Who goes there?' alone broke the silence. Standing in a ring round Poerio, who had had to stay in bed through illness, we were chatting about the rain and the good weather, of horsemen and horsewomen, for we were always very careful about our choice of subjects. Then, gradually getting sleepier and sleepier, we went back, one after another, to our beds. On the morrow, to our surprise, we caught threatening looks and whispered orders. Finally Di Franco rushed like a wild beast into our room, escorted by the captain of the garrison, one De Curtis—a sanguinary bloodhound. The sight of him killed us with fear. He began to howl like a lunatic, pointing to his blind eye, which he had lost in the Sicilian revolt. 'You scum, I've got you in my clutches at last, and I'm going to make you pay for my eye—you, above all,' he added, addressing Poerio, 'you are going to get such a lesson that you'll forget you were ever a minister.' He

ordered Poerio, Nisco and some of the others to follow him. Taken aback by that unexpected violence, we tried with no success to guess its cause. Half an hour, an hour, passed in the cruellest anticipation. Beneath our feet, in the cellar, a sound of hammering struck our ears—then deep silence. They were fastening our friends to the *puntale*, then: what could have happened? The captain, egged on probably by Di Franco, had declared that, the previous evening, Poerio and the others had woven a plot of so startling a nature that the prisoners, Nisco at their head, were going to escape, and rouse the kingdom to revolt. De Curtis applied for permission to flog the rebels, and Di Franco wrote to the king for his consent. On that occasion Ferdinand II proved more reasonable than his underlings; the accusation appeared to him so grotesque that he ordered the victims to be unstrapped and sent back to their quarters.

“ . . . Giuseppe Cimino had passed his sixtieth summer; his wretched health made him an object of general compassion. He, like Garcea, had no money. Very proud, the pair of them, they refused our proffered help and chose rather to restrict themselves to the regulation broth and bread. In that they displayed a veritable heroism. It always left much to be desired, but sometimes the soup, in particular, was nauseous to a degree. They expressed their indignation to the *quartigliere* who was doling out their beggarly pittance. The *quartiglieri* were convicts set apart for the heavy work, and to spy upon us. This particular one was a famous brigand, who, no sooner released from jail, in 1860, resumed his old trade. The brute went and reported Garcea's and Cimino's complaints to the sergeant, and the latter, embracing the opportunity, accused them of insulting the king's Majesty. The two victims were at once fastened to the *puntale* with shackles on their feet. There they

remained for a month, when the mandate came to give them fifty lashes each. I shudder as I write these lines. The doctor certified that Cimino could not endure the punishment, but in Garcea's case he was powerless to interfere. It was morning. I was leaning against the window, when, after a muffled stamping, a dull, rhythmical sound struck upon my ear. I cried out, 'Oh, they're lashing him!' Cowering on our beds, we stopped our ears with our pillows. By way of protest, we closed our window. Garcea did not let a single groan escape him, but gnawed a handkerchief, which he pressed between his teeth. At the thirtieth lash he fainted. 'Enough,' cried the doctor; they raised him up, and carried him into his dungeon, where the part bruised was treated by moistening it with vinegar and salt. The poor martyr was so affected by it that he had to be taken to Capua, to the hospital for consumptives. He recovered in spite of everything, and was brought back to Montefusco at the end of several months.

" . . . With intent to damage the reputation of worthy and virtuous men, the Government was at great pains to associate them, in the trials and in the jails, with criminals or those unhappy folk who fish in troubled waters. Among the fifty convicts of Montefusco there were some specimens of that fell brood. Up to that moment they had remained motionless in the dark—after the manner of owls. They set to work, encouraged by the *sbirri*, and enticed by the hope of procuring their pardon, to unearth the prison secrets. 'It is, they were told, a proof of sincere repentance and attachment to the king. Worm your way into your companions' innermost thoughts, and once and for all break the oath which binds you. Make up your mind, and pardon and rewards will not be lacking.' The first to play fast and loose with every sense of honour was Luigi Poli, who had himself

summoned direct to Naples to make some revelations to the Government. After several months he returned to Montefusco, where he induced his accomplices to hatch some big intrigue, failing which they might sigh in vain for freedom. To the number of seven, the greater part of no account, they plotted our irrevocable ruin. From that time forward the horrors of hell were intensified. They spied upon us, they were ever on the scent, they plied us with questions, they reported the most trifling incidents. They attempted to make mischief amongst us. All to no avail. We were knit together by a common faith which our martyrdom crowned with an aureole of glory. Perquisitions were multiplied night and day upon our persons and our paltry possessions, our executioners were replaced by others more pitiless still.

“The police spies turned our clothes-boxes inside out, and not infrequently damaged the contents. They scraped the walls, they picked up the flooring. They tore the pages, one by one, of Mistorni’s *Tele-machus* because it happened to be in French. They went so far as to search the hospital patients, pulling them out of bed in order to examine mattresses, pillows and blankets. Once, those brutes swarmed round the bed of Pironti, laid up with that scourge which was eventually to kill him. They unwound the bandages from his blisters, and took them to the light in order to discover figures or signs of some secret code among the offensive matter with which they were stained. At times the sentinels were doubled, at others the grills were padlocked, our chains exchanged for others heavier still.

“In the summer, all through the dog days, at the hour when our stoves were alight and the atmosphere had become intolerable, we were forbidden to go near the windows; in the winter, when the icicles hung down like stalactites, and the snow wrapped the

valleys in a winding-sheet, they set the windows wide open. I should never finish, if I wanted to relate everything. As our bodies grew weaker, they seemed to dissolve, to go out at a given moment, as a lamp which loses its oil drop by drop; we resembled birds which, in the shades of night, their wings failing them, fall into the sea.

9. "... The morning of May 28th, 1856, thirty of us were chained and transferred to the prison of Montesarchio, the new refuge which the king designed for us. Pironti was a piteous sight. Reduced to a skeleton, it had been found impossible to seat him in a carriage; he followed us, accordingly, in a litter, carried on men's backs. The story is that the king, driving through Montesarchio with the Marquis del Vasto D'Avalos, chanced to look at the building which belonged to the latter. It took the king's fancy because it stood on a steep and rather inaccessible hill, and he asked the marquis for it: 'I'll put my hot-heads there,' said he, with a laugh, 'they'll never trifle with their toys again.' Pironti, who for many years had had to make shift to live as a cripple owing to the indifference of the Government, obtained permission to drink the mineral waters in the neighbourhood, thanks to the intervention of two Englishmen who came to visit our prison.¹ Michele Pironti, 'a perfect gentleman,' as W. E. Gladstone described him, honesty himself, in the opinion of Settembrini, shared Poerio's lot. He was with him in the prisons of Naples, in the jails of Nisida, Ischia and Montefusco, clamped to the same chain. Stable in his principles, immovable in his resolutions, his looks awed our executioners, though he was reduced to the last extremity. He had to use crutches, and even then they did not ease him

¹ These were Messrs. Turner and Guppy, whom Ferdinand II sent to Montesarchio jail in the foolish hope that they would give a denial to the famous letters of Gladstone to Lord Aberdeen.

of his chain. He forgot the misery of the present in the memories of our beautiful literature. He knew by heart our poets and those of Greece and Rome ; Dante and Ariosto were his favourite authors. When granted permission to write on sheets of tin coated with wax, he undertook the translation of Homer in Italian verse.

" In 1854 and 1855 cholera infected the kingdom, and at Montefusco six convicts died from neglect. The police spies no longer dived into their burrows to use them ill, such dread had they of contagion. Our poor companions succumbed, and their dead bodies were left among the living. The latter, when the police spies permitted the gratings to be opened, had to lift the dead on to their shoulders. The sextons, with many an oath and sarcasm, carried those remains to the cemetery. . . . We were lean and yellow as those raised from the dead ; sight and hearing were alike enfeebled. A yet more acute return of asthma compelled Poerio to keep his bed ; Pironti's crippled condition prevented him from moving. The chain had set up inflammation of the groin in seventeen persons. Our conditions grew daily worse.

" In spite of my robust health, I grew rapidly thinner. With my emaciated face, pale complexion, staring eyeballs, sparse growing hair, and sunken eyes, I was unable to lift my head and look at an object placed at any height without turning giddy and swooning away. Insomnia wrought havoc in me, and I had such cold feet that neither woollen bed-socks nor the genial heat of springtime could warm them—it is to that that I perhaps owe the gout which now torments me. . . .

10. " On February 9th, 1859, a royal decree was read to us. In order to celebrate the marriage of the crown prince, the king commuted the sentence of irons and jail to perpetual exile, in the case of ninety-one political prisoners (here I might mention that, of

the ninety-one, thirteen had long since died). But the judge, taking up another sheet of paper, read out a decree by virtue of which the royal pardon which drove us from jail into exile, changed our exile into deportation to New York. We made our protest, which was duly put into writing. Two days afterwards we were conveyed by carriage to Pozzuoli."

The Duke of Castromediano relates how the exiles succeeded in persuading H. G. Prentiss, captain of the *David Stewart*, to steer his ship towards the coast of Ireland instead of heading for New York. First the Irish, and then the English, extended a warm welcome to the noble confessors of Italian liberty. Our duke became the friend of Gladstone and Palmerston, and his influence modified the conduct of English diplomacy towards the peninsula. Hitherto the English Government had advised the Neapolitan monarchy to effect liberal reforms; from that moment on it could appraise at their proper value the legitimate aspirations of every Italian: the freedom and unification of their country. It was no longer a question of the Bourbons at Naples, but rather the question of Italy, that was of prime importance. The exiles reached Turin on April 18th, 1859. Cavour realised the immense moral support they brought to the national cause, and took every advantage of it. In a congress held at Turin all the *émigrés* of the two Sicilies voted for the fall of the Bourbon dynasty, and the annexation of their country to Piedmont. Some time afterwards, on the triumph of his army, Victor Emanuel was proclaimed King of Italy.

He entered Naples on November 7th, 1860, and on January 27th convoked the electors to form the first Parliament of the new-born nation. The Duke of Castromediano was elected to the College of Campo Salentino, and filled the office with much dignity.

There is an appreciation of him by Bourget in one of the most prophetic passages in his *Sensations d'Italie*.

"I don't know which of these two visits [that to the town of Otranto, or that to the castle of Cabellino] has left the most lasting picture in my memory. At Otranto I saw a sublime sea-scape. . . . Cabellino gave me the chance of contemplating, like some apparition of Italy's heroic days, substantially incarnate in an old man, the Duke Sigismondo Castro-mediano, who, in that lonely corner of the earth, is passing the evening of his life, a martyr devoted body and soul to the deliverance of his country. Which of the two should claim our deepest devotion—a fair landscape, with a splendid monument, or a noble human form?

" . . . The visible abandonment of the entrance court, the worn steps of the vast deserted stairway which I climbed with none to stay or guide me, then the silence of the outer hall which, nearly bare of furniture, and with its damaged ceiling painted in flat tones, I entered alone.

"Not a note in it but told of decadence and ruin. The castle, it is clear, must have suffered from the long-drawn ravages of time, and yet it was tenanted, for a servant at last appeared to warn the master of the house of my visit. Oh, unforgettable apparition, in that romantic setting, of the old lord of fourscore years, dressed in black, slight of figure, erect and towering, for all his infirmities. He dragged his stricken legs after him, and under an admirable head of hair—thick and snow-like—discovered a clean-shaven face in which all the features stood out, despite his great age, in their native pride of race. An expression at once noble and pathetic, haughty and melancholy, showed that a too harsh fate, though powerless

to conquer the race, and that indefinable quality of the blood which was evident in the smallest wrinkle of that face, on which the eyes of the half-blind man slowly opened, had laid a heavy hand upon that being. The aspect of the lord of the manor accorded with the decoration of the castle in one of those too perfect harmonies which one feels ought not to be met with outside the pages of a Sir Walter Scott, or a Georges Sand. I saw before me, in real life, the hero of adventures analogous to those which, in the chronicles of the great Scotch novelist, the Jacobite nobles, hunted, exiled and imprisoned, encounter, while their ancestral homes crumble away and greedy relatives divide what still remains of them.

“He spends his well-filled days between Lecce, which he has endowed with schools, a museum, a thousand acts of charity, and that castle which he has not touched. He has left the mutilated busts where he found them on his return, suffers the grass to grow neglected in the court-yards, and the marks of decadence, everywhere evident, to remain, either from a stoical indifference bred in misfortune to the amenities of life, or from a sense of pride in what he has suffered.”

Castromediano asked nothing from his country ; it was enough for him to have realised his magnificent dream.

He passed away peacefully on August 26th, 1895, the last inheritor of a name which he left without a flaw.

PART III

THE EXILES

To die
Is nothing ; but to wither thus, to tame
My mind down from its own infinity,
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer while even wolves can find a den,
Ripped from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain,
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown,
To envy every dove his nest and wings. . . .

But it leaves me free :

I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an exile, not a slave, of me.

BYRON.



CHAPTER X

DANIELE MANIN

I. ON the morning of March 17th of that memorable year 1848, St. Mark's marvellous square swarmed with Venetians clamouring for the immediate release of a prisoner whom they held dear. The Austrian governor was afraid; a jailer straightway opened the padlocked door of a cell, and Daniele Manin stepped forth.

Two months previously he had been thrown into prison for having petitioned the imperial tyrant to take certain steps to alleviate the insufferable thralldom of Venice. That was a crime for which he could expect no mercy. To Manin, restored to his fair skies and loved lagoons, thrilled by the enthusiasm of that people who, following Milan's lead, longed to break its yoke, the realisation of the dream of a free Venice was clearly, from the outset, both possible and imminent. To that end he at once exerted himself to the utmost.

Four days after his own liberation he liberated the Arsenal. On the way he gathered round him some of the town guard, and, at the postern gate of the Arsenal, compelled Vice-Admiral Di Martini to hand over the keys of the armoury and to surrender, while the *Arsenalotti* in a body joined his forces. On his re-appearance in front of the government buildings, the crowd acclaimed him with cries of "Long live St.

Mark." The usurpers decamped. Venice applauded Manin head of a provisional Government. For seventeen months he remained at its head. He remained through days of prosperity and through days of difficulty. But it was more specially when difficulties beset him that he displayed a resolution worthy of the best traditions of the past, a mastery so complete, a devotion so pure and single-hearted that, however limited may be our acquaintance with the men of the *Serenissima*, we are tempted to ask ourselves: "Was he not a reincarnation of Dandolo, of Morosini?"

If his bearing towards Austria, who after the victory of Novara and the reoccupation of Milan and Brescia, resumed her haughtiness, was proud, Manin was as proud as a Doge towards Venice, to whom by the magnetism of his invincible energies, he restored its ancient steadfastness. And Venice, with Manin to guide her pen, wrote the most heroic page in all her tragic story.

2. The first step that Venice took was to leap to arms. At Mestre, at Marghera, she fought with superb fury, lost her best and bravest, set fire to her houses, and razed the enemy's citadel to the ground.

Thus repulsed, the enemy prepared to besiege the town.

"Is it your will that we resist?" asked Manin of the Assembly on April 2nd, 1849.

"Yes."

"At any cost?"

"Yes."

"I shall require enormous sacrifices from you."

"That doesn't matter."

And the besieged city made its memorable resistance.

The Austrians had constructed, with bags of earth, lofty parapets from the top of which their mortars vomited incendiary bombs upon the town. As the people did not believe that Venice, sheltered by the

lagoons, could be bombarded, their stupor was all the greater when the burning projectiles began to explode in the sky, and fall in the midst of her *calle*. The bombs wrought havoc with the centre of the town. The townsfolk abandoned their houses; women, children, old men fled to take refuge in ferry-boats and gondolas. But not a cry, not a word of complaint came from the lips of all that multitude; long-borne suffering, and pride, their cherished heirloom, prevented that.

3. Under a hail of fire Venice held out.

Three-quarters of the town had been battered to pieces by the bombs; now at this point, now at that, a fire was a daily occurrence. Of the oratory of St. Jeremiah, a museum of statuary and rare pictures, not one stone remained upon another. The marvellous Rialto bridge was badly damaged. The besieged passed the night under the arcades of St. Mark, in the public gardens, or on the island of the Giudecca—yet intact. Through fire and flame Venice held out. Though the palaces stood abandoned and unguarded, not the smallest theft was committed.

4. Then famine followed on the heels of fire. It was cruel indeed. No more wheat was to be had, no more vegetables. Mildewed rye, which the animals spurned, was distributed at stated hours in the place of bread. It made the heart bleed to see women, their nurslings in their arms, waiting for their turn, or clinging to the gratings of the shops to grab the scanty rations which stood between them and starvation. Wine, too, and beer were lacking; and, to assuage the thirst of that burning month of August, they swallowed tainted water.

Through the tortures of famine Venice held out.

Then cholera swooped down upon the starved Venetians. In their thousands they succumbed to death or sickness. The gondolas that skimmed the

canals to bear their plague-stricken victims to the hospitals, and the dead to the cemetery, were struck by the bombs. Horses were slaughtered to feed the sick; every woman fit to lend a hand stood by to help the doctors. And the stricken crowds filled the churches, where, by the light of burning buildings, their prayers climbed up to God.

Through the ravages of the plague Venice still held out.

But the hour struck at last when heroism was of no avail. Then Manin, from the balcony of the Procurati, addressed the Venetians:

"I pledge you my word that, rather than subscribe to a shameful surrender, I will die myself."

And when the sinister conqueror of a dying town dictated his relentless conditions, the triumvirs Manin, Pepe and Tommaseo, laid down their staves of office.

The honour of the martyr town was saved. Manin hailed a gondola, and was borne far away from Venice at the very moment that the priests, to the joyous clang of bells, celebrated in St. Mark's Radetzky's return.

In a note-book that belonged to Manin I found this sentence written by the Dictator-Triumvir:

"Even had we been able to win by methods which morality would have condemned, victory would have been secured at too great a price, nor would it have served its purpose, nor have been lasting. Methods of that description, if of some material use, are destructive morally, for no victory deserves to be bought at the price of self-esteem."

5. We come across Manin again at Paris in the Rue Blanche No. 70, where he had sought refuge.

Of Manin, who was then in his forty-sixth year, Henri Martin writes thus:

"Doubt and discouragement could be but transient tenants of that noble mind. Mauled and mutilated, he arose invincible, to resume once more his career of activity."

His sole thought, from that day on, was to fight for the supreme cause of Italian unity and independence, and to enlist in the sacred cause of the oppressed the sympathies of the free races, France and England above all. He grasped his pen, an honest pen, if ever there was one, to be the faithful instrument of a noble cause. Never did he dip it in the muddy ink of mendacity, nor hold any truck with base time-serving, or equivocal compromise. That pen did no canvassing. With it he defended his dream, and served his ideal; with it he strove to reawaken the conscience, rouse the mind and uplift the heart, in the name of justice, for the love of liberty.

For eight years Manin's prodigious daily toil went on, and if betimes he laid down his pen, it was because his modest lodging stood open to his fellow citizens proscribed with him, who, as they heard him speak of independence and unity, were surprised to find themselves hoping against hope.

6. One day he made the acquaintance of Giorgio Pallavicino who, since 1848, had been an untiring recruiting agent for the House of Savoy, for the cause of Italy's independence. Now Manin was a republican; but little by little Pallavicino overbore the doubts and scruples of the ex-Dictator.

After Lord John Russell's speech in the House of Commons (March 13th, 1854), in which he condemned Italy to passively await the reforms that the Empire was on the way to make, Manin flatly denied the truth of that statement.

To Monsieur Havin, director of the *Siècle*, he wrote as follows:

" PARIS,
" May 20th, 1855."

" . . . *Le Siècle* of the 18th inst. states that Austria has, of her own free will, entered upon the path of

reform. This assertion I believe to be inexact. Austria, should she wish to do so, could not forsake her old system of compulsion, which is indispensable to the necessary fusing into one compact body all the heterogeneous elements of which her Empire is composed. She has not entered, nor will ever enter upon, the path of reform. For that very reason the disaffection of the different races which are under the dominion of Austria, far from growing less since 1848, has, on the contrary, increased.

“ With kindest regards,

“ Yours very faithfully,

“ MANIN.”

A few days later he issued his manifesto to the *Times*, the *Presse*, and several Piedmontese organs.

“ Convinced that the consolidation of Italy is of paramount importance, and an essential question, the republican party says to the House of Savoy: ‘ Consolidate Italy, and I am with you ; if not, no.’ To the Constitutionals it says: ‘ Consolidate Italy : don’t let the aggrandisement of Piedmont be your sole concern ; devote yourselves to the affairs of Italy, rather than to those purely municipal, and I am with you ; if not, no.’

“ The time has come, it seems to me, to suppress the name of parties whose points of agreement and difference bear rather upon secondary and subordinate questions than upon the main and vital question. The real distinction lies in these two camps : the camp of a united national party, and the camp of a municipal separatist party. I, a republican, fly the flag of unity. Let him who would have a united Italy devote himself to her and her defence, and Italy shall be.”

7. To hoist a flag is to offer battle ; Manin conducted his campaign from Paris, Pallavicino his from Turin.

Their adversaries gave them no quarter, and the press of the different parties no peace. Manin, at times, wearied of these pin-pricks, but Pallavicino spurred him on, and persuaded him to put up with these daily vexations for Italy's sake. Manin did his best to induce Mazzini to espouse the Royalist cause, by proving to him that the dream of a republican Italy was a chimera. Unity was the sole immediate end which every patriot should always keep in view ; now unity was alone possible in the acknowledgment of Victor Emanuel's sovereignty. Mazzini would only offer the "neutral flag," *i.e.* the mandate given to a constitutional assembly to decide upon the choice between a monarchy and a republic.

Manin embarked upon a second controversy with Mazzini, who advocated the "theory of the dagger," or a justifiable regicide as a means of giving the death-blow to a ruthless tyranny. Manin refuted the theory in an open letter to the *Times*. In presenting his case Manin condemned, too, the use of the knife in popular insurrections. When Garibaldi had been won over to the Manin-Pallavicino ¹ side, and when La Farina, by appointment of the United National Society, became a propagandist in Southern Italy and Sicily, brochures, leaflets, pamphlets by the thousand inundated the peninsula. This stupendous work was accomplished for the greater part at the Rue Blanche. If to this active propaganda of the Society we add the articles, open letters in French and English newspapers and reviews on all the questions of the day relating to Italy, it is impossible not to feel great admiration for Manin.

8. Assailed by suffering, Manin did not relinquish his labours.

"My brain is in a deplorable state," he wrote to Pallavicino, May 28th, 1857. "I can't think of a single

¹ See Chapter VI.

word, or put two ideas together. I have now been here (63, Avenue de St. Cloud, Passy) for ten days, and can get no relief. As soon as I am capable of thinking I will send you a line."

And later :

" . . . A month's rest in the country has not sufficed to allay the feverish agitation of my poor brain. I can't settle to any form of occupation ; it is enough to make any man lose patience and hope. This painful and useless existence is becoming past bearing. I long for the end. Good-bye."

And it was indeed good-bye, this last letter of Manin's, who, on September 22nd, 1857, brought to a close a poor, pure and laborious life.

Venice was still a captive in irons. To Manin, prisoner, triumvir, outlaw, belongs the honour of having served the future with unremitting constancy.

CHAPTER XI

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

City superb that hadst Columbus first
For sovereign son,
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nursed
This mightier one.
Glory be his for ever while his land
Lives and is free:
As with controlling breath and sovereign hand
He bade her be.
Earth shows to heaven the names of thousands told
That crown her fame,
But highest of all that heaven and earth behold,
Mazzini's name!

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

I. WE now come to a man of transcendent greatness, GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, the mightiest of all the creators of United Italy, and an inspired prophet. It is under his dual aspect of prophet and apostle that I propose to analyse his character. My task is an arduous one, seeing that I must compress within the compass of a few pages a mass of material so vast and so varied that the eighteen volumes printed in 1861 form but so much freshly quarried stone.¹

At the age of twenty-six years, for having initiated a friend into the tenets of the *Carbonari*, he was shut up in the fortress of Savona, which he left in 1831, to tread the exile's path. From that time on he lived in exile, an exile went down into the grave. A passionate and melancholy pilgrim, for full fort

¹ Mazzini, *Scritti editi ed inediti*. (Milano: Dælli, 1861, vo i. to xviii.) The commission for the national edition of Mazzini's works is now issuing the twenty-fourth volume of that collectio

years he wandered from Switzerland to France, from France to England, solitary and poor, unsullied in his poverty, proud in his isolation, parted from friends, hearth and home, bruised by countless deceptions and frequent failures, harassed by bereavements, debts and calumnies, betrayed or misread by his followers, often mocked, always marked down.

By the path to Golgotha, with undeviating confidence in himself, his principles and humanity, Mazzini reached the supreme hour of deliverance without blanching under the triple capital condemnation¹ that lent an added lustre to his name. "My life is nothing less than a graveyard," he writes somewhere. And yet from the graveyard life emerged, hope welled forth, and faith glowed like an ever-burning sanctuary lamp.

2. Mazzini made good use of his boyhood and early manhood. Temperamentally meditative, sensitive, and enthusiastic, he was still quite young when he chose Æschylus, Tacitus, Byron and Schiller for his favourite authors. The Bible, the *Divina Commedia*, the *Sepolcri* were his inseparable companions; to the first he owed his firm religious faith, and the grave, prophetic tone of his eloquence; to the second his immutable principles of justice, freedom and dignity; from the last he was encouraged to hope against hope. Literature drew him to her, and, an easily awakened curiosity driving him to court the sweetness of stolen waters, he freely smuggled in Italian, French and English books.

While yet a lad, he read Condorcet's *Esquisse* when mass was being said: Hugo, de Vigny, Shakespeare, Goethe possessed no secrets for Mazzini. A lawyer by profession, he sketched out a programme of life, whence codes were banished in favour of novels, dramas and "literary "critiques." Several essays,

¹ Condemned in 1821, 1833 and 1857.

among others: "Carlo Botta and the Romanticists," "Frederic Schlegel," "Dante's Patriotism," published in the *Indicatore Genovese*; "The Historical Drama," European Literature," published in the *Antologia* of Florence, are remarkable critical studies.

There is little doubt that Mazzini would have been a writer of the very first rank had he, true to his programme, followed a literary career. But the ever-present call of duty made a far stronger appeal than did literary glory.

He offered up his tastes on the altar of sacrifice, and deliberately plunged into the *mêlée*. This act of Mazzini's by which he, in the name of, and out of love for, a chimera—for such was, in 1831, the notion of Italy's independence—is, in my opinion, so meritorious that I wish to lay special stress upon it. The successive renunciations are only its logical sequel; it is the first that costs and counts. This is so true that often the work which he had been turning over in his mind—poem or play—haunted him, especially on the day following a baffled conspiracy. Then between the man and the conspirator must needs take place a tragic duel in which duty, despite everything, won the day.

On February 27th, 1852, after twenty-one years of exile, Adriano Lemmi, Mazzini's staunchest friend, wrote the following lines:

"Pippo [Mazzini] continues to work with ardour and constancy, but with a serenity which goes to prove how responsive he is to the call of duty. He is really the only straight man that I know, a providential thing for Italy. All, even if they can't love him, must be careful not to talk disparagingly of the esteem and respect which he deserves. Just think, my dear fellow, there is in Mazzini the making of a very great poet; in his brain there is simmering one of those epoch-making works which give a new direction to the

development of mankind. Such a work would place him by the side of Dante, and yet the poor martyr stifles his thoughts, makes sacrifice of the poet's fame to play the ungrateful part of the conspirator, seldom understood, more seldom obeyed, a frequent object of ridicule, constantly exposed to uncertainty, jealousy, and egotism. He feels that his country stands in greater need of material and immediate action than of a moral work for the future, and on that account, renouncing the joys and distractions of life, immures himself, out of love for his country, in an attic, nay at times in a cellar. He who might have soared into the heavens like the eagle to steal a fresh ray from the sun, has turned himself into a common mole that he may burrow through the foundations of the wall which encircles his country. Work, work, poor mole, whilst the idea which simmers in thy brain dashes itself against the walls of thy skull, and at times, like Sterne's starling, gives utterance to a stifled cry, 'I can find no outlet.' " ¹

3. If, in the prison of Savona, a glimpse of the sky was all that he could see through his prison bars, it was from the heavens that an inspiration came to him; he sounded, turned it upside down, sifted, dissected it, made it consubstantial with himself. When he exchanged prison for exile, the idea was at once transformed into action. This was the *Giovane Italia*, the revolutionary society for the younger men—for all over forty years of age were barred. Young Italy, warmed into life by the breath of a believing and militant patriotism, was embarking on a new crusade—to reawaken from her grave Italy, that fallen queen, and place her among the nations who believed her dead for ever. These crusaders were no brawlers, but

¹ *Lettere a Felice Foresti e Lettere di Felice Foresti*, by Marco Menghini Imola, 1909.

believers in a national religion for which family, fortune, life itself must be forfeited. The *Giovane Italia* had a second lever : social reform.

Up to that time the only folks whom revolution had benefited were monarchs and the clergy ; ashes were the only fruit which the people had gathered from them. From that time forward revolution—of the people's making and for their benefit—was to yield harvests of love and progress. In those days the people wore the badge of serfdom and misery, insufficiently fed on bread which they gained by the sweat of their brow, or were passing through the turmoil of a blind, brutal, besotted revolt.

But, in the future, this people, actuated by the sentiment of a progressive evolution, would obey the single law of brotherhood to exercise its rights in harmony with its duties.

Mazzini summed up his political creed in two articles : " I believe in the Unity of Italy ; I believe in the Republic " ; to them he remained faithful until his death. The immediate revolution for the construction of a United Italy was to be war with Austria, which refused to restore a single acre of her provinces, or to relax the atrocious tyranny of her government. Mazzini was confident that at the cry of war against Austria, thousands of men would spring to their feet, that the spark would kindle a mighty conflagration over the whole peninsula. That was where his one great mistake lay, one all the more fatal in that it fell foul of the lessons of experience. As ardent as a zealot of the early Church, he persisted in asking from an oppressed and dismembered people what his ideal people could alone have given him. He made the mistake—he who was so far-sighted in all other domains—of failing to understand that the education of a people is a slow and progressive work, not the lightning product of convulsive energy.

The central committee of the *Giovane Italia*, under the presidency of Mazzini, met at Marseilles. It comprised five members only. Without an office, or clerks, they worked all day and the greater part of the night. They wrote letters, drew up articles, questioned travellers and sailors, packed up parcels of pamphlets and leaflets. One played compositor, another corrected the proofs, all, at a pinch, took on the post of porter or *commissionnaire* in order to keep down the expenses. They pooled the modest funds which their families supplied them with, and with them defrayed the cost of food, lodging and the journal. The sheets of the *Giovane Italia*, in spite of the police, got through into Italy, and were read by students and workmen. On all sides committees were formed, and particularly in Lombardy and central Italy. The steamers which anchored in the ports carried the newspapers, while smugglers imported them from Switzerland into Lombardy. For a year the secret was kept; but, a traitor having learnt that Mazzini was using a box with a false bottom for his patriotic contraband, denounced him at Genoa to the customs, who seized the box and its contents: five copies of the first number of the *Giovane Italia*, a copy of the tenets of the secret society, the popular dialogues of Gustavo Modena and thirteen of Mazzini's letters. Disregarding the order to leave Marseilles, Mazzini lived there for another year. Demosthène Ollivier, Emile's father, lodged the conspirators in his house. The copying press was moved to some cellars, and the revolutionary literature continued to find its way into Italy in casks of pumice-stone and barrels of pitch.

4. The adherents or confederates were to be numbered by the thousand. Garibaldi, who made Mazzini's acquaintance at Marseilles, conceived an instantaneous affection for him, and, enrolling himself, used the formula of the oath which begins thus:

"In the sight of God, Father of freedom, before men, in my own sight and in that of my conscience, for the love of my unhappy country—for the centuries of slavery which branded her—for the sufferings borne by my brothers—for the tears shed by mothers for their sons in captivity—for the shudderings of my soul at the sight of my helplessness—for the blood of the martyrs—for the chains which bind me.

"I swear . . . etc., . . . etc."

Some weeks after King Charles-Albert's accession Mazzini addressed to him a letter. That letter, which marked Mazzini's entry into political life, embodied all his aspirations. It is impossible to get away from the fact that the exile cherished the inconceivable chimera that Charles-Albert would place himself at the head of the revolutionary army. The letter, which is in part a pompous lesson upon the duties of a king, concludes with a superb peroration: "Safety for you rests upon the point of your sword. To compound with death is equivalent to compounding with victory!"

Without awaiting an answer which, moreover, never came, Mazzini endeavoured to recruit conspirators in the Sardinian army; the garrisons of Alexandria and Genoa in particular joined the *Giovane Italia*. But the conspiracy came by chance to the knowledge of the Government, and met with relentless punishment: torture, the scaffold and exile befell the rebels. Jacopo Ruffini, confronted with the choice of torture or the rôle of informer, opened his veins with a rusty piece of iron. This suicide cast a lifelong cloud over Mazzini, who, to avenge the friend he so dearly loved, forthwith organised a fresh insurrection. The insurgents, for the most part Italians and Poles, were to invade Savoy from the Swiss frontier under the leadership of Ramolino, a soldier under Napoleon I. Ramolino's conduct of the expedition was singularly

lacking in efficiency and enthusiasm ; he hesitated, wasted time and money, so that, for all Mazzini's zeal and intrepidity, no sooner was the frontier crossed than the troops were disbanded. Every member of the expedition was executed in effigy, with the proviso that, were they to fall into the hands of the hangman, he was, before hanging them, to lead them, with a cord round their necks, through the streets on market day or during quarter sessions.

5. The years 1833-43 were for the exile years of drab and desolate misery. He wandered, at first, like a creature accursed, about Lausanne, Berne, Bienne, Grenchen, Langnau, Soleure, cooped up in deserted houses, whence he emerged by night only to seek some other shelter under cover of darkness. The police were ever on his track, and gave him no rest. Deprived of books and clothes, denying himself the necessities of life, assailed by torments of nostalgia, he passed his days reading and writing. The needy refugees had recourse to his impoverished purse, on which he could yet draw, at the cost of acquainting his mother with his destitute condition. The anguish of exile burnt into his soul.

“ It is a washed-out existence like the fog-laden air and the burnt-out hearth ; it is a form of suffering beggaring description, devoid of poetry save for those who view it from afar. This kind of suffering makes a man pale and emaciated, but does not kill him ; it bends, but does not break him ; and his eyes are tired of following the flight of the clouds which the wind drives towards the skies of his native land, beyond the eternal Alps, those frozen cherubim who bar the entry to the Eden of his desires.”

The end of such a life is despair or renunciation. After a crisis in which his anguished soul was a prey

to a state of despondency and doubt, which brought him to the borderland of suicidal madness, Mazzini was saved by his high moral nature and the devotion of two women. He created for his own use a philosophy of life of which duty formed the pivot, duty absolute and categorical. He stripped it even of love. So, having hermetically closed his soul to passion and personal weakness, and wrapping himself in solitude, he walked through life as an apostle, and, like St. Paul, put on the breastplate of righteousness to ward off ridicule, hatred and disdain. "Duty is duty, apart from its fruits. Victory or defeat, what matters it? Whatever results, it is still duty." Up to extreme old age the exile never for an instant failed to follow that line of conduct of which his every act supplied an unbroken commentary. If ever man had the right to trace a programme for life for his fellow-men, assuredly that man was Mazzini, the author of the *Doveri dell' uomo* (The duties of man), in which are to be found some reminiscences of Lamennais' *Sayings of a Believer*. Mazzini had the clearest conception of duty. Duty is work harmonised with faith. He believed implicitly in liberty, country and humanity, and for all three he stubbornly toiled. These levers of civilisation cannot come separately into play; their movement is simultaneous and strictly inter-dependent. Mazzini laboured to effect their triple operation. His thoughts had a wide horizon; the duty of constructing his country did not preclude the vision of helping humanity at large; the freedom he desired for his country he desired for every land on earth. As St. Paul withheld not the Gospel from any tribe, or any race, Mazzini pleaded freedom for all alike, Italians, Hungarians, Slavs, Poles and American niggers. Mazzini was the first apostle of solidarity.

In 1834 Mazzini, through want of funds, issued the last number of the *Giovane Italia*. But he still gar-

nered in disciples, thanks to an active correspondence. Meanwhile he laboured in the interest of Switzerland, which, owing to the fact that small oligarchies were directing the destinies of her cantons, was threatened with stagnation; a state of things which diminished the importance of the part she had to play in Europe. Mazzini's labours bore no immediate fruit, but the Swiss Constitution of 1848 is steeped in the principles whose dauntless champion he was.

Banished from Switzerland, he took refuge in England, and effaced himself in one of the most sordid districts of London, where he still led his life of poverty under sadder conditions than ever, inasmuch as in that island sun and music, an Italian's two great consolations, were lacking. He was reduced to pawning his mother's ring, his watch, his books, his maps. One evening, in order to buy food, he carried an old coat and a pair of shoes to one of those low shops frequented by unfortunates and the poorest of the poor. One after the other Giovanni and A. Ruffini left him, and that titanic town swallowed him up. He applied in vain for a place as corrector of proofs; he tried to trade in oil and failed. The other refugees found themselves in the same boat. From his attic he would trudge to the British Museum to do translation work or write literary articles. It was while dragging out this pitiable existence that he identified himself with the lives of knife-grinders, barrel-organ players and the poor hawkers of plaster figures, who, slaving for inhuman speculators, were dying of cold and hunger in the London slums. He opened night-schools for them, and there taught them spelling, geography and drawing; on Sunday Mazzini spoke to them on matters relating to Italian history, and astronomy, for to this last branch of knowledge he ascribed a moral influence. He also founded a club for Italian working-men in London, in conjunction with which he ran a paper, the

Apostolato popolare, which appeared right up to 1843. Its aim was to rally to the revolution the working classes, to free them from their crass ignorance, and spur them to action through the knowledge of their glorious past. At that time he made a few acquaintances: the Howitts, John Stuart Mill and the Carlyles. While they regarded him as a Utopian, if not a dreamer, the Carlyles fell under the charm of this apostle who was confident of creating Italy, and, Italy once freed, of regenerating the world. Great writers—Carlyle, Stuart Mill, Swinburne, Browning—and philanthropists—Holyoake, J. Stansfeld, Thomas Cooper, Joseph Cowen and P. Taylor—attracted by the strict cohesion of his thought, no less than by the transparent quality of his flawless life, acknowledged the influence wielded by Mazzini. Slowly he succeeded in making his way. His literary essays were accepted by the *Westminster Review*, and the *Monthly Chronicle*; his criticism of Chartism by *Tait's Edinburgh Journal*. In the *People's Journal* he wrote a treatise, *Thoughts upon the Democracy in Europe*, which he amplified later in the pamphlet, *The Systems and Democracy*, a very able review of the utilitarian school and the first Socialist theory.

7. It was Carlyle who, in 1844, first introduced Mazzini to the British public. In a remote valley of Calabria, a group of young patriots, Emilio and Attilio Bandiera among them, had just been shot. London awoke one day to be startled by the news that the post office officials of that city had, for the space of seven months, been in the habit of opening, copying and forwarding to the chancelleries of Naples and Vienna the letters which passed between Mazzini and the brothers Bandiera. The public protested, the press and Parliament appealed. It was then that Carlyle wrote to the editor of the *Times* the letter which contains the following invaluable testimony.

"To the Editor of the 'Times'

" SIR,

" In your observations in yesterday's *Times* on the late disgraceful affair of Mr. Mazzini's letters and the Secretary of State, you mention that Mr. Mazzini is entirely unknown to you, entirely indifferent to you ; and add, very justly, that if he were the most contemptible of mankind, it would not affect your argument on the subject.

" It may tend to throw further light on this matter if I now certify you, which I in some sort feel called upon to do, that Mr. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country ; and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible—none farther, or very few of living men. I have had the honour to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years ; and, whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable unfortunately but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr-souls ; who, in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practise what is meant by that.

" I am, sir,

" Your obedient servant,

" THOMAS CARLYLE."

For ever on the look out for the smallest movements which, in the volcanic soil of the Papal States, produced a kind of shock, Mazzini gave himself no rest. In a letter to Sir James Graham he drew a picture of a dismembered Italy, and insisted on the right of Italians to be a united, independent and free nation. To that principle he laid claim in a political and

judicial sense ; and, inasmuch as he had the soul of a mystic, the right possessed by all to a country of their own was also an article of his moral and religious belief. "Country is a religion," he was fond of repeating. Little by little he gained the ear of those statesmen who realised the anachronism of the Austrian and Papal tyranny in Italy.

8. Coming like a bolt from the blue, the great revolution of 1848 filled the exile's heart with joy. The movement opened in the manner he loved : the people of Lombardy flew to arms and built up their barricades ; Milan, Venice, Bergamo, Brescia, Como, in the space of one short week defeated the Austrians ; the Pope and Francis II of Naples, constrained to see the plain of the Po wrested from their troops ; princes, prelates, students and workmen swept off their feet by that fast-flowing eddy,—there was Mazzini's vision crystallised into living reality. He hastened to the spot. He was recognised by the custom house officials, and carried shoulder high by the crowd.

But at the close of July the crash came. After the surrender of Milan, Italy was gagged and bound more securely than ever. Mazzini had a rifle ; he escaped and joined Garibaldi, who all by himself was carrying on the campaign of Bergamo with 3,000 volunteers. As a simple private Mazzini fought in that useless struggle with a daring that astounded his comrades. In November Pope Pius IX fled to Gaeta. It was an apology for an abdication. From Florence, Mazzini without a moment's delay adjured his followers to proclaim the Republic in Rome.

In his mind a republican Rome was the dominant idea which his prolonged meditations on Dante had inseparably associated with his apostolic mission.

On February 9th, 1849, the Republic was proclaimed at Rome ; on the fourth day of its life the Assembly unanimously elected Mazzini a Roman citizen, and

invited him to resort thither. On March 5th, through the Porta del Popolo, with all the mystic emotion of a pilgrim, Mazzini made his solemn entry. Appointed Triumvir, he became, under the pressure of subsequent tragic happenings, little less than a Dictator.

Mazzini's principles of government during the ephemeral existence of republican Rome were principles of uprightness, respect and justice. The press was free, conspirators tolerated, the clergy protected in the exercise of their ministry. He improved the material condition of the poorer priests, persuaded the people who had removed the confessionals the better to buttress up the barricades to restore them to the churches, and organised popular and free secular instruction. A people reduced to the condition of a mendicant and menacing mob he converted into a legion of stoics prepared to suffer and to die. His civil list was given to the needy. The daily cost of his meals, which he took in a modest cookshop, amounted to two lire only.

9. When the iron circle was drawn ever closer round the Republic, Mazzini, with Garibaldi's assistance, made provision, like Manin at Venice, for the defence of Rome against the Austrians. Alas ! it was not the Austrians who were advancing ; it was Oudinot, despatched by the French Republic to massacre his brother republicans. Whilst Ferdinand de Lesseps, in collaboration with the Assembly and the Triumvirs, was arranging an honourable compact, Oudinot seized the bridge of St. Paul outside the walls and occupied the Pamphili and Corsini villas.

The defence of Rome resembled an episode in Virgil. Under an uninterrupted bombardment, while the younger men hurled themselves, with a song in their mouths, into the furnace at the Janiculum, Mazzini, whose food consisted of bread and grapes, went up and down the streets and the banks of the Tiber encourag-

ing the people to defend the town stone by stone. Six thousand women from the lower classes volunteered to work in the hospitals. The poor *trasteverine*, driven from their homes by the showers of incendiary bombs, were received into palaces deserted by the nobility, on pledging their word not to pillage or do any damage. They kept their word. The city, which was not supposed to hold out for two days, held out for two months. Garibaldi, at last, assured the Assembly that resistance was useless; but at this Mazzini rapped out: "Republics don't yield, nor do they capitulate; they perish protesting."

Garibaldi had left the town with his men; Mazzini, aged and bent, remained alone. He prowled up and down among the smoking ruins, exposing himself to the assassin's dagger in order to give the lie to the Catholic press, who represented him as a despot both hateful and hated. The French did not dare arrest him. "If you love me, let me die with Rome," he replied to his friends who urged him to leave the city. Then his faith once more triumphed, he remembered that the greatness of his forbears consisted less in the victories they had won than in the hope they had cherished, even in defeat; behind the clouds, as the sun was setting, he saw a shaft of light. Once again, he set his foot upon the path of exile, reached Civitavecchia alone, embarked there for Marseilles, and thence went to Geneva, where he addressed to the French Government a letter with these touching words:

"You are ministers of France, gentlemen; I am but an exile. You have gold, armies and crowds that comply with your lightest wish. I have but two things to solace myself with: a few ties of affection and that Alpine breeze which blows from my native land, and which you, pitiless as those who stand in fear, are, perhaps, about to deprive me of. Never-

theless, I would not change my lot with yours. I carry with me, in exile, the peaceful serenity of a pure conscience. I can raise my eyes, without fear of any one saying to me, 'You have deliberately lied.' May God spare you the sorrow of dying in exile, for you would not have so clear a conscience as I to console yourselves with."

He was not unmindful of Victor Hugo's generous advocacy of Rome, nor that of Louis Blanc. For Louis Napoleon he had some words of icy disdain, and showed a prophetic insight in his conclusion :

"But France shall once more shake herself from her slumbers. On that day, sir, abandoned, mocked and cursed by those who to-day grovel at your feet in flattery and falsehood, you will go, scape-goat of Rome, to die in exile."

Georges Sand, who loved Mazzini as a brother, wrote to him at Rome :

"Weep not for the dead ; do not pity those who are yet to die. They are paying their debts. They are of more worth than their butchers. Ah, yes, it is not over the martyrs that we must shed our tears, but rather over their executioners."

* * *

10. And exile once more swallowed him up.

The English families—his neighbours—especially the Nathans, the Mallesons, the Shaens, the Stansfelds, the Milner-Gibsons, the Taylors, remarked that the Roman catastrophe had ripened and definitely tempered him. The metal had left behind in the searching crucible all that had remained to him of dross, while at the same time the human tenderness that was in him had unfolded itself. He lavished it upon dogs, upon cats, and especially upon birds which had made

themselves an aviary of his attic. He was found at his desk one day with a canary on his head, and two linnets on his shoulder. He adored children, who returned his affection "because he was kind and never forgot to ask after their dolls."

He resumed the struggle during a fresh period of ten years—1849 to 1859. He refuted the French Socialism whose lever was good living; he converted his pen into a naked rapier against all peace-promoting societies. "P—sh! this talk about peace when the map of Europe has to be drawn afresh. These peace-mongers are destitute of principles."

The principle of nationality became the corner-stone of his political structure. "Nationality is as unconquerable as the conscience; you may drug it for a while, but stifle it, never! He grafted the new international right on *the principle of nationality*, a deathless principle, and religious withal, with such a cloud of martyrs to sanctify it.

The reader is already aware that Mazzini was not the first to proclaim it. From Dante downwards, the great philosophers and the illustrious writers have asserted Italy's right to unity and national liberty. Victor Hugo, Edgar Quinet, Michelet have devoted their talents and their sympathies to the defence of oppressed peoples. Mazzini was none the less the apostle of this principle, as immortal as the justice of God, by which peoples with a common origin, tradition, territory and language possess the right to form a nation.

Mazzini adds—it would appear a trifle, but is of paramount importance—that those elements mean very little, if they are not informed by a psychological element—the *conscience*.

"One's country is not merely a territory; the territory is only the base. Country is the outstanding

idea in it ; that which binds all the children of that territory together is the thought of love, the feeling of communion. Country means before all else the country's conscience. The soil that supports you, and the limits which nature places between your country and that of others, the sweet language there spoken, are only the visible forms of Country. If the soul of Country does not pulsate in that inner shrine of the individual life which we call conscience, that form resembles the lifeless clay, robbed of the breath of life ; you are a tomb, not a nation ; people, but not a '*people*.' "

The insolent triumph of the brute force of the Austrians, the Pope and of the King of Naples who ground in their iron grip the men of his luckless country made his heart bleed. After the tortures and the gibbets of Mantua, he wrote to an English friend :

" This state of things cannot last. Better to fall in one last glorious fight, the standard waving in the breeze, than to see the flower of our race fall under the headsman's axe."

He would not think of ranging himself under Manin's banner, even when Pallavicino had gained over Garibaldi to the " Italian National Society." He always looked upon Cavour's slow and patient labours as a doubtful piece of goods ; the alliance with Napoleon as a stain ; the cession of Nice and Savoy as a crime against the freedom of nations. Perhaps had he been in Piedmont—the Mecca of patriots—in direct relations with all the artificers of the great cause which he himself would have been the first to espouse, he might have worked with them heart and soul. Then, the knowledge of diplomacy's complicated machinery, the clear insight into the tact to be used, the misunderstandings to be avoided, the concessions

to make, would have pared down his idealist's intolerance, without doing violence to his apostle's faith. But exile is wont to distort one's point of view, all the more that Mazzini was not always well informed. The news of Italy reached him, the worse for wear, from his partisans, affected for the most part with that blindness peculiar to fanatics.

Mazzini's intolerance inspired a reproach steeped in psychological finesse from Georges Sand :

" . . . Your reproaches [to the Socialist Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, etc.] spring from an ardent prejudice with which we often find the souls of saints are stamped. Saints have often a strong alloy—history is full of such cases—of fatal violence, of pitiless intolerance fused with the zeal which devours them. One of them, I can't remember which, has called pride the sacred complaint, on account of its special hold upon strong minds and superior intelligences. These latter are proud ; that is to say, they have a blind belief in their infallibility."

He was at that time inclined to misjudge the work of other great patriots. He stood alone, inasmuch as he was neither with Cavour, nor with Manin, nor with the federalists ; alone to direct the conspiracies from far-away London, with the certainty that the people would fall in behind the revolutionary leaders, no matter who, at any time or place. " I dream of, I burn for action, and I feel the imperative need of raising my voice in protest."

II. In 1854, in the month of August, he arrived unexpectedly in the Engadine, to prepare the revolt of the Valteline and of Como. But the Swiss police got wind of the affair, and Mazzini with difficulty escaped to Coire.

In 1857 he let himself be drawn into a mad adven-

ture—madder even than that of the Bandiera in 1844, which he had had the good sense to blame—the adventure which is known by the name of its leader, the Duke CARLO PISACANE, Mazzini's friend and companion in exile. Hardly had Pisacane and his followers landed in the island of Sapri when the peasantry, led by the police to believe that these foolhardy folk were Anarchists, put them to death with forks, bludgeons and hatchets.

After this latest check Mazzini's name was bandied about at random as the secret instigator of every outrage. It is now an ascertained fact that he had no hand in Orsini's attempt upon the life of Napoleon III. Nevertheless, he was accused later of having put a weapon in the hands of Tibaldi and Greco against the Emperor, and even of having wished to assassinate the Pope, Cavour and Victor Emanuel II.

"Europe is in need of a bugbear; my name is as good as another's," he declared philosophically, as he refused to confute the pamphlets of the gazetteers; but the latest calumny stabbed him to the quick, and he addressed a letter to Cavour in which he declared:

"Victor Emanuel's life is protected, first of all, by the 'Statuto,' and next by the very futility of the crime. The freedom of Piedmont is a sufficient guarantee for the king's life. Where speech clears a path for the truth, where a citizen may perform his duties in peace, regicide is both criminal and insane. What end, and whose interests, would the death of Victor Emanuel serve? He reigns, but he does not govern. We should feel the same loathing for a man who killed the king as we should for an assassin."

12. The glorious years of 1859 and 1860, which brought about the independence of the peninsula, Rome and the three Venices excepted, brought the exile

back to Italy, where we find him at Florence and Naples successively. He was transported with delight. His enthusiasm knew no bounds. He was filled with unspeakable joy. Then he returned again to earth; torpor, discouragement and despair took possession of him, for Venice was abandoned to the Austrian vulture, and Rome was still enslaved. "The freedom of Rome and the freedom of the world are one and the same. Free Rome proclaims the inviolability of the human conscience." At Naples he insisted that, prior to its annexation to Piedmont a new constitution be framed by a constituent assembly. The pro-dictator, Giorgio Pallavicino, politely requested Mazzini to leave the town, where his presence could only be harmful; the reader has seen with what nobility Mazzini declined the invitation. Garibaldi wrote to him as follows from Caserta, October 18th, 1860:

"DEAR MAZZINI,

"Since we must yield, we had better do so with a good grace. As far as you are concerned, I can safely flatter myself that no sort of intimidation will have power to move you, as long as I am at the helm.

"Yours ever,

"G. GARIBALDI."

"Leave Mazzini in peace," said Victor Emanuel. If we make Italy, he will be powerless. If we fail, let him act. I shall be plain Mr. Savoy, and will be the first to applaud him."

At the end of November Mazzini left Naples and returned to London, where he resumed his molish existence. Bent double with rheumatism, he wrote from morn till eve, without caring to confess that his health was growing worse. "It is absurd to fall ill when nations are fighting for freedom."

He continued to play the part of herald of the enfranchisement of nations and the alliance of peoples. Venice, Istria and the Italian Tyrol once freed, the *débâcle* of the Austrian Empire would most surely follow, together with the reconstruction of central and eastern Europe, a work in which Italy should take the initiative.

“ Providence [said he] has decreed that Italy, if she is to exist at all, must take the initiative. The life of Europe is the sole source of our life ; in its emancipation alone can ours be found.”

Devoured by the demon of unrest, he would have liked to declare war on Austria that very moment, seeing that war was tantamount to the proclamation of a principle.

“ In my opinion, every time that war is not sanctified by a principle, it is of all crimes the most terrible. The soldier who is not the armed apostle of progress is a miserable mercenary, who kills another for gain. A victory of that kind may win laurels that wither with the day, but never the aureole of a lasting victory. The aim and object of a war should be to proclaim a truth or to bury a falsehood ; for it is not war in itself gives glory to arms, but the sanctity of the aim which war has in view. Raise war to the higher plane of faith ; let every bayonet bear on its point the ideal which nerves the arm to drive it home.”

Defining war in those terms, Mazzini was dead against nations skulking behind the foolish and immoral formula : “ Each in himself, each for himself.”

“ Peoples are brothers, and a brother means a member of the human race. Just as it is the duty of

every individual to run to the rescue of a person robbed upon the road, so it is incumbent upon a people, in the name of God, and the human family, to hasten to the aid of another people at war against those who would curtail its life, liberty and honour.

“ Nations which look on with folded arms when wars, the offspring of dynastic or national egotism, are being waged, will call in vain for succour when they themselves are in the grip of others.”

War broke out in 1866; the army, the fleet and Garibaldi were to move simultaneously. The latter, with an audacity hardly human, occupied all the Tyrol (Trentino); but the army was defeated at Custoza, the fleet at Lissa. The Government recalled Garibaldi, gave up the two Venices (Venezia Giulia, and Venezia Carnica) and got Napoleon III, to whom Austria had ceded it, to give back Venice. The shame of this defeat lay like a shroud over the young nation, which all at once began to feel a sympathy for Mazzini. Forty thousand persons clamoured for an amnesty for him. When the news of the amnesty reached Mazzini at Lugano, he was completing an article on the subject of peace. In this he pointed out the path of honour, the imperative obligation of claiming the Alps, Trieste, the sea-coast of Istria and the Trentino. He added this phrase :

“ I have just learnt that they have granted me an amnesty. No one expects me to soil my last days and my past by accepting the condonation of and pardon for my fault, which consists in my worship of my country and my determination to bring about its unification when every one despaired of it.”

13. And he continued to divide his time between Lugano, where the friendship of the Nathan family

was a great comfort to him, and London. His form emaciated, his hair grown white, Mazzini was feeling the natural effects of illness and wear and tear, but his indomitable spirit was possessed of an astounding vigour. Untiring in his propaganda for freedom and justice, he proclaimed truths whose immense importance we to-day are only just beginning to measure.

From among his letters, articles and pamphlets, I glean this declaration :

“ True patriotism never fears the truth ; sycophancy is of no profit to one's country ; to stuff our mouths with words of bombast and pride does not make us any the less abject. National honour is acquired by the avowal and effacement of our errors, never by the glorification of our good qualities. I abhor an overweening and hegemonical nation that builds its strength and its greatness on others' weakness and misery. The word ‘ slavery ’ must disappear from the vocabulary of all who are capable of expressing one word of love.

“ The equilibrium which makes for peace, commonly known as the balance of power, is a mere sham if it is not at the same time the equilibrium and balance of justice.

“ To ally oneself with despotism is to probe the depths of dishonour. Nations belong to themselves alone, and cannot be bartered or exchanged like some nondescript article. Genuine alliances are those made between free nations. Equality between nations supplies the best guarantee of any alliance made between them. The best alliances are those arranged with the nation strong and geographically near enough to further the course of progress, but neither strong enough nor near enough to be able to impose its will, or to exceed, out of love of self-aggrandisement, the limits laid down by the negotiations.

"The destinies of the Ottoman and Austrian Empires are identical. Those two anomalies must stand or fall together. Like the infant Hercules, young Italy must, with stupendous effort, strangle the twin serpents which bite into the heart of Europe: lust of conquest represented by Austria; fatalism by Turkey.

"The several countries are humanity's workshops, each nation a piece of work instinct with life. Its life does not belong to it alone, but constitutes a force, a function of the universal scheme of Providence.

"If Italy would become great, prosperous and powerful, she must assimilate the principle of a moral mission to be duly shared by every people. She must hoist on all her frontiers a flag with the device, 'Liberty, nationality!' and on it must base every act in her international life. Humanity is nothing more nor less than a vast army going forth to conquer unknown lands, against strong and wary foes. The different nations make up its army corps. Each has its allotted position, each its special operation to perform, and the common victory depends upon the precision with which the different operations are performed.

"The power of ideas is incalculable. But thought has no country. Above country, above humanity, there is a country of thought, a city of the spirit where those rare spirits meet as brothers. The true, and the science which seeks it, the beautiful, and the art which creates it, cannot be the monopoly of any one nation. The true and the beautiful represent an heritage handed down for thousands of years from century to century to every people, for all have contributed to it, all have striven to shape it, and all to swell its bulk upon the road illumined by the sinister fires of the stake."

After prolonged meditation, which an extensive culture, a rare gift of observation, a knowledge of men

and experience of things, rendered eminently fruitful, Mazzini predicted that Europe must inevitably resolve itself into a free federation of States, must set up a permanent international congress and a court of international arbitration, and must decree general and simultaneous disarmament, the publication of all papers relating to foreign affairs, the emancipation of woman, the education of the people.

His pen, which became ever more and more the vigorous expression of his thought, was as flexible and scintillating as steel.

In the meanwhile he laboured for the liberation of Rome; "Rome belongs to the Italians, and they must have it," he would proclaim on all sides. But he hoped that a republican movement would give them it. But it was at that very juncture that news reached him of the capture of Rome by the Italian troops, whom the disaster at Sedan had rendered free and intrepid. The unhappy patriot realised that the supreme ideal of his life—a republican Rome—was shattered, and from that moment his existence was one of unredeemed sadness.

No sooner amnestied (1870) he repaired secretly—the national delirium evoked by the occupation of Rome was to him a saddening sight—to Genoa, on a visit to his mother's grave. His health grew rapidly worse. His numerous friends vainly attempted to induce him to lead a more tranquil existence.

"Of what moment is it," he wrote to Jessie Mario, to whom we are indebted for a most interesting and complete biography of him,¹ "of what moment are the number of months or years that are yet left me on earth? Shall I love you any the less because I go to

¹ Jessie White Mario, *Della vita di Giuseppe Mazzini* (Milano: 1866). See also Bolton King's *Giuseppe Mazzini*.

work elsewhere? The thought often strikes me that, when the time comes for me to leave you, you will all work with renewed faith and ardour, to prove that my life was not in vain."

From Lugano, December 27th, 1871, he informed Mme. Angoult in a jocular vein: "... With my lungs and heart, and I don't know what else obstructed, I cannot write to you. I think I shall get over all this once more. . . ."

Alas! he did not get over the seizure which he had at the house of his friends, the Rossellis', at Pisa, on his way to Genoa, where he would have liked to die. He passed away on March 10th, 1872.

He laboured to the very last: at his letters to the working folk whom he loved with all the strength of his fervent soul, at his correspondence with his French friends to cheer them on against Internationalism; he was wrestling with the pangs of death as he dictated a confutation of Renan's book, *Intellectual and Moral Reform*, and this last article is literally steeped in solid moral philosophy and joyous hope.

Then the pen, which had ministered to the wants of body and soul alike, fell from his frozen fingers. Of the friends who had hastened to his bedside he asked but one favour: to lie by his mother's side in the cemetery at Staglieno. In 1849, in the most troublous hours of his existence, Mazzini had remarked:

"Look deep into my life; I challenge you to find in it a single action to contradict the faith which I profess."

At the moment of entering into eternity, Mazzini might well have repeated, word for word, the self-same

invitation. Could any man, in the course and on the crest of his career, wish for a better witness?

The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure.

. . . 'Tis the doom

Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him, who now is but a name,
And, wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame.

BYRON, *The Prophecy of Dante*, Canto the First.

PART IV

THE MARTYRS

Naples! thou heart of men which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea: they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
To Love, the flower enchained!
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth and Justice can avail.
Hail, hail, all hail!

SHELLEY, *Ode to Naples*, 1820.



CHAPTER XII

THE MARTYRS OF THE SOUTH

1. OF all the divisions of the peninsula, it was Naples that gave the first, the most numerous, the most ardent of confessors to the cause of freedom.

For fourscore years and ten that people, on whom nature smiles from the cradle, kept alight, by dint of suffering, endurance and death, the divine spark of liberty. The contribution which Naples made to freedom's cause, beginning with the year 1793, when the nobles were beheaded in the Market Square, and the bodies of her greatest men swung in serried rows upon the shameful gallows, came to an end only with the unification of Italy.

2. In 1805 King Ferdinand of Bourbon fled to Sicily, where he remained for ten years, the ten years when Joseph Bonaparte and Joachim Murat were on the throne. He returned (May 11th, 1815) escorted by the Austrians and by the priests, whose power and insolence the treaty of Vienna had helped to increase. For all he had himself styled the Father and Liberator, for all his trumpeting of a constitution for the sovereign people, the merciless and tyrannical laws of the old order of things were no less rigorously restored. This course of conduct only served to embitter the people and gave a welcome impetus to the *Carbonari*, a secret society, with headquarters in Paris, and adherents among every class in the peninsula. Churchmen, lawyers, men of letters, soldiers, men of the lower classes, philanthropists, men of character, debauchees, joined up with the object of ridding themselves of a dual burden, the foreigner and internal tyranny. So

much ground did this party gain after 1815, that in 1820 it numbered 400,000 members, half of which were recruited in the Kingdom of Naples alone. The Revolution in Spain lifted the *Carbonari* into the limelight. Two non-commissioned officers, Morelli and Giuseppe Salvati, stationed at Nola, tramped the country at the head of their men; and the priest Luigi Menichini was the first to hoist the tricolour flag, to the lilt of "Liberty." The procession was swelled as it advanced by the garrison of Avellino, the local *Carbonari* and the crowd.

No acts of profligacy, no revolts, no bloodshed took place, but hurrahs and hymns of joy resounded on the plains of the Terra di Lavoro. The desire for a constitution was so unanimous that King Ferdinand had no alternative but to surrender and promise to grant the Constitution of Spain to his subjects. On October 1st, 1820, the Parliament met for the first time in the Church of the Holy Spirit, where the King swore on the Gospels to maintain the Constitution conceded to his people, and, in default, called upon God to mete out to him the perjurer's punishment.

Russia, Prussia and Austria at once withheld their consent to the Bourbon king's change of policy, and invited him to attend the Congress of Lubiana.

The Neapolitan Parliament, on the strength of his word of honour, sanctioned his departure. After a lapse of three months, the king, with 50,000 Austrians at his back, re-entered his capital, there to revoke the charter of liberty which he had sworn to defend.

His betrayed subjects, backed by the regular troops, flew to arms. The defeat at Rieti left the Austrians masters of the day, and the Terror once more resumed its sway, with its sinister procession of corrupt officials, police spies and hangmen.

To give but one case out of thousands: NICOLA ANTONIO ANGELOTTI, an officer in the army, after the

defeat at Rieti, sought escape from torture in flight, Hunted down by the police, dragged from one prison to another, he was finally secured in that of Sta. Maria Apparente in Naples. CANOSA, the newly appointed instrument of the high-handed agents of the tyranny, in order to terrorise the people, made Angelotti a laughing-stock. He ordered the executioner to flog him publicly through the crowded quarters of the town. Stripped to the waist, with bare feet, hands bound together, and strapped to an ass, Angelotti had to traverse the streets of the town between a double row of police agents. To attract the people's attention, the hangman's assistant blew on a horn, while with each blast down came down the nail-studded cat with a thud on the sufferer's shoulders.

Angelotti swooned away, but the scourging never slackened until the gate of St. Francis's hospital was reached, where the porter welcomed him in these very words: "So, you infamous *Carbonaro*, you are not yet dead? I'll finish you off, I will." But, try as he would, the monster did not finish him off.

Without the shadow of a trial, Angelotti was condemned to "rot" in the dungeons of Maretimo.

This is an island, of the Egati group, in the Sicilian sea, thirty leagues from Trapani. It was surmounted by a fort, on the platform of which had been dug, out of the live rock, a cistern, which in after-days, drained of the water it held, was reserved for state prisoners. The well, measuring twenty feet by six, was so low that the prisoners could not stand upright in it. The rain dripped into it. The air, moreover, was miasmatic, and vermin abounded. Twenty-two species of repulsive insects were counted in it.

3. Whilst copses were being cleared for the erection of gallows, whilst the dungeons were being filled with victims, and whilst the heads of the liberals—whose only crime had been to trust to the king's word—were

being hung in cages on the gates of the town, the two officers Morelli and Salvati set sail for Greece. A storm surprising them, they brought up at Ragusa, where, betrayed by their strong Neapolitan accent, their visible distress, and having no passport to show, they were taken, under strong escort, to Naples. Salvati arrived there, but Morelli managed to make his escape, and, crossing the Abruzzi forests, came down into the "Puglie," and was about to pass into Calabria to his own folk, when robbers despoiled him of some of his clothes and of his boots. This necessitated his going into a small village to provide himself with shoes, for which he paid six ducats. This opulence, assorting so badly with his miserable appearance, aroused the suspicion of the cobbler, who hastened to denounce him. Recognised, retaken, and chained, he was sent to join his friend, Salvati. The mock trial which was given them was a further crime to the charge of the venal magistracy. Some of the accused were dragged to the court from their death-beds, and so obvious was the scandal that judge Di Simone, turning to his colleagues, asked: "Are we judges or hangmen here?" Of the judges, four were for the death of the officers, three for their acquittal. They were executed on the morrow, September 10th, 1822.

They died with courage. Morelli endeavoured to address a few vigorous words to the terrified populace who thronged the gallows, but his voice was drowned in the roll of the Austrian drums.

The king banished the humane judges and advanced the others. The historian Colletta, in his *Storia del Reame di Napoli*, states that the victims of King Ferdinand IV and Queen Caroline in the two reactions of 1799 and 1820-22, respectively, surpassed 100,000, to say nothing of the thousands of citizens, generals, deputies and writers who passed the rest of their days in exile.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MARTYRS OF THE NORTH

I. THERE was a repercussion of the French revolution of July 1830, in Belgium, Germany, Poland and throughout Italy. It aroused great expectations, especially where tyranny raged most pitilessly. A thrill of joy pervaded the subjects of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, and of the microscopic duchy of Modena and Liguria, recently annexed to Sardinia.

But, as it was doomed to failure from the first, the joy was short-lived, the collapse complete, the victims innumerable. Ferdinand IV, Francis of Modena, Charles-Albert, struck at everybody that the police were pleased to sacrifice.

*
* *

The clock struck eight. CIRO MENOTTI, in his house at Modena, was busy with a bevy of youths making cartridges and flags. Too venturesome souls! So calm and collected were they that no sentinel was posted at the door. Suddenly there sounded a knock at the door. *Ciro* asked who was there: "Open in the name of the law." A pair of pistols answered for him. In the twinkling of an eye the door, riddled with bullets, fell in, but the assailants took to their heels. The street was wrapped once more in silence, and in the house work was again resumed, pending the arrival of the conspirators who, from the town and its suburbs, were to meet there at midnight.

Close upon that hour, in fact, a dull sound struck

upon the ear, then it drew nearer ; it came closer and could be heard more definitely : the clash of weapons, the tramp of feet, were quite distinct. " It's they ! " But no, the town-gates were closed ; what was stirring near Ciro's house was a body of 800 ducal soldiers, two cannons, and two cases of cartridges. The duke, too, was there, pistols and poniards stuffed in his belt like any brigand.

Summoned to surrender, Ciro and his comrades delivered a swinging volley which sounded above the cries and shrieks of the inmates of the house and those adjacent, from the attics of which the soldiers rained down a shower of lead. These cries of distress went straight to Ciro's heart. He determined to go before the duke, whose life he had twice saved, and to beg him to spare his comrades.

Masking his movements from the rest, he slipped into a room the windows of which looked on to a lane, threw a mattress into it to break his fall, and dropped upon it. Two sentinels fired so quickly that Ciro was wounded before he could reach the ground. He told them his name, and asked them to take him to the duke. This latter declining the colloquy, ordered them to clap Ciro Menotti in the citadel and keep him securely there. Then he scribbled these words, as they stand, to the governor of Reggio : " This night a terrible revolution has broken out. The conspirators are in my hands. Send me the executioner, Francis." And the hangman arrived at full speed, but the duke, seized with fear, and dreading a real revolution, before forty-eight hours were over, fled to Mantua and there sought the protection of the Austrian Eagle. He consigned Ciro Menotti, who had been foolish enough to trust in his protestations of friendship and fair dealing, to the gallows. Ciro Menotti was a true Stoic. Two hours before his death he wrote to his wife a letter which is as beautiful as that of Settembrini's.

With a firm step he left his prison for the gallows. His last words were : " The disillusion which is responsible for my death will discredit all foreign influence in the sight of Italians, and will teach them to trust in the strength of their arm alone."

* * *

2. The reader has seen how Mazzini had recruited numbers of disciples into the *Giovane Italia*. The numerous branches in Piedmont considered Genoa as their centre, and Jacopo Ruffini as the great fosterer of their faith in freedom. The reader will also recall Mazzini's letter to Charles-Albert, on his accession in 1831. But the generous instincts of the young king did not suit the book of the Austro-Jesuits who held the upper hand in the kingdom of Sardinia ; they took care, accordingly, to keep the king on the leash, and to punish without mercy. One of the king's advisers had declared : " We must suckle him on blood, or he will escape us." And blood flowed freely at Chambéry, at Alessandria and at Genoa. The press represented these liberals as scoundrels and vagabonds, atheists, steeped in vice, armed with stiletto and poison, as vile assassins, Catilines thirsting to destroy the world, and credited them with infamous crimes, such as the burning of Chambéry and Turin.

JACOPO RUFFINI had an ardent heart and a brilliant intellect. He was his mother's idol, and the perfect model of all youthful conspirators. Though he had heard of the captures effected at Alessandria and Turin, he had not budged from Genoa ; he had not even changed his residence, convinced that every one of his comrades would have proved, in case of need, as inflexible as he was. " As long as Garibaldi and Mazzini are safe," he said, " that is the main thing ; they will be the leaven. I, if necessary, will by dying teach men how to live." They arrested him in his house,

and shut him in the dungeon of the duke's tower, where temptation, horrible temptation by means of blandishments, falsehoods and torture were brought to bear upon him. He steadfastly denied everything. One day, the inquisitor, at the close of a fruitless interrogatory, exclaimed: "I am sorry, really, for you and your mother. You persist in your refusals; look at the kind of men you are going to meet martyrdom for!" So saying, he showed him a serious charge brought against him by one of his most intimate friends.

Jacopo asked to be allowed to reserve his answer for the morrow, and to return to his cell. He wanted to hide his grief in the dark. Was it to spare his beloved mother long-drawn anguish? Was it from dread of weakening under the pangs of torture, or from fear of giving to his tormentors the joy of wringing a complaint or a regret from him? Was it the horror of the betrayal that clouded his mind? All these things together, perhaps, drove him to grope his way to the padlocked door of his dungeon, there to find a piece of rusty iron which he thrust into his throat, and, with his hand dipped in blood, to trace on the wall these words: "Here is my answer: I bequeath my vengeance to my brothers." As the bell sounded for matins on June 19th, 1832, Jacopo closed his eyes in the black solitude of a dungeon, while his mother was preparing a basket of fruit for him. When apprised of her son's suicide, she asked, but all in vain, to be allowed to look upon his beloved remains. Jacopo's body had already been cast into the sea.

3. Mazzini never ceased to mourn for that favourite brother. His memory brought him both strength and comfort. In the dedication of his book, *Ricordi dei fratelli Bandiera* (Souvenirs of the brothers Bandiera) Mazzini addresses him in language in which the mystic accent is of unmatched purity:

"... From the bosom of God, where thou dwellest

in a life of love stronger than earth can give, thou art praying, art thou not, in the name of those who have just laid down their lives for their faith in Italy, that the future which God has in store for her may be accomplished? If, however, the uncertain light which I take to be the light of dawn is only that of a shooting star, if long years of gloom and evil are still to press upon Italy before the paths of the Lord open before her, pray, Jacopo, that thy poor friend may think and act, may live and die, immaculate. Pray that he may never betray, however long-lived his sufferings, or bitter his disillusion, his faith in an everlasting God, or in humanity, the interpreter of His law. Pray that, when we meet face to face in the course of successive existences, thou needest never veil thy face with thy wing, nor blush for the love thou didst bestow upon me here below."

CHAPTER XIV

NOBLES AND PLEBEIANS

I. ATTILIO and EMILIO BANDIERA. Venice was their home. Their father, Rear-Admiral of the Imperial Navy, was Grand Cross Commander and knight of various orders. Attilio was a sub-lieutenant of a man-of-war, Emilio of a frigate. The former was thirty-three, his younger brother twenty-five. Even when they were at the Academy the brothers endeavoured to procure the leaflets of the *Giovane Italia*, to read them in secret, and to repeat to their comrades the noble principles they taught. Neither their father's example nor the discipline of the service could stamp out from their souls the spark of freedom which Mazzini, from a far-off land, had kindled by those fervid pages.

Attilio addressed his first letter to Mazzini on August 15th, 1842; in it he made a noble profession of faith, and declared himself more than ready to undertake anything to rouse men's minds and relieve the oppressed.

A local rising in Romagna, in July 1843, lent wings to the two young officers' imagination. Without deceiving themselves as to its material results, they attached great value to the moral effect which their desertion would have upon 40,000 Italian sailors, who, while loving their country, found themselves ranged against it by reason of an empty oath. In the meanwhile, the insurrection of Romagna was dying out and Pope Gregory was sharpening his axes.

Once again the brothers Bandiera asked aid for the purpose of starting an insurrection, but Mazzini exhorted them to be prudent, and never to throw themselves into a hazardous enterprise which, without advancing the cause of unity, might squander precious lives.

What is quite certain is that the Austrian police were on the scent of Attilio, and the Government recalled him to Venice. He was cruising in the East, on board the *Bellona*. This sudden order aroused his suspicions; he believed he was betrayed, and landed at Smyrna. In the meanwhile he warned Emilio, who had time to get away from Venice.

In the course of a few days the brothers met at Corfu. Emilio arrived there first, and all by himself had a terrible tussle with his mother, the Baroness Bandiera. The Archduke Ranieri, Viceroy of Lombardo-Veneto, had suggested to the distracted mother the plan of repairing to Corfu and bringing back her sons to Venice. He, for his part, undertook to restore them to their former rank, title and honours. The baroness left straightway, implored, besought, commanded, but was unable to break down the resistance of Emilio, who has left us an account of those moments of indescribable anguish.

“ My mother heaped insults and curses upon me; she called me an assassin, a monster. Her words ploughed deep into my heart, her tears stabbed me like the blade of a dagger. But I held firm, I kept my head, I knew that the tyrants were responsible for this outburst of tears and indignation. If, up to that moment, the love of my country alone filled my heart, thenceforth hate mingled with that love, hatred against despots who, in their insane dream of ruling everything and everybody, create such fatal dissensions in families.”

An edict was issued at Venice and signed by the local Commandant, summoning the two officers, the Barons Bandiera, accused of the crime of high treason, to put in an appearance there within the term of ninety days. Their answer was as follows: “ We are honoured by being charged with what the Tribunal is

pleased to term high treason. Ours is the choice between failing our country, and humanity at large, and abandoning the foreign oppressors. The laws to which they would like to bind us still closer are bloody laws which we disavow and detest. Better to seek death anywhere else than under their false protection."

2. At Corfu the Bandiera brothers champed with impatience; but Mazzini persuaded them to wait a while. Towards the end of May 1844 one of their friends, a Corsican, Pietro Boccheciampe, brought them news of the riots at Cosenza, which he painted in the liveliest colours, as if it had been another edition of the Sicilian Vespers. The brothers, intoxicated with generous ardour, resolved at once to take ship for Calabria, and to lend a hand in that wonderful popular rising. After hurriedly writing a few letters, that handful of brave fellows embarked with a scanty store of money and munitions. Emilio sent this message to his beloved mother:

"The Italian revolt has started. We are hastening to the ranks. May God keep us; we shall meet again. Two paths can bring me to you: that infamous one of imploring pardon, and that generous one of driving the Austrians from Italy. This last is fraught with danger and difficulties, but we shall follow it, calling upon God most high. Remember me to all whom I dare not name. Forgive and love

"Your
"EMILIO."

3. The Bandiera, with nineteen companions, pushed off from the beach at Corfu as the sun was setting. Their ship was a Neapolitan brig which brought up on the night of the 16th, on the left of Cotrone.

No sooner landed, the Bandiera bent the knee, and, kissing the ground, said: "Thou hast given us life, and we will give it for thee." They rushed into the

woods, guided by a Calabrian, who, while passing himself off as a political refugee, was really a redoubted brigand, who, for sixteen years, had spread terror in Calabria. On reaching San Severino they noticed that Boccheciampe had disappeared. The miserable wretch was nothing but a bribed spy, and had gone to Cotrone to denounce them. A large body of soldiers started in pursuit of the heroes, who continued their march towards San Giovanni in Fiore. They were about to enter it, when they found themselves surrounded by a number of troops and the populace. The struggle was over in ten minutes; the police spies seized the survivors and dragged them to Cosenza.

The two brothers and seven others were court-martialled.

Emilio Bandiera stood before his judge: "What is your name?" "Emilo Bandiera." "Are you a baron?" "That is a matter of indifference to me." "Where do you come from?" "Italy." "Yes, but from what province?" "Italy." "Where were you born?" "In Italy." "How was it that you were stranded at Cosenza?" "On the back of a mule, in the midst of a pack of thieves."

When one of the accused, don Anacarsi Nardi, was confronted with Boccheciampe, and was asked whether he knew him, Nardi replied: "In all my divine language I cannot find a strong enough epithet to describe that person."

4. All the nine accused were condemned to death. After listening to the sentence, Emilio Bandiera shouted: "Long live Italy!" and struck up a patriotic air. Taken to the chapel, the executioner searched them to assure himself that no weapons or poison were secreted on their persons. They killed time in discussing beautiful maxims and the immortality of the soul. Domenico Moro regretted one thing: "It would have been better to have died in

Syria." To this Emilio Bandiera replied : " Our blood at that time would have been quite unproductive ; to-day it serves the tyrants of our country like the dragon's teeth did Cadmus. Civilised Europe will rise in indignation against this butchery, and those who do not yet believe in Italy will awake to the truth. Whether we live a little shorter, a little longer, what matters it ? To lay down one's life is always good, even as quickly and as secretly as we are doing." Moro cried : " You are right ; let us die happily for Italy ! "

On the morning of the execution, all the martyrs were sleeping peacefully. They had to be awakened. They dressed with the greatest care, as in preparation for a solemn religious act. Whilst marching towards the valley of Rovito they started to sing :

" Rather than cower till hoar old age
'Neath slavery's crushing wing,
'Twere better far erect to die,
When life is at its spring."

When they had come to the place of execution they kissed one another. Onlookers and soldiers, who faltered for the moment, were moved to emotion at the sight. " Fire," cried Ricciotti, " fire ; we know that you must do your duty. Fire ; the prospect of death does not frighten us."

Crying with one voice, " Long live Italy ! Long live freedom ! " the heroic line, in its black veil, sank down upon the sward.

* * *

5. The two figures which I am now about to introduce to my readers—of a child and an upholsterer respectively—belong to the people.

The child was called ATTILIO FROSINI ; he was not yet sixteen ; his home, Pistoia.

A certain evening—June 27th, 1849—on his way home he passed in front of the bishop's palace, occupied at the time by Colonel von Meyer and the Austrian

town garrison, and saluted the sentry, whom he believed to be a Hungarian, by mentioning a name which should have pleased him: "Long live Kossuth," he said, referring to the glorious leader of the rebel Hungarian troops, who had just won some magnificent victories. To that salute the sentry hypocritically replied: "Long may he live!" Some of his comrades ran up, gathered round, and, joining in the *vivat*, invited the innocent lad to step into the guard-room. He had no sooner entered in than the Croats struck him with the butt-ends of their rifles, and, when he struggled to resist that brutal treatment, they clapped him in handcuffs and fastened a chain to his foot. The colonel and his brother officers returned. Apprised of what had befallen, the colonel was cowardly enough to belabour with his fists the luckless youth, who raised cries which could be heard a long way off. Half an hour later, under an escort of thirty Croats, he was sent to the fortress. The town prefect, after lodging a protest against the Austrian military authorities, as a minor could only be tried by Tuscan law before a civil tribunal, left immediately for Florence to avert the danger of a death sentence.

About three o'clock, the vicar of St. Mary's was ordered to go to St. Barba's fortress to attend a sick person.

The good vicar, putting his best leg forward, passed the postern gate; but, instead of being taken to the infirmary, he was hurried into the guard-room, where the child, lying flat on a plank, was crying his heart out. The Austrian captain, as he let him in, had whispered these words in the vicar's ear: "I commit him to your care." When the child, who had cast a stolen glance at him, had recognised the vicar, he commenced to smile. He related what had passed, and, soothed by the vicar's caresses, dried his tears, and, fatigue and emotion conquering, finished by quietly sinking to sleep on his consoler's shoulder.

The vicar, racked by anguish, questioned the captain.

"I know nothing about it," replied the latter, with a shrug of his shoulders, "we are waiting for orders from Prato." "It surely cannot be possible for them to condemn a child for a peccadillo like that!" "How should I know?" "If there is any chance of it, for mercy's sake tell me, so that I can prepare the poor little fellow." "I have nothing to tell you," persisted the captain.

At dawn the child asked for a drink. He was given some water in a jug so chipped that his lips bled. All he got to eat, in spite of the vicar's entreaties, was a piece of bread as hard as a stone. And the never-ending day dragged on without one ray of hope for the poor priest, who, when the Angelus sounded, began to whisper a few words of resignation into the sufferer's ear. The vicar was called away; as he left he promised his little Attilio that he would soon be back. In two hours' time he returned, recalled in great haste. The child was no longer in the guard-room; he descried him by the wall of the citadel courtyard, his arms crossed, his eyes raised to heaven; the moon's beams made a halo for his head. Around him, in a half-circle, six Austrian muskets were levelled at him. The sentence which ordered him to be strangled, and which had been commuted, for lack of an executioner, had come from Prato. It was read to the child, who signed himself and said: "God's will be done!"

His body was put into so shallow a grave that a few days later his bones were exposed. He would have been devoured by the police dogs that the Croats trained if a merciful townsman had not taken the trouble to go by night and heap the earth over him. Eleven years later the child martyr's remains were interred in the oratory of the "Addolorata," where, every anniversary, wreaths are laid upon his tomb. On that particular day that little tomb is transformed into an altar.

6. ANTONIO SCIESA kept a modest upholstery shop at Milan, where he found it hard to make both ends meet. He did without holidays, and toiled for his wife and children. He was, however, a good patriot, and felt flattered in being chosen, together with three companions, on the night of July 30th, 1851, to post revolutionary proclamations on the walls of the town. Their task completed, the four friends separated, and each returned to his quarters. Sciesa lived in the "Piazza della Rosa." As he turned into the square, a bright idea came to him; he would post one more poster at the corner of his house. Alas! he was seen, seized and dragged to the castle. Before his judges, who vainly endeavoured to find out from him who had given him the posters, Sciesa was dumb. His sentence, death on the gallows, commuted as the hangman was not forthcoming, took place on August 9th.

The whole way along, to the place of execution, they never ceased worrying him; "Out with his name, and you are free." "Out with it, and you shall return home, where, without you, they will die of misery." "Come, out with it, and you shall have as much money as you like."

"*Let's get on,*" replied, in his Milanese dialect, that sublime illiterate.

As they went along he saw, amongst the crowd, more than one white-faced conspirator look at him beseechingly. Then this man of the people, ignorant of all else save the one thing that mattered, at once calmed their fears, as he steadily repeated: "Let's get on."

Again on the scaffold the military inquisitor urged him to speak out, for the love of his children, who would be left needy orphans. His answer was: "God will provide for them"; and he held himself erect and motionless, magnificent in his Spartan attitude, before the squadron of death.

CHAPTER XV

THE MARTYRS OF BELFIORE ¹

I. GIOVANNI GRIOLI. One October's day, 1851, don Grioli, vicar of the humble parish of Ceresè, near Mantua, was returning to his presbytery. His younger brother was with him. Don Grioli was a man of God, simple, and assiduous in the exercise of his sacred duties. He was much beloved, and was looked upon by the young people as a true spiritual guide. He was tramping along the dusty road that day, when, passing the postmaster's office, he heard his name called. He entered and said to the postmaster: "What can I do for you?" "It was not I who called you; it was the commissary." "What do you want with me, commissary?" "To take you to the inquisitor. Follow me." "To the inquisitor? me?" "I have been ordered to take you there." "Very well, obey your orders; lead on." "I must ask you not to try to escape in the street." "Cowards try to escape. As for me, I have some self-respect. Let us make haste."

The news got round like a flash of lightning, and people were filled with consternation as they tremblingly asked themselves: "He, a saint! He, to St. Dominic's . . . where summary trials are rushed through! . . . Holy Virgin! . . . have pity on us!"

¹ Principal works consulted for this chapter: Luigi Martini, *Il Confortatorio di Mantova, negli anni 1811 a 1855*. II. edizione. (Mantova; Balbiani, 1871.) A Luzzo, *I martiri di Belfiore*. (Milano: Cogliati, 1908.)

The news did not reach don Grioli's parents any quicker than the police, who burst into their house and ransacked it from top to bottom, with a very meagre reward for their pains. They grabbed Gioberti's book, *The Modern Jesuit*, which, I might remark, had not yet been put on the Index.

Bishop Corti, having learnt of don Grioli's arrest, at once took measures to help him.

Why had the lowly vicar of Ceresè been arrested?

Three days before, in the course of the census tour which the parish priests were wont to make in the autumn, with the object of supplying the Austrian authorities with the list of conscripts, don Grioli, with the sacristan's help, had inscribed a group of families that dwelt at the foot of the fortress of Pietole, set aside for soldiers condemned to hard labour. There were many Hungarians in the 6th regiment of honved there.

Don Grioli thought he would like to give a glance at the work going on there. He was about to retrace his steps when one of the Hungarians asked him for a few sous. Don Grioli, always ready to do a kind action, gave him two crowns, saying: "Here you are, and courage, my friend." The superintendent did not wait for the priest to disappear. He pounced on the soldier and questioned him. The poor wretch, either afraid of being punished if he told the truth, or struck by the idea that he would get an easier time, if not his freedom, by denouncing the priest, replied that the latter had bribed him to desert. The superintendent was over zealous, and made his report on the spot. From it the governor concluded that the accused, don Grioli, was a foe to Austria, an associate of Mazzini, and, therefore, to be suspect of high treason. He had him sent to the inquisitor and examined. In vain don Grioli swore that he had done an act of charity to the convict. A council of war was held on

the morning of November 5th, when sentence of death, to be carried out the same day in the valley of Belfiore, was passed upon him.

2. But the condemned was a priest. Now the Church forbids, under pain of excommunication, a priest to be executed if he has not been degraded by a bishop. The bishop, called to carry out this doleful duty, refused to act on the ground that the crime for which the priest was to die was not contemplated in canon law. His reply to the inquisitor was as follows: "Since you have rejected my entreaties and those of the citizens, and are visiting your wrath upon a poor priest, and an honest man, do as you think fit; for my part, I will have nothing to do with his degradation."

Don Grioli asked if he might receive the sacrament at the hands of his teacher, don Martini, before going to execution. That last pleasure was refused him. The Archdeacon of St. Dominic's administered it to him. After that the jailer wished to strip him of his cassock and bands. "No, leave them alone," he protested. "I am a priest still. Never have I dishonoured my cloth; I wish to wear it on the scaffold as I wore it in church."

3. It was raining in torrents, when the ancient *shandrydan*, drawn by a poor old hack, jogged off for the place of execution. Some one offered the condemned a hat, but he declined and put on his shovel hat with the remark: "I am a priest, and am not ashamed to wear clerical clothes, and to go to my grave in them."

After reading the sentence, the inquisitor said to don Grioli: "If you wish, there is still time; speak, and you will be set free at once." Calm and dignified, he replied, so that all could hear: "I have nothing to say. It was an act of charity on my part, not a bribe. Do as the law directs you; I, for my part, am resigned." The jailer came forward to bandage his eyes. He then

exclaimed to don Martini, his benefactor: "Good-bye, till we meet in Paradise." The jailer's hands trembled so much that he could not fasten the bandage, so that Grioli had to take hold of the two ends and tie them behind his neck. That done, he knelt down and murmured the final prayer, "Lord, receive my spirit," which was cut short by the fatal volley.

Reader, the story is not yet finished. Bishop Corti asked that the martyr's last wish might be complied with: that is, that his remains, placed in a coffin, might be interred in a cemetery. That request may be found in the Innsbruck archives, with a refusal in a marginal note by the Austrian authorities. Austria refused, so carrying her hate beyond the grave; an animosity all the more cowardly seeing that, in the case of criminals who were hung for murder or theft, an honourable burial was allowed.

4. A year later, on a foggy December morning, in the same valley of Belfiore, five bodies swung from five gibbets. Four of them had their features convulsed with the death spasm, the skin livid and swollen; the other, on the contrary, appeared not to have felt the throes of agony; he had passed to the world beyond without disfigurement; murmuring a prayer, as those half-closed lips and serene expression served to show. He was a philanthropic priest—don Enrico Tazzoli, of Mantua—of all the martyrs of that blood-stained year, 1852, the most illustrious, in the fulness of his intelligence, in the generosity of his soul, in his indomitable resistance to all physical and moral tortures.

It was he who, in Lombardy, whipped up the subscribers to the National Italian Loan that Mazzini had launched with the sole purpose of hastening the independence and freedom of Italy. Vouchers issued in London, stamped with the words "Italia e Roma," "Dio e Popolo," and the device: "You will not conquer in one day, but some day you surely will,"

carried the face value of one, two, five, twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred liras. They were smuggled from Switzerland into little straggling villages near Pavia, where some students, led by Acerbi, Castellazzo and Cairoli, went and fetched them.

Dom Enrico Tazzoli redirected the bundles of vouchers to the committees of Brescia, Verona and Venice. Count Carlo Montanari, for instance, bought 8,000, which he distributed at Verona and sent the rest to Scarsellini, the leader of the Venetian conspirators. The cash in hand from Mazzini's loan flowed in to Tazzoli, who thought it his duty to note down each operation in cipher in a register. This register contained, first, the list of committees and the sums successively paid in to the central counting-house at Mantua or to the agents for the National Committee in London ; second, the index of receipts ; third, an account in double entry ; fourth, the cash-book. None but Acerbi and Castellazzi, who helped Tazzoli with the accounts, knew the key to this register. The evening of January 27th, don Enrico, who might have fled abroad, as Acerbi did, suffered himself to be handcuffed and confined in the castle. The register was seized and sent at once to Vienna, where, from time immemorial the most efficient *cabinet noir* had been at work. The Vienna cryptographers were urged to use all their skill, as soon as the new inquisitor Krauss, the governor of the Casati prison, had realised that Tazzoli would maintain till the end an insuperable silence.

The prisoner had a sore on his right leg. He sent the bandages used for dressing it to his family together with his dirty linen. This was his only contact with the outer world. Tazzoli used the blood from the wound to trace a few words on these soiled bandages :

“ I am in chains, deprived of books, on the severest of dietaries, in hourly expectation of torture. I am

threatened with all kinds of horrors, but I shall remain dumb. I know nothing. They will torment me in vain. . . . Poor mother ! I regret that you love me so dearly, because you will suffer cruelly. You all know that I am incapable of a dishonourable action ; what does anything else matter ? I am suffering, but suffering is better than dishonour."

To his young nephew he wrote :

"Get the bishop and the mayor to protest against torture. May the example of my firmness be salutary for you, my dear boy. Work well, and be good."

Casati, condemned in 1841 for coining, and restored to favour with Austria, thanks to the dirty work which he did for the secret service, was appointed in 1852, with the approbation of Field-Marshal Radetzky, to the inspectorship of the prison of Mantua, where prisoners for political crimes were put, and received the silver cross in reward for his skilled and faithful services.

All the victims of 1852 agree in describing Casati as a being in whom diabolical cunning and brutal violence were nicely blended. Casati, Krauss's *alter ego*, was an inhuman inquisitor to the shoals of prisoners who people the dungeons of "La Mainolda" or the cells of the castle, but he made a dead set at Tazzoli and his young friends. He must, at all costs, wrench from Tazzoli the secret of the register, or some word, at least, to put the police hounds on the scent. A satanic idea crossed his mind. Among the jailers at the castle was a certain Tirelli. Casati instructed him to gain the confidence of the prisoner by degrees, and to do his best to oblige him. Don Enrico, who was candour itself, fell into the trap. One day, he remitted to Tirelli a note in cipher for his brother, the lawyer Silvio Tazzoli ; he told his friends to burn certain documents which were hidden behind a mirror

in his house. Tirelli had hardly had time to pocket a big tip as he stood on the doorstep of Tazzoli's house when the police surrounded and arrested the lawyer. The latter, who was ignorant of the key to the note, named, in the 'course of his interrogatory, Camilla Marchi, directress of the home for poor children that Enrico had founded at Mantua. This good woman was in her turn arrested. She, too, was not in the secret, and designated, as probably possessing the key to the code in question, Luigi Castellazzo, the only son of Giuseppe Castellazzo, who, for thirty-five years, had filled one of the most important posts in the Mantua police. Luigi had greatly distinguished himself in the study of the law. His father, who adored him, was divided between delight at his success and dread of his dangerous liberal tendencies, for in 1840 his son had joined Manara's legion and had fought in the defence of Rome. He was, on that account, in bad odour with the Governor of Mantua—de Culoz—who suspected him of being the author of certain trenchant satires which were captivating the town. The repulsion which Giuseppe Castellazzo inspired ought to have fallen upon his son, and have put the patriots on their guard; but Luigi was such a charmer that he at once won the affection and esteem of all, and especially of Tazzoli, who made him his co-operator.

6. One thing, however, is certain: that his friends had been four months in prison, where the trial lingered on for want of proofs, while he enjoyed full liberty; he even felt so secure that he obdurately refused to leave the town, in which he was arrested, nevertheless, on April 22nd.

A few weeks later Giuseppe Castellazzo received a retiring pension of 2,400 liras which Radetzky in person deigned to bestow upon him in return for the valuable services which he had rendered to the State for forty years.

Simultaneously Tazzoli's famous register was deciphered in the secret service headquarters at Vienna, and the translation communicated to Radetzky on May 24th, 1852. Casati was in the seventh heaven of delight. He bounded to the grating of Tazzoli's cell, and cried in mock tones of fervour: "Our Father, which art in heaven. . . ." The prisoner sighed out: "Thy will be done." The key of the cipher register was none other than the Lord's Prayer. As soon as the clue was discovered, any one could interpret it. What was the good of denying it, since falsehood is repugnant to every righteous soul?

Pushed to the edge of the precipice, the necessity of sacrifice suggested itself to the priest's mind—to take upon himself all the accusations, to immolate himself as a scape-goat, in order to rescue from the gibbet and the jail all the patriots whom he had taken care to enter in his register under assumed names. They were saved. But Tazzoli did not know that the catch which the police had made put into Krauss's hands certain accused of whom eleven, at their first interrogatory, confronted with the apocryphal denunciations which the infamous inquisitor showed them, had confessed. Tazzoli, moreover, was unaware that Castellazzo, exhausted, so it appears, by the bastinado, had denounced the sum and substance of the conspiracy: the relations between Milan and Mantua, and the names of the chief committee-men of Verona, Venice and Milan, *i.e.* Cairoli, Pezzotti, Canal, Scarsellini and Montanari. Orders were given to arrest them simultaneously at Pavia, Milan and Venice, for Krauss was anxious to make up for lost time. But though the latter had flattered himself that he would take the fox in his hole, Benedetto and Ernesto Cairoli escaped him. Ernesto mingled with the crowd, Benedetto left Pavia, arm-in-arm with a lady, for all the world as if they were enjoying an idyllic walk

together. The police spies, who surrounded the Cairolì mansion, returned empty-handed, amid roars of laughter from the students.

The police were more successful at Milan, where they captured Giovanni Pezzotti at break of day. He was to have been taken the same day to Mantua, but time was lost over examining the captured documents, and the departure was postponed until the morrow. The prisoner, after a thorough search, was shut up in the dungeon of the Castello Sforza, and entrusted to the keeping of the commandant. This latter every now and then took a peep at his wild beasts' cage; at midnight, while Pezzotti slept, his jailer went to bed so as to be ready at the break of day to accompany the prisoner. When day dawned they found, on entering the cell, the still warm corpse of Pezzotti, who had hung himself with a silk handkerchief to the grating of the cell. This grating was so near the floor that the suicide had had to kneel down and bring about his death by rocking himself to and fro with all his might. His end was no surprise to his friends, whom he had formerly assured that, were he arrested, he would kill himself. "The devices of the Austrian inquisitors in the state trials are so deep and subtle that no man, however steadfast he may be, can be sure of himself."

Montanari, Canal and Scarsellini were all taken to Mantua, where Radetzky had given orders to try the prisoners.

7. Don Enrico Tazzoli, bearing himself with dignity and courage, whiled away the time in writing sermons. His aged mother had succumbed to grief. His aunt, Teresa Arrivabene, filled the vacant place in his heart; it was to her he was later to send his parting instructions, his last farewell.

Many priests figured in Tazzoli's register, to the great surprise of old Marshal Radetzky, whose mummerly

was proverbial. He could not conceive how the clergy could make common cause with the oppressed, when they had every interest to preserve the throne. He set forth his grievances in a circular to the bishops, and invited the governors of the provinces annexed to the Empire to open an inquiry in reference to the rebel Italian clergy. General de Culoz, Governor of Mantua, instead of beating about the bush, bethought him of don Enrico Tazzoli, conspirator in chief, a learned and courageous priest whose talent and loyalty he admired. To him he submitted these two questions: Why the Lombard clergy, in contrast to that of Venice, meddled with politics; and what were the people's grievances with the Government? This was the origin of the Memorandum, which, couched in a tone of calm resignation, constituted so pointed a charge against Austria.

"I hope," he wrote to Acerbi, "you will receive a Memorandum which I have sent to the general in order to irritate him, so that the punishment they inflict upon me may do away with the suspicion any one may entertain of my having been cowardly enough to sue for pardon."

The Memorandum to the governor concluded thus:

"Your Excellency! Here is my sincere opinion, together with a statement of the principal acts of injustice which drove us to prepare a future in which our sufferings should find an end. I have drawn up this statement for you with a courage which does as much honour to you as to me. I have displayed this conspicuous candour in order to prove how convinced I am that, if your Excellency should think fit to open up the question with the Emperor, my fellow-citizens would very quickly enjoy the effects of the royal good-will. As for me, I shall consider myself fortunate

to endure long-drawn and cruel sufferings, if my constancy may in some sort assist my country."

Alas! the Vatican very quickly disavowed the worthy priest. In vain did Bishop Corti implore the Pontiff to intercede with his Apostolic Majesty, in favour of the priests in his diocese, the priests whom Tazzoli's ardour had driven to become conspirators without their knowing it, by the mere act of buying Mazzini's vouchers. Pius IX, in his brief of August 2nd to the bishop, expressed his regret at the liberal attitude of the clergy, and uttered the platonic hope that there might be no death-sentences; should such a thing happen, he must entrench himself behind his respect for the ceremonial.

Abandoned by Rome, Bishop Corti had recourse to the Emperor, who was in camp at Pordenone. He managed to gain an audience of the young monarch, before whom he pleaded with great dignity and eloquence, in the name of God, of the Church and of humanity. The Emperor listened to him, and promised that on his return to Vienna he would do his best.

The bishop was dumbfounded by that evasive reply, and, learning that General Benedek had a great influence over Radetzky, decided to ask for a colloquy with both of them. The interview lasted an hour. Benedek, manifestly moved by the prelate's words, made some kind of promise. As to the octogenarian Radetzky, he affirmed, several times over, with tears in his eyes, that he could do nothing, certain decisions were irrevocable. The bishop perceived that all was lost. He thereupon sent to the Vatican for instructions as to the course to be taken, since the canon law did not permit the degradation of those clergy convicted of high treason. Without even the semblance of any defence of the Lombard priests detested by Austria,

Monsignor Pacifici cut short the worthy bishop's scruples, and enjoined upon him, in the name of the Holy Father, to degrade the priest prior to the execution of the death sentence.

8. When the news of the outrage which the Church was to inflict upon him came to Tazzoli, he was beside himself with anger ; but the sight of the bishop broken with grief disarmed him. He took it calmly. Donning his priestly vestments for the last time, he knelt before the bishop. Krauss was present at the ceremony ; Canon Martini stood on one side and cried brokenheartedly, the chaplain sobbed, the bishop trembled. With a knife the latter scraped the priest's consecrated fingers, and then removed his various vestments one by one. That over, the bishop fainted. Tazzoli protested against the servility of the Vatican towards Austria, and against the contempt of the canon law, in a superb letter to Bishop Corti.

" Believe me, my lord, death is a gain to me, and I can say *cupido dissolvi*. Do not chide me for saying it ; it is not pride prompting me to put myself on a level with the apostle, no, but what am I to do on this earth, I who am accustomed to such an untiring activity ? My poor mother has entered the haven of peace before me, and it will be such a joy to rejoin her there. One cause of my calm is the consciousness of never having given offence to religion nor to the ecclesiastical authorities, and therefore never to have deserved punishment. Whatever sentence his Imperial Majesty may be pleased to pass upon me, I shall only find it just : I wish I could say the same for the ecclesiastical sentence. I should have revolted against it had not your grief checked me. Besides, the sacrifice consummated, the disinterested prayer in favour of my old associates that I am herein addressing to you will be more efficacious. Their fault was

a very light one, for they had the vaguest idea of how I was using their money. Is the Church going to deal with them as with me? See that that does not happen, my lord. For from me, who have received nothing whatever from my superiors during nineteen years' zealous service, nothing can be taken in the temporal sense, whilst for them, who live on their stipends, degradation would be equivalent to a sentence of death.

"My lord, for mercy's sake, see to that. Had I several lives, I would give them all to save my companions. I have, alas, but one. Let the Church hurl her anathemas at me, but let her spare them!"

From St. Teresa's prison, where he was taken, together with his four companions, after the death sentence had been read, he wrote to his nephew, who was also his godson :

"Don't lead a soft existence if you want to be strong when adversity comes along. You bear my name: keep its honour unstained; to do so is a duty even more than an advantage."

Don Enrico's relations had hardly glanced at the sentence than they decided to hasten to Verona and fall at Radetzky's feet. Tazzoli's sisters, unable to obtain an audience, posted themselves on Sunday morning in front of St. Anastasia's Church, where the marshal never missed mass. Radetzky had hardly caught sight of them when he flew into a rage, and, beside himself, began to shout "Jesu Marias" by the score. His officers drove off the two women with the utmost brutality.

The generous attempts on the part of Princess Elisa Gonzaga and other titled and influential ladies were quite ineffectual. Radetzky refusing to see them, General Benedek deigned to grant these ladies an

audience, as trying as it was useless. A supplication addressed to the Archduchess Sophia, the young monarch's mother, was not even honoured with an answer.

Here, by way of contrast to this cold-blooded indifference, is a magnificent exhortation of Tazzoli's :

"The multitude of victims has not robbed our fathers of courage, and never will until the final victory is achieved. As with the cause of religion, so it is with that of nationality ; it triumphs only through its martyrs. You young people, who are sorry for our sufferings, let nothing stop you, but when the ramparts are being stormed, let the fall of your brothers serve only to increase your fury. Climb up over the bodies lying in your way, the better to pour through the breach and capture the citadel. You will conquer all right, and victory shall heal our trampled limbs."

9. On the morning of the execution, all along the route, in the midst of the glum crowd that refused to believe its eyes, Tazzoli, placed next to Doctor Poma, repeated with him the prayer for those about to die. At Belfiore he made his companions kneel, blessed and embraced them, and then wrenched the crucifix from the hangman, whilst Krauss wondered, and the crowd and the Croats wept.

* * *

10. On the gibbet, near that of the priest-martyr, hung the body of the young doctor, CARLO POMA, aged twenty-nine. House surgeon at Mantua hospital, he was the favourite surgeon of the patients, who, on leaving the hospital, never wearied of talking about the kindness, skill and patience of the young doctor.

In addition to his love for the classics, he was as

well up in languages as in natural science, which he taught to the Faculty of Medicine. His father, a famous jurist, dying when he was fourteen years old, he was brought up, together with his brothers and sisters, by his mother, Anna Filippini Poma, a highly gifted woman who devoted herself, with equal success, to the muses and works of charity. This incomparable woman had imparted to him from his earliest years those qualities which make a man an ornament to society and an example to others. His comrades had dubbed him "Cato" by reason of his relentless application to study, which did not, however, prevent him from being gay, active and enthusiastic, and from composing humorous verses.

Carlo Poma was roughly roused from sleep on the morning of June 17th, 1852. He rubbed his eyes, and reaching for his glasses—he was short-sighted—saw his small room crowded with *sbirri*, who dragged him to the Mainolda.

The dingy walls of the Mainolda rose, in those days, from a labyrinth of lanes. It was hemmed in by small houses and hovels; and the police, fearing lest its inmates might communicate with their friends or relations, kept a jealous eye upon it. The luckless beings who were cast into those foul and tainted cells were deprived of light and air, and, to increase their longing for liberty, the voices of the passers-by, the babble of workmen, the cries of hawkers reached their ears. Straw for their bed, nauseating food—at times nothing but bread and fetid water—no books and no interviews with friends—such was the regimen of the inmates of the Mainolda reserved for political prisoners as a *villeggiatura* offered them by Krauss, by way of a speedy means of making them speak.

II. The counts of indictment against Carlo Poma were the following: of having used his house as a depot for inflammatory brochures; and of having,

during the Carnival, agreed to lend a hand in the assassination of Filippo Rossi, the Imperial Commissary of Police.

Castellazzo had denounced Poma, Speri and Frattini as the price of his acquittal.

What truth was there in the charge? Was Carlo Poma capable of stooping to a vulgar crime, which the infamous character of the victim could not excuse?

Carlo Poma had, in point of fact, been ordered to lend a hand in the murder of the commissary Rossi, which was to be perpetrated a certain evening during the Carnival, on coming out from the theatre. He was told off to give the signal to Tito Speri and Frattini, who had been sent from Brescia for that purpose. The fatal evening came round. Carlo, who chose to die rather than commit so dastardly a deed, determined not to give the signal; and, lest he should flinch from his resolve, begged a friend, who was not in the secret, to accompany him to the play and not to leave his side. Carlo did not give the signal, and Speri kept his poniard in his pocket, though he could easily have struck the commissary. That deplorable affair, then, was nothing but an ignoble plot conceived by a few exasperated minds. By divulging it, Castellazzo created three martyrs, for the condemnation of Poma, Speri and Frattini for a crime which they refused to commit was neither more nor less than a judicial murder.

12. Carlo Poma displayed a spirit of superhuman grandeur during his three months preventive imprisonment at the Mainolda. This we can gather from the messages which he regularly sent to his mother. The prisoners' families were allowed to send them clean linen twice a week, and to have the soiled linen taken away to be washed. It was by these means that a weekly correspondence of the most pathetic character was carried on. By dint of some considerable ingenuity

he concocted a substitute for ink. A piece of wood torn off some woodwork in the dungeon served him as a pen to write notes and even letters in his fine hand on his shirts and towels. The family gathered round the hearth, and waited in silence for the flame, as it singed the linen, to bring to view fragments of phrases which the prisoner had written with patient labour as he knelt in his gloomy cell. Poma gradually acquired such dexterity that he not only sent his family very long letters, but also sonnets and verses. His family answered him on tissue paper folded up in the seams. His sisters patiently copied out cantos from Dante and Petrarch's verses on transparent muslin, while Anna Poma, seventy years old at the time, spoilt her eye-sight tracing, in the finest of handwritings, words in which her mother's love found full expression.

The prisoner bade his dear ones good-day, saluted in transports worthy of a poet the sun which could not shine into his sepulchre ; described in sparkling fashion the furniture (*sic*) of his cell ; and told how he got through his days of fourteen hours of idleness, boredom and immobility. . . . He related how, before munching his disgusting bread, he would pick out bits of coal in the crust and then busy himself writing verses on the wall, only to rub them out again ; how he would recite sonnet after sonnet and hum over all the airs he could call to mind ; how he would strain his ears to catch what the passers-by were saying. By way of passing the time, he made soap-balls, set himself Chinese puzzles and played ninepins ; he related how he fed spiders on an ant a-piece per day ; how he made a draught-board and played with imaginary men.

After each interrogatory he assured his relations that he had stood firm and had compromised no one. On November 3rd he wrote ;

"Mother, on Tuesday I was questioned for the last time. Set your mind at rest ; during the trial I didn't weaken once, nor was I guilty of one moment's cowardice. The sentence is to be pronounced shortly."

This was his last message from the castle, where they came to tell him that he was condemned to be hung, as he was composing some verses for the young wife of one of his friends.

13. His brother went to see him during the last hours of his martyrdom. Even then his chains were not removed, under the pretext that no fitting person to perform that task could be found. Resting his head upon his brother's shoulder, he exhorted him to do his utmost for the cause at all times.

"Don't forget me, and don't let my death sadden you, for it is not death, but a new day that is dawning for me. To-morrow I shall at length be able to see what there is in the sun."

With the chaplain, Poma discussed Plato and those sweet singing birds, the poets ; and in the light of the faith which St. Paul defines as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," he predicted the part Piedmont was to play, and the exodus of the refugees to swell the forces of Victor Emanuel, "the Italian Cyrus," who was to mount his horse and put himself at the head of the soldiers of freedom. He forgave the spy, and begged his mother to do the same.

While he was in his death agony, his aged mother was on her way to Vienna, where she hoped to touch the heart of the Empress ; but at Trieste she was turned back. On her return she learnt of her son's death, and it appears the authorities pushed cynicism so far as to present her with a bill for the expenses of the execution.

The bodies of the victims were not allowed to be placed in coffins and buried in consecrated ground, nor could his mother even get permission to place flowers upon or pray over the mound, where the bodies of Carlo and his companions had been indiscriminately cast.

14. The other three victims were Venetians, all under thirty years of age. Bernardo Canal and Giovanni Zambelli were charged with the same offence—with purchasing Mazzini's vouchers.

BERNARDO CANAL, descended from a noble family, had been given a solid education. Almost blind, with delicate health which his mother had husbanded with great care, he was gentle, stay-at-home and sentimental. His profound knowledge of his city's history, and that of Italy in general, filled him with a burning desire to see the foreign yoke shaken off. In the memorable siege of Venice (1848-9) his newspaper articles raised his fellow citizens' hopes, and he himself zealously carried out his duties as quartermaster of the Venetian army.

The despot's return threw him into despair, and only the desire to spare his mother, and the promise of the Austrian Government to overlook his patriotic past, prevented him from emigrating. But that availed nothing, for he was torn from his family one tragic night, and taken to Mantua, where his trial, held in secret without witnesses for the defence, ended in a shameful sentence. In prison he endeavoured to acquire a thorough knowledge of English.

GIOVANNI ZAMBELLI, unlike Canal, was by no means a model student—for he detested discipline of any kind; but, endowed with a keen intelligence and an insatiable curiosity, he applied himself, out of school hours, to the study of all kinds of deep and intricate subjects. He was, besides, an excellent portrait-painter. If his quick and restless mind sometimes got him into

trouble with his fellows, he had the kindest of hearts. In 1848 he fought like a hero in the thick of the fight at Marghera, and his only reason for not leaving Venice after the return of the Austrians was because there, where perils abounded, he could better serve the cause of independence. His impulsive and expansive nature, as well as his picturesque oratorical powers, conquered the young spirits and spurred them to action. In order to dispense with the printers whom the police pursued so closely, he taught the patriots to print the propaganda leaflets which quickly circulated through Venetia. From the moment of his arrest he treated Krauss with a haughty disdain.

After he had confessed and communicated he was the first to ascend the steps of the scaffold with a firm step and a smile upon his face.

15. ANGELO SCARSELLINI was the ideal type of the conspirator. Like Canal and Zambelli, he had taken part in the defence of Venice. But the tyrant's return induced him to leave his native town, and to maintain intelligence with the refugees in Turin and the exiles in Geneva, Paris and London. He travelled many times to England, served as a go-between for Mazzini and the conspirators, organised committees in the north of Italy, and distributed, at the risk of his life, thousands of proclamations and vouchers. He finally became so inseparable from the part he was playing, that he lost his temper with the leaders who, on hearing of the persecutions, tried to persuade him not to return to Italy. Honour and duty were too firmly anchored in his soul to permit him to absent himself in the hour of peril. His conduct, on the day of his arrest, served to show the type of man he was. It was six o'clock. He was sipping his coffee with some friends at the Café Chiodi, when an individual asked the proprietress if Angelo Scarsellini was in her establishment. She pointed him out. The stranger accosted

him, and informed him, in an undertone, that some people from Adria were awaiting him at his house. Angelo proudly replied: "No lies, if you please! You are a *sbirro* in the Austrian police who want to arrest me. Go back and tell those gentlemen that, as soon as I have drunk my coffee, I shall return home."

He sat down, finished his coffee, and then strode quickly to his house that was so thickly surrounded by the police, that you might have thought they were about to arrest a band of brigands. Their chief stated that he carried a search-warrant. "Come in," said Scarsellini, "I have no reason to resist a police enquiry."

He had in his possession a document which would have sent a number of Venetians to the scaffold had it fallen into the hands of the police. Scarsellini deftly drew a portfolio from a drawer, opened it, and, in the presence of the chief and his four men, extracted a paper, rolled it up into a ball and swallowed it like a shot, before the *sbirri* could stop him.

16. In the course of the numerous interrogatories through which he was put he stoutly refused to say anything to compromise those who trusted him. In the judge's room he taunted with cowardice some patriots who had dishonoured themselves by giving way. Krauss foamed with rage before Scarsellini's haughty bearing and outbursts of scorn. He threatened him with the bastinado and the torture . . . but all to no purpose. "Tell the inquisitor that Scarsellini is adamant, that he will endure the cruellest torments without uttering a single word," he cried to the doctor who came to find whether he could bear torture. To the chaplain who, two days before his execution, asked him to forgive the prisoner who had betrayed him, Scarsellini made the following truly Christian reply;

“ Tell him I have already forgiven him ; and if he, in his turn, has to die a martyr, exhort him, from me, to die as a brave Italian should.”

17. The tyrant's bloody wrath knew no respite. The prisons of the Mainolda and the castle were never free of inmates. Among the prisoners there were three whom Krauss had reserved, as his own contribution, for the gallows, namely : Count Carlo Montanari of Verona, Tito Speri of Brescia and Antonio Lazzati of Milan.

An appeal, signed by 400 of the most influential citizens, was presented to Marshal Radetzky :

“ Mothers petrified by sorrow, wives maddened with anguish, fathers and brothers buoyed up by a glimmer of hope, utter, ‘ Your Excellence, but one word : pardon ! ’ ”

That one word fell on deaf ears, and the executioner was ordered to erect three gibbets upon the same hillock where lay the martyrs of December 7th. Lazzati, however, was not hung ; at the last moment his sentence was commuted to that of hard labour, thanks to the intercession of a lady and the chivalrous feelings of General Wratislaw.

But, as the three gibbets were erected, and justice must never be cheated, Bartolomeo Grazioli, Vicar of Revere, was assassinated.

BARTOLOMEO GRAZIOLI was an ideal shepherd of souls. Though well versed in theology, philosophy and science, he spent himself in the service of the people, and did his best to help the unlettered.

“ The idea of a priest delivering his sermon in choice Italian I find extremely amusing. A fop of that kind reminds me of the nobleman who, when his

dependents clamoured for bread after a long period of starvation, sent them fancy cakes.”

When the news of his condemnation came, he gave way for a moment in the face of such a monstrous travesty of justice; but his faith quickly prevailed.

His farewell message to his parishioners was most pathetic :

“ I have loved you, and shall continue to do so in the life beyond the grave. If I have failed in my duty towards you, forgive me. It may be that, while urging you to be virtuous, I, your master, have been a stumbling-block in your path. Cover, therefore, my deficiencies with the cloak of charity. Love and honour my successor, my dear brothers, as you have me.”

On the way to Belfiore, on the morning of May 3rd, as the carriage was descending the slope, the kind-hearted priest suddenly caught sight of the gallows and said to don Martini : “ Ah, what a wooden head I’ve got ! This morning, when I was dressing, I ought to have left off my woollen pants that are quite new ! I shan’t want them any longer, and they would have been a godsend to some poor fellow.”

When they threw his body into the pit, an officer covered the dead man’s face with his handkerchief and said to the grave-digger : “ Lay him out carefully, for it is sacrilege to cover with earth those features made in the image of God.”

18. Count CARLO MONTANARI of Verona, a very talented mathematician and architect, an associate of the Academy of Arts, author of the memoranda of the Venice and Milan congresses, untiring philanthropist, founder of the Academy Library, and the moving spirit of all good works in his native city, was beloved by all his fellow-citizens,

He had devoted much time to the perusal of Balbo, D'Azeglio and Gioberti, acquiring thereby the foundations of a patriotism which nothing could shake. As early as 1848, Count Montanari made a will in which his dependents and the poor were not forgotten. President of the Verona committee, he bought up the largest share of Mazzini's vouchers. When the news of Tazzoli's arrest reached Verona they begged him to take refuge in Turin. Counsels, prayers, and tears were all in vain; he refused to budge. The sole question that concerned him was the safe-guarding of his honour, a thing in which he was very punctilious: "If I was certain that, by saving myself, I should be made king, and by staying I should be hung, I should stay. Desertion is destructive to the cause."

He was arrested, therefore, and confined in St. George's Castle at Mantua, where he remained until February 28th, when he was transferred to the dungeons of Santa Teresa.

Count Montanari was the first to die, without knowing to whom he owed that act of consideration. He owed it to Tito Speri, to whom the inquisitor, the same morning, had granted the favour of being the last to be hanged. The order of the victims' execution was determined according to their age; this meant that Speri would suffer first, then Montanari, then don Grazioli. As a token of respect for the unimpeachable virtue of Count Montanari, and for the priestly dignity of Grazioli, Tito Speri implored to be executed last.

19. TITO SPERI, a veritable lion cub of Brescia, "the lioness of Italy"—had been the heart and soul of the popular rising of 1848, which lasted for ten days, and which, in avenging the defeat at Novara, saved the nation's honour. Exposing himself at all the barricades, he made light of the bullets that were flying about. When Nugent sent to tell him that he

meant to enter Brescia by love or by force, Tito replied : " By force, perhaps ; by love, never."

They did enter, alas, thanks to their countless hosts, and the exodus of the citizens began. If any one ought to have left the mutilated town it was surely he, but he refused from fear of being looked upon as a coward. Furthermore, he adored his mother, the widow of a distinguished painter who had been a skilful fresco restorer. It was only the repeated prayers of his mother, however, that decided him at last to leave. But he grew sad : nostalgia for his native town clouded his bright spirits, and he knew no happiness away from his mother. Unable to resist any longer, one fine day he went back to Brescia. It was useless for him to keep quiet, shut himself up, study or give lessons ; the police were lying in wait for their prey, and treacherously seized him as he was returning from a long walk on the evening of June 20th.

Taken to Mantua, Tito was shut up in the castle, where, with the complicity of a courageous jailer, he was able to carry on a clandestine correspondence with his mother and his friends.

20. In a letter which he wrote to a friend on the day before his execution, you can perceive an exaltation whose gradual crescendo must have robbed his sufferings of their sting, and have transformed his death into a real apotheosis :

" To-morrow I am going to my long sleep. As sure as God exists, I have sought the truth only. I assure you I have just passed three exquisite days. In my life, I have experienced some joys, but they were worth nothing compared to these last ones. I am surprised that all men don't allow themselves to be hanged ! You will think that I either exaggerate or have lost my senses ; no, no ; a man about to die neither exaggerates nor talks nonsense. I feel that

the spiritual side of me is uppermost, and I am in haste to be freed from bodily sufferings and to rest on the bosom of God whence I came. How much could I tell you, had I the time ! Think of my mother when you come out of prison. I extend my forgiveness to all : may all they whom, by mischance, I may have offended, forgive me. It is not death I go to, but my wedding ; this my spirit tells me, the spirit that to-morrow will be with God." In a postscript he added : " Good-bye ; it is midnight, I shall either sleep or talk face to face with God."

The following day he dressed with the utmost care. At Belfiore he seemed as one transfigured. The hangman's presence did not affect him in the least ; on the contrary, when the latter had pronounced the conventional words : " Excuse me, sir, I am only a servant of the law," Tito Speri replied : " Of course, of course, my dear fellow ; I only ask you to treat me as a friend."

When he had embraced the three chaplains and kissed the crucifix, he mounted the ladder, and, looking towards heaven said : " I am coming to Thee, my God, I am coming to Thee."

As Austrian officer, present at the execution, was heard to say : " These Italians know how to die ! "

21. Fifteen months later, in the same place, PIETRO FRATTINI also knew how to die. This man was a son of the people, the son of costermongers. A baker's man, to begin with, in his native town, he procured employment at Mantua as shop assistant to a corn merchant whose affection he won by his frank nature and love of work. In 1848 Frattini enlisted in the town guard, and afterward, on the return of the Austrians, made his escape and went and joined the volunteers. Later, he fought with Garibaldi on the Janiculum until, wounded in the knee by a spent bullet,

he had to give up soldiering. Thenceforth he was to be seen dragging himself about on crutches. Back again in Mantua, as his infirmity unfitted him to be a shop assistant or an errand-boy, he succeeded in getting a situation as a lawyer's clerk, inasmuch as he had taught himself a certain amount in his leisure time.

One evening, while Frattini was walking in Piazza Virgilio with his comrade Petrali, he was arrested and condemned to be hung on the same charge as Speri and Poma, namely, for not having stabbed the police commissary Rossi.

His behaviour was simply sublime. Of the chaplain who visited him during the four days preceding the execution, he asked this favour : " I have an ardent desire to read Dante ; please send me a copy of the *Divina Commedia*.

Don Martini satisfied him at once. And this obscure victim prepared himself to die by spelling out, by the light of his prison lantern, the words of the immortal poem !

The pedestal of the Monument erected by free Italy to the memory of her sons of Belfiore bears the following inscription :

" The martyrs did not fall alone, for the hangman fell with them."

CHAPTER XVI

THE LAST AGONY

1. WITH the name of PIETRO FORTUNATO CALVI, most steadfast and high-minded of men, the martyrology of Italian liberty came to an end.

Composed and unregretful, exalted by no romantic ecstasy, every inch the soldier, he stood before the gallows. An officer in the Austrian Army, he resigned his commission in 1848, on hearing from his brother that his country wanted him. After encountering many perils he managed to embark at Trieste and to set sail for Venice. The provisory government entrusted him with the defence of Cadore, that fair mountainous region commanding the valley of the Piave. His work was to hold the enemy in check. Up to May 5th, that is to say, for five months, he carried on the campaign ; then, at the call of Venice, he left to organise her defence. Miraculously escaping from the Austrians, who tracked him like a wild beast and set a price upon his head, he at length reached Venice in safety.

2. When Venice could hold out no longer he took leave of his comrades and visited in turn Turin, Geneva and London ; everywhere he went he raised the hopes and fortified the faith of the exiles. Mazzini felt deep affection for that brave soul, and disclosed to him his plans for the simultaneous insurrections in Venice and the Austrian Tyrol. Acting under his orders, Calvi, with a few faithful patriots, crossed the Swiss

frontier and made his way across steep paths towards Trent. But he was too much of a suspect for the Austrian police to leave alone. At Boloso, in a mountain inn, one evening Calvi and his friends after despatching a frugal meal, retired to rest. Calvi was asleep when the *sbirri*, guided thither by a peasant woman, after seizing his baggage and emptying his pockets, roughly aroused him. He was taken to Mantua, where he was tried before a special jury. The discovery on his person of the secret instructions and the plan of the expedition constituted a very serious piece of evidence against him. There was nothing to be done. But Calvi, desiring at all costs to save his four comrades, swore that they did not know a word about the conspiracy.

3. To his judges, who worried him with questions during his numerous interrogatories, in order to extract from him the names of his correspondents and accomplices, he always returned the same answer : " You will get nothing from me. Bayonets have not scared me, no harshness on your part will do so either. Torture me if you like ; you won't get me to forfeit my honour by playing the traitor."

In prison he learnt English quite by himself. In some letters he wrote his brother, who had been helping him out of his meagre clerk's stipend, he gave an account of the progress he was making and asked for more books. Then, if he thought fit to refer to his trial *en passant*, and by way of a kind of side issue, it was only to affirm his irreducible courage.

" From men I expect nothing, and I ask nothing from them. I have lived honourably, and whether I die in a dungeon or elsewhere is of no importance. My friends and relations will never have cause to blush for me ; of that I am sure. Fortified by that assurance, I can calmly endure anything."

“ Here, perhaps, I shall never have the chance of repaying you for all your bounty, my dear Luigi ; but in the world beyond, where passions and sorrows no longer hold sway, the divine light, putting all false appearances and all false values to flight, will give pure deeds their true value.”

The greater part of his judges were divided between admiration and duty. An animated discussion arose as to whether Calvi ought not to be recommended for pardon. The president, irritated by the prisoner's proud bearing, declared his inability to forward a petition in his favour. In order to deprive him, a soldier, of the solace of falling with a ball in his heart, he was handed over to the tender mercies of the hangman.

4. The gibbet was erected close by the slope of the moat which surrounded the citadel. To reach it a steep hillock had to be negotiated. Calvi and don Martini left the carriage and made their way towards the place of execution. On their arrival there the hangman made as if to remove Calvi's necktie to replace it by the rope ; Calvi checked him. He himself took off his black satin necktie and offered it to don Martini. He then said to the executioner : “ If you care to have my clothes, you may have them by all means.”

He climbed up on the trestle, and, proud and upright, and with a commanding look at the squadron, who formed a square round the gallows, as if he was about to put them through a manoeuvre, waited for death.

It was very slow in coming. To this everything contributed : his great strength, the hangman's inexperience, and the size of the pillar, so short that the martyr's feet touched the ground. For quite a long while his limbs trembled and his chest heaved. On seeing this, an officer by the name of Winkler

hurled himself at the hangman, shouting : “ What on earth is the matter ? is he dead or not ? ” Then he made his escape, his eyes dilated with horror and anguish.

5. It is only fair to state that the moral grandeur of Calvi made its influence felt even upon Casati, the most abject of the figures that crowd that factory of crimes and tortures which Italy, under the twice paternal government of the Eagle and Key, had become. The iniquitous Casati spared the prisoner the tortures of hunger, granted the use of a coffin for the body, and making the treasury—which had ordered Galvi's clothes to be sold by auction in order to reimburse itself for the costs of his hanging—give up all that belonged to the martyr, sent those relics to the family.

PART V

THE WARRIORS

“There are materials in this people, and a noble energy, if well directed. But who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring. Difficulties are the hot-bed of high spirits and Freedom the mother of the few virtues incident to human nature.”—EXTRACT FROM BYRON'S DIARY (January 8th, 1821).



CHAPTER XVII

VICTOR EMANUEL AND HIS SOLDIERS

1. THOSE who have sunk to the condition of slaves carry no weapons, because a weapon is the instrument of force, and force, in turn, an instrument of liberty. Up to 1848 the Italians, oppressed and weaponless, were at the mercy of foreign soldiery. Into its strange medley of serfs, the House of Hapsburg drew men, to drive them in crowds, into the plain of the Po, the ducal States, the States of the Church, the two Sicilies. It was an ever-new delight for the Emperor Joseph, and his grandson, Francis-Joseph, to further the furious reaction of the tyrants of the peninsula, by putting at their disposal their most faithful marshals, Radetzky, Schwartzenberg, Hanau, Haugwitz, Giulay, and packs of brutes for whom pillage and robbery were legitimate booty.

One sole region of the peninsula—Piedmont—had soldiers and a proud military tradition. The French army, flushed with constant victories, had been forced to retreat in 1793 before the martial fury of the grenadiers of Savoy, who never surrendered.

In 1800 General Macdonald's army was staggered by the wonders worked by the sappers, who, to make a road for themselves, cut through blocks of ice as hard as granite, and passed, with their mules loaded with munitions, over razor-edged ridges overhanging abysses.

2. It was the morning of May 30th, 1848. King Charles-Albert had collected reinforcements in the plain of Goito. The struggle was desperate. Victory seemed to smile upon the imperial forces. We have

the account of the *mêlée* from the pen of an eye-witness, the Duke Dino de Talleyrand, in his *Souvenirs de la guerre de Lombardie*.

" Mounted on a vicious brute, I cantered over the battle-field. At every report my horse reared up, and I wondered what any one who saw me and my horse must have thought. Happily, there were more important matters to engage the attention than a private individual flung by curiosity into the thick of a stirring battle-scene. I addressed myself to a quartermaster—a Savoyard. He told me that the Austrians had turned up unexpectedly. 'You see,' he added, 'even if we were surprised, we are not giving them a bad welcome.' 'True, my dear man, but can you tell me where the king is?' 'The king? Nothing easier. Do you see that tall, thin, pale man in a general's uniform to the right of that battery?' 'Do you mean the one on that fine black horse?' 'Yes; that's the king, that's Charles-Albert.' That very minute a shell fell at his horse's feet and exploded. I saw Charles-Albert rein in the animal and smile at his staff as he hastily raised his hand to his ear, which a piece of shell had hit.

3. . . . " Now I had seen the king, I wanted to see the Duke of Savoy. As I was starting off to find him, I met the Austrians pursuing a Piedmontese regiment. The imperial troops were fighting well. At that moment, to my right, there passed at the gallop a young general spurring his arab horse, its breast covered with blood and foam. That general, who wore a fierce moustache, waved his sword as he darted towards a regiment of guards. 'Follow me, guards, for the honour of the House of Savoy,' he cried. A mighty shout met that chivalrous appeal. The imperialists halted, retreated, and, reinforced, charged again. The guards made a supreme effort, galvanised by that young general who appeared, disappeared, galloped

up again, passed in and out of the ranks, in the midst of the fire and smoke, glued to his saddle, though he had a bullet in the thigh. I accosted a wounded officer. 'Who is that general, sir?' 'The Duke of Savoy.'"

4. The gunner GIOACCHINO BELLEZZA, in one of those sudden eddies which characterise *mêlées*, perceived Charles-Albert a little way off from a large body of cavalry. He posted one of his guns on the road and opened fire on the enemy at a distance of three hundred paces. But an Austrian battery, that had marked him from behind a trench, retaliated. Shot through the head, the gunners fell. He was left alone. Single-handed he loaded, pointed, fired, and supplemented his stock of grenades with machine-gun bullets. Bellezza, the father of a large family, did all that at the age of fifty, when simply a private.

A cry of pain came from behind a piece of artillery. What on earth could it be? Why, gunner de Champs has had two fingers carried off by a bullet. "Here, come and take his place," shouted the corporal. "Take my place?" snorted de Champs, with a look of thunder, his face contracted with twinges of pain. "When I am hit in the heart, not before"; and, as steady as a rock, he went on loading his gun. For two days they had no chance of eating, but, when the order came to attack, the Savoyard brigade were no longer hungry. Their motto—"Hardi les gars, rassemblez—vous!" (Steady boys, close up!)—sped through the ranks like fire among straw. The Savoyards plunged forward; in front of them rose steep inclines, their crests crowned with a cap of smoke. They held their fire and rushed to the assault after General Jean Francis Mollard, who was swearing like a Templar. It was a pitch dark night. The darkness was lit up by the flash of the rifles, and, here and there, by some burning building. Up came the Savoyards,

charging for dear life. They seized the village and cut down the Austrians; their bayonets bent and broke. Dead and wounded were carried off by the surging seas of combatants. The Savoyards used the butt-ends of their rifles and in their wake left nothing standing. But, the more they killed, the more the enemy came on. They had to give ground, all the more that the expected reinforcements did not arrive.

Kneeling, the men of Savoy still fought on. The cartridges were all spent. "Though a bullet may go astray, the bayonet strikes home. Stand up, and give them the cold steel, boys, and fight all out for death or glory." Then it was that the Savoyards surpassed themselves. The bugle sounded the recall; they heeded it not.

And, as Costa de Beauregard says in his *Last Years of King Charles-Albert*:

"If, on that epic night, victory did not smile upon those gallant fellows, Savoy won great honour for all that, for she fell like the Lion of Lucerne, shielding with her body the escutcheon of her princes."

The men of Savoy so worshipped de Cocatrix that one of them, father of three children, at the battle of St. Lucie, thrust himself in front of him to receive the death-blow intended for his chief, shouting: "Let me die in your place!" De Cocatrix fell at "la Bicoque," saying to his men, "Let me die here; what better bed could a soldier desire?" Young Count Charles di Robilant had a hand carried away by a bullet. He withdrew with his gun, his eyes afire with rage and fever; he passed in front of the king, with General Robilant at his right. "Father, are you wounded?" "No, and you?" The young man lifted his bleeding stump. With an even voice the father remarked: "Well done, Charles, you have done your duty."

5. In the Crimea, in 1854-5, the army of Piedmont

fairly eclipsed itself. Fully realising that it was a question of taking its proper place in Europe, and that the struggle that was raging there was a decisive one for the future of the Italian people, infantry, artillery, and Bersaglieri alike, were anxious to emulate, if not to surpass, the gallantry of the Zouaves, that terrible corps that, with its brilliant exploits in Algeria, was compelling the admiration of the world. The Bersaglieri, in particular, were anxious to distinguish themselves, and prove worthy of their chief, Alessandro La Marmora, whom they had never forgotten; and, to the surprise of all, they fought not a whit less bravely than the Zouaves themselves. Down there on the field of Traktir these two heroic regiments learnt to know and esteem one another. This bond was further strengthened at Palestro, in 1859. At the Cernaia, the army of Piedmont, decimated by fever and cholera, worked indescribable wonders. The cannons roared so loudly that the wounded, chafing at their powerlessness, left their beds, and, deaf to doctor's orders, went and joined their comrades. "While they are fighting, how can you expect us to be slacking under canvas?" The cholera and fever patients, snatching up their arms, fired as they sang, like the rest. Well might General Ferrero declare, "I am proud of commanding soldiers like these."

Amongst the bravest of the senior officers of the Piedmontese army in the Crimea was Colonel GABRIELLI OF MONTEVECCHIO. No sooner landed, his soldiers were down with cholera; he, in the meanwhile, waiting for brighter days, nursed them with the rarest devotion. On the day of the battle he mounted his horse and refused to budge from the firing-line. His horse shot under him, he mounted another, and remained in the thick of the fray, reminding his men: "A Piedmontese never retreats; forward, then!" Forward, then, he went, until a bullet pierced his lungs,

just when the victory was won. The tunic he was wearing on the day of battle is one of his beloved regiment's—the Royal Piedmont—relics. Even now you can still make out some clots of blood upon it.

The first squadron of the regiment of "Nice Cavalry" was reconnoitring on the Sesia. The bridge was broken; they forded the river. Then CAPTAIN D'USSEAUX divided his squadron into patrols and sent them to report on the enemy's strength. One patrol returned at once: "Captain, some Uhlans are advancing upon us, and are now quite close." "That's all right; we are ready for them. Since we can't retreat, let us sell our lives dear." "But, captain, they are in great strength." "Capital! we are only a handful of men; all the greater glory for us. Forward, my children; we hold them." Like a lion, he bounded upon the leader of the Uhlans; on the point of striking him down with his sword, the Uhlan thrust his lance through his side. His maddened horse dragged him. D'Usseaux rolled to the bottom of a slope and expired.

6. "Palestro must be taken at any price"—such was the order which General Cialdini, on May 30th, 1859, gave to Major Chiabrera, commander of the 7th Bersaglieri, which was to form the extreme advance-guard. On the left bank were the Austrians covering Palestro, on the right Chiabrera's men, who had two bridges to cross before the enemy could be attacked. This they did under a storm of projectiles to which the heavens added their quota. The major, at the head of his column, tried an assault. Repulsed, he returned to the charge, but in vain. He then called up the 25th Company, which was late in arriving. The major apostrophised the tardy captain: "Where the deuce were you?" For answer the captain pointed to his Bersaglieri in rags and covered in mud, worn out in pursuit of the Tyrolese who had been threatening

the heroic 7th. Content with glaring at the last arrivals, Chiabrera addressed them: "I am going to see if you are still my Crimean soldiers. We've got to take Palestro; do you understand? Attack at the double," he added. Trampling under foot the dead bodies of their comrades, they rushed off. Their dash was superb; the resistance worthy of it. Chiabrera, seeing a battalion of infantry, under Colonel Brignone, was afraid of sharing with others the dangers of that glorious hour. "Look out, the infantry are getting in front of us!" Nettled at his words, the Bersaglieri, with an irresistible effort, once more attempted the assault, and this time entered Palestro.

The same evening, as he removed the cloak which, by reason of the pouring rain, he had been unable to dispense with, Chiabrera noticed a bullet-hole in it. His men were camping round a feeble fire, trying to dry their soaked clothes, when they were joined by the third Zouaves, who, by order of Napoleon III, had been transferred to General Cialdini's command. All these gallant fellows embraced and cheered their famous victory.

The next day, when the imperial troops had recaptured the village of St. Pierre, Major Chiabrera was once more chosen to take it back. The Bersaglieri set off under fire from the Tyrolese concealed in the corn. Chiabrera ordered a bayonet-charge; the Tyrolese, taken by surprise, were massacred, the village occupied.

For the occupation to be permanent, the enemy's guns had to be silenced at any cost. Bersaglieri and Zouaves raced for them and captured eight of them.

When the remnant of the 7th Brigade re-entered Palestro their ranks were so reduced that Chiabrera, a lion in attack, cried like a child.

7. The Imperialists held the formidable positions of Cavriana, Solferino and San Martino. The Austrian Marshal Benedek directed their fire. All day long the Piedmontese had spent their strength in fruitless assaults.

At 8 o'clock, Solferino having been taken, thanks to the gallantry of the French, Victor Emanuel ordered a general attack upon San Martino, Austria's last rampart.

Six times in succession his troops had scaled the heights, scrambling under fire over walls, hedges and palisades, but at each attempt fresh columns of Austrians and fresh guns had driven them back. Towards 5 o'clock, on that memorable 24th of June, a storm burst unexpectedly upon that terrible tussle. Streaks of lightning rent the clouds, and the hail lashed the earth, as it filled the ditches, converted the paths into ravines, and tore up the bushes.

An hour afterwards the sky once more cleared. Then the drenched masses, who had lain down flat the better to keep their arms and cartridges dry, rose to their feet again.

To set things going, the king placed himself one pace in advance, and, turning to his soldiers, said to them—alluding to the Piedmontese custom whereby all house-removals take place on St. Martin's day: "Now my children, let us take St. Martin, or the Tedeschi [Austrians] will be moving in before us." Thereupon they moved forward with irresistible dash. On all sides there was a resumption of hand-to-hand fighting as they sprang at one another like wild beasts at bay, grappling, biting and strangling each other the while, in that dire death-struggle. Shrieks of distress, groans of the dying, cheers, oaths, mingled in the scorched-up air. The victory was theirs. Gradually the deafening din of the guns died away, and over the fields of Lombardy, so long harvested by the greedy tyrant, stole the peaceful night. Amid the ensanguined crops the dead lay happy, for the living were free at last. It was at San Martino, that Victor Emanuel added the first jewel to the ancestral diadem.

VICTOR EMANUEL: now is the moment to speak of him. To begin with, he was the bravest of his soldiers.

At Goito, we saw him decide the victory ; at Novara roll back defeat ; carbine in hand, hastening by night to help the police, and returning the fire of brigands. At Palestro, in front of the Bersaglieri, as he stood in the midst of the Zouaves, when admonished by Colonel Chambron to leave the *mêlée*, he answered : " Here, there is glory to spare for all." " But what about the danger for yourself ? " replied the colonel. " In peril my place is among my men ; to-day you belong to me," " Oh, this devil of a king ! " cried the Zouaves.

After the victory, the king, dog-tired, had gone to sleep in a small house adjacent to a farm. They woke him up. Hastily flinging on a few clothes, he found himself surrounded by his comrades in arms, privates and corporals. An officer presented Victor Emanuel with the stripes of a corporal of Zouaves. " And you may well be proud, sire," added some one, " for you were elected unanimously." From that day until 1878, among the 3rd Zouaves, at the evening roll-call, they used to call, " Corporal Victor Emanuel of Savoy," to which the sergeant made answer : " Absent, on the throne of Italy."

Victor Emanuel looked man and danger straight in the face. He was never afraid. Not Radetzky, nor Germany, nor Napoleon III, nor the Pope could give him that creepy sensation which goes by the name of fear. And that which rendered him impervious to fear was his loyal soul. He was a stranger alike to dissimulation, hints, half-measures, low tricks and equivocal silences. When needs must, he said what he thought without fence or flourish.

8. On the very evening of the defeat of Novara, on the abdication of his father, Charles-Albert, the young king decided upon his course of conduct : respect for the Constitution. And to that he always adhered.

" I have no taste for the trade of king, always a painful and difficult one. But there is always a definite

line of conduct to be pursued, and one must not be afraid of confessing it.

"I know the condition of my country perfectly, and I can foresee the future of Europe. We shall have to face some appalling crises, but I fear nothing. I came into the world when a storm was raging; that is why a storm exhilarates me. I am a tough subject."

Whilst, bent under the yoke of the Hapsburgs, all the kings of Italy played fast and loose with the Constitution, whilst they lay Italy to rest in a Procrustean bed, the young king, though Metternich might threaten, Radetzky cajole, and the imperial army invade his country; though conservatives, clericals, and the aristocracy with whom Piedmont was packed, might storm and sulk—the young king, in the homely words of the honest trooper, thus declared himself: "I shall maintain the Constitution; I shall cling to the tricolour flag, symbol of Italian nationality, vanquished as it is to-day. One day it shall surely triumph; and to that end will I devote myself heart and hand."

On hearing that even the Grand-duke of Tuscany had revoked the Leopoldian constitution, he cried: "His conduct is shameful; how can a man possibly do such an infamous thing?"

On one occasion he remarked to a deputy: "I have deceived no one, nor shall I ever do so. Loyalty before all, and in spite of all. That is the path I mean to follow, even if I have to become plain 'Monsieur de Savoie' with an invalid wife and five children."

After Napoleon's *coup d'état* reaction was rampant everywhere. The King of Prussia, in conjunction with Francis-Joseph, ordered his ambassador at Turin to force upon the king the abolition of the constitutional liberty. Victor Emanuel bounded under the insult. He declared: "I shall be true to my word.

Rather than be guilty of such a dastardly act of cowardice, we will migrate bodily to America."

In his letter to the Marquis of Villamarina, Cavour laid special stress upon the king's unshakable will-power :

" Charles-Albert died at Oporto to avoid giving way to Austria. Our king is going to die in America, or he will suffer defeat a hundred times at the foot of the Alps, rather than tarnish with one single breath the old and stainless honour of his noble line."

On the ambassador of the King of Naples reproaching him with extending hospitality to the Neapolitan refugees, Victor made answer, " Tell the king, your master, that, as an independent Italian prince, I have the right to wrest from the prison and the scaffold those poor wretches whose only crime consists in having loved their country."

After Orsini's attempt against Napoleon (January 14th, 1858), diplomatic relations between the two Courts were very near breaking point. The Emperor claimed that Piedmont should adopt a more repressive policy against its republican and revolutionary elements. It was in vain that Victor Emanuel hoped for and counted upon the future help of Napoleon ; he had no hesitation in addressing him thus :

" If the Emperor expects me to use violence in Piedmont, inform him please that in so doing I should lose my power, and he the sympathy of a generous nation. Never have I tolerated tyranny on the part of any man. I am the mirror of honour, and to God and my people alone will I answer in the matter of that honour. For 850 years have we held our heads high : no one can make me lower mine. . . . This said, I wish to be friends with you."

9. And friends they became. In 1859 they put themselves at the head of their troops with the object of uniting Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. The

victories of Montebello, Solferino, Palestro and San Martino are familiar facts, and few are unaware that the treaty of Villafranca, signed by the Emperors Napoleon III and Francis-Joseph on July 12th, in the same year, brought to a sudden close the brilliant operations of the Sardo-French Army.

In that document may be seen also the signature of Victor Emanuel, with this significant reservation : " I accept, as far as I, personally, am concerned."

But, whilst public opinion demanded the continuation of the war, Napoleon exerted himself to form a hybrid Confederation, with the Pope as honorary president, and Austria at Florence, the Bourbons at Parma and Modena, the Bourbons at Naples and in Sicily, and Austrian Venice. He hoped to baptize that monster at a European congress. Victor Emanuel made his meaning clear in the following words :

" If your Majesty is bound by treaties, I, for my part, am bound by honour, by duty, and by justice to my House, to my people and to Italy. My lot is identical with that of the people of Italy. We may fall, but never shall we stoop to play the traitor. Solferinos and San Martinos may on occasions redeem the Novaras and the Waterloos ; but the apostasies of princes are irreparable for all time.

" I am touched to the very depths of my soul by the confidence and the love shown me by this noble and unhappy people. Sooner than betray them, I prefer to break my sword, and, like my august father, to cast away my crown. Time and the sword have carried my House from the Alps to the borders of the Mincio ; those two tutelary angels will, in God's good time, bear it farther still."

The provinces of central Italy insisted upon their annexation with Piedmont ; to this, however, the Emperor, in accordance with the traditional French

policy, would not consent. But Austria, in concert with the Pope and the kingdom of Naples, was for contriving a war, with Piedmont to pay the piper. It was then, to win over France to his plans, that the cession of Nice and Savoy, which had been promised to Napoleon, was decided upon. So great was the sacrifice, that the Prime Minister, Rattazzi, withheld his consent, but Cavour, convinced of its necessity, procured his recall by the king, with whom he had quarrelled over the peace of Villafranca. It was with a heavy heart that Victor Emanuel found himself obliged to cede Savoy to Napoleon. But, thinking of his daughter, the young Princess Clothilde, whom he had married in 1858—when only sixteen years old—to the Emperor's cousin, Napoleon-Jerôme, son of the ex-king of Westphalia, he sought consolation in this reflection: "I gave him my daughter; I can well make him a present of my cradle."

Garibaldi charged General Türr to ascertain from the king if the decision to cede Nice to France was irrevocably fixed. . . . "Yes," declared Victor Emanuel; "but tell the general that Savoy also passes to France. If I am resigned to the abandonment of the land of my ancestors, he surely must put up with the loss of the city in which he only was born. The cruel fate that has overtaken both of us consists in this, that we have to make the greatest sacrifice conceivable, for Italy's sake."

France agreed to the adoption of the plebiscite in the provinces whose assemblies had voted their annexation to Piedmont. She undertook to fall in with the wishes of the people. The plebiscites in Tuscany and central Italy took place on July 11th, 1859, and March 12th, 1860; the result was unanimity. On April 2nd, Victor Emanuel, at whom Pius IX launched a second bull of excommunication, opened the first Italian Parliament at Turin. Faithful always to his oath of loyalty, he pronounced these words amongst others:

"Devoted, like all my forbears, to the dogmas of Catholicism and to the supreme Head of religion, if the ecclesiastical authorities will use spiritual weapons in the service of temporal interests, I, in accordance with my conscience and the traditions of my ancestors, will ever hold the torch of liberty aloft, and will maintain my authority for which God and my people alone can hold me responsible.

"In addressing ourselves to our task, let us not lose sight of the services rendered to the common cause by our predecessors in office, nor of the fact that all sincere convictions make together for the happiness of the people and the prosperity of the Motherland; which is no longer Italy of the Romans, nor of the Middle Ages, nor a happy hunting-ground for every foreigner who comes along—but Italy of the Italians."

10. A year later, on March 14th, on the completion of the conquest of Sicily and southern Italy, the two Chambers conferred upon Victor Emanuel the title of "King of Italy, by the grace of God and will of the nation." I am well aware that that formula can be applied to all constitutional monarchs, but the reader will agree with me, that never formula was more significant or more appropriate, for never has the accession of any king, in any nation, been, as it was in the case of Victor Emanuel, the outcome of the unanimous suffrage of an entire nation. Now, if the first part of the formula is there to voice tradition, the second applies to the modern spirit of free institutions in which the people's will reigns supreme. A few days afterwards the same parliament proclaimed the right of Italy to make Rome her capital.

The phrase "Rome the capital," storm-presaging, and charged with overwhelming responsibilities, was now for the first time hurled into Europe—supreme challenge and supreme hope. The skilful weaver

who had unwound the tangled skein, and by dint of infinite toil had woven his web by means of stringent and audacious negotiations, was suddenly snatched from his work, and in full vigour taken from his king and country. Cavour's death was a cruel loss for Victor Emanuel. Minds of that capacity are not easily replaced. He remained alone at the wheel. Beset by the greatest difficulties, in the troublous days of '66, never for one single instant did the idea of renouncing the stupendous ambitions of Cavour cross the mind of the king. What! act in an underhand way? That meant treason. Leave to his heir the task of entering Rome? That was to play the cheat. And he made his entry into Rome the better to deserve the title of *Rè Galantuomo* which the new-born nation accorded him.

II. Now the "Father of the country" lies in the Pantheon, in the very heart of Rome. We cannot count him wholly dead, seeing that he has bequeathed to his descendants an unshakable loyalty and a generosity without flaw. To this bequest, Humbert I added his native and inspired goodness. From his grandfather, our present king inherits his bravery and his simple tastes.

For, while still young, the son of Charles-Albert, casting off the deadening rules of a strict court etiquette, loved to assume the dress of a country gentleman. Wrapped in a cloak, he would mingle with the crowd and the groups that assembled in front of the town hall or in the castle square. By keeping his ears open, he contrived to get an idea of the aspirations of the public, as he joined in the chorus of applause which greeted their mention.

One evening, in the year 1848, the Minister Cesare Balbo was returning home with a group of students. Suddenly he perceived a young man creeping in under the carriage gate for the purpose of catching him as he entered. As he drew quite near him, the stranger

said to him in an undertone: "I am the Duke of Savoy. I beseech you not to forget me when you are giving out commands." "Set your mind at rest, your Highness; you shall have your command."

Etiquette was for him tantamount to slavery. He spent his summers at Racconigi or Pollenza. His greatest pleasure lay in shooting on the mountain side, dressed like a musketeer of old.

After a good day's sport, when he had shared a frugal repast with some goat-herd whom he had come across on the heights, he would press upon him the contents of his well-stocked game bag.

The mountaineers worshipped their warlike king, with his simple habits, his velvet jacket, wideawake hat, gun on shoulder, dog at heel, and pockets stuffed with cigars. Generous to a degree, his civil list of 4,000,000 was spent in life annuities and in acts of private charity. Horses were his one luxury, and of them he formed a model stud.

When he went to Naples and Palermo, in 1860, the people, who took him to their hearts at once, were at a loss to know how to prove their affection. At Palermo it went very much against the grain, when some young fellows harnessed themselves to his carriage. "Let the people clearly understand," said he to the mayor, "that I am neither an actor, nor a ballet-girl."

In his taste for a simple life, his blunt speech, his chivalrous courage, his winning good nature, and his spirited repartee, Victor Emanuel much resembled Henri IV. Cast, like him, on a howling sea, in a cockle-shell boat, he made up his mind to stick to it and keep to sea, and after some difficult tacks, brought his boat safely back to port. He had, moreover, the same good fortune as Henri IV. The first of the Bourbons had Sully; the first King of Italy had Cavour—Cavour, the tireless master-builder of Victor Emanuel's glory, the unity and independence of Italy.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE VOLUNTEERS

1. Outside Piedmont, there was no regular national army. The preparations for this war of patriots and conspirators had to be made in secret, with the scaffold, irons, and exile hanging ever over their heads. Individual acts of valour, moreover, could be counted by the hundred, and legions of brave men threw themselves into the conflict to give fresh life to the word "Italy," and to secure a people's freedom.

Shall I give a few examples?

2. Let me carry you some distance off that I may not forget men who, fighting on foreign soil, for other's glory, remembered that they were Italians. The scene was laid in Russia. The struggle was fast and furious—they were fighting hand to hand, in the streets, houses and courtyards. Blood flowed in streams, formed pools, bespattered the walls. The men of General Pino's brigade, in the glare of the burning houses, wherever they turned came across mounds of dead bodies.

They faltered. "Courage, lads! Let us cover our fair name of Italians with glory; let us conquer to-day, for our fathers' honour, and that of our wives and friends." And, fixing bayonets, the men of Italy plunged into the sheet of fire. "In no time," writes De Laugier, "their shapeless, blackened, scorified skeletons were a sight to shudder at, not to see."

Eugène de Beauharnais ordered the guard to capture

a low hill. He fancied that one of the mounted gunners looked pale. "What, do you mean to tell me that you, a guardsman, are afraid?" The latter exclaimed indignantly: "No, your Highness, I am not afraid; but it's this which does not allow me to be very comfortable in my stirrups." So saying, he pointed to his leg shattered by grape-shot.

PACCHIEROTTI, like his compatriots, Santarosa, Ferrero, Collegno, Di San Marzano, unable to draw his sword against Austria, offered it to the insurgent Spaniards. With his knee shattered by a bullet, he remained in the saddle in agonising pain, for the sake of heartening his men. When, inflammation setting in as a natural result of this imprudence, amputation was declared necessary, he refused in these words to submit to it: "Seeing that there is no free country left for me, I have no desire to live." His comrades called him "The bravest of the brave."

CORPORAL PRATO that day was doing sentinel some way off from the men of his squadron. Suddenly a patrol of Austrian hussars summoned him to surrender. For all answer, he felled one of the enemy with his carbine. Then he jumped into the saddle, and spurred for all he was worth. Not until he had travelled some distance did he notice that his carbine was missing. How could he appear before his commanding officers without a weapon and abandon that trophy to the enemy? He returned at the gallop, and in full view of his foes, aghast at such an act of audacity, he dived down in the grass, picked up his carbine, remounted, and got clear away despite a shower of grape-shot with which the fooled patrol peppered him.

CIRO BECCARIA, a volunteer artillery-man, loading his rifle for the last time, had his leg broken by a bullet. Drawing his dagger, he severed the tendons of the mutilated limb with his own hand, and then dragged himself to Novara to die.

The insurgents at Messina were burning to tear the flag from the battlements of the citadel. From on high, the cannons were belching forth grape-shot on that little group of men, who, mounted on each other's shoulders, made a living ladder. Among them was an old man, SALVATORE BENZAIA, and his four sons. The youngest of these had his head so frightfully shattered that his brothers heaped under him amid the debris and the dust, were bespattered with his blood. At this the old man cried out: "One of my sons has fallen for the fatherland, now let the others take their turn."

The street arabs of Messina, regardless of danger, chased after the grenades to cut the fuse before they had time to explode. One of them, a certain GUARIGENA, in doing so, lost his arms. As they were amputating the stumps, he remarked: "I don't mind losing them; I've still got my teeth to bite them with."

Is this all? Why! I have hardly begun. But, as I have no wish to inflict the reader with a catalogue, I shall content myself with giving you a pen portrait of the bravest and the most distinguished of the knights of our redemption.

3. Foremost of all towers the immortal figure of GARIBALDI, the *Condottiere*.

He, the lonely, the poor, without rights, rank, riches, or recognised mission; disowned, denounced, hunted down everywhere, unceasingly spied upon, the representative of an abstraction, reared heroes out of common clay, improvised armies, roused crowds to revolt, overthrew nations with a handful of men to whom he held out the following programme: "To you I offer hunger, thirst, perils, conflict and death." Against him were ranged the whole of Europe, the rights of men, treaties, the balance of power, the force of tradition, armies; on his side he had but a lowly legion of slaves. Yet he it was who conquered!

This man endured everything : shipwreck, captivity, torture, anguish and despair unspeakable. He was beaten ; from the fire, the bullet and the bayonet alike, he escaped unscathed. He endured hunger, and was no stranger to bereavement, and wherever and whenever danger threatened, he would say : " Thither I go."

This man dared everything. He attacked dynasties, made tyrants tremble, condemned popes, shook thrones, faced armies, fired navies. He was an apostle. With steadfast faith and godlike calm, he pushed ever forward. His was the nature of the lion ; fearsome in his moments of anger, in repose his face shone with a tender smile. Under fire he was omnipresent and invulnerable. He rode untouched amid bursting bombs ; the bullet, aimed at his brow, sputtered in vain around his tawny mane. And the treacherous dagger, poised to strike, was powerless to pierce his scarlet shirt. He would fall asleep while the battle still raged, perchance under the ramparts breached by the grape-shot, or in the porch of a church just snatched from the enemy.

His habits were sober. Some bread, a handful of beans, some fruit : such were his daily rations. He drank water straight from the spring or from the tap of a fountain. When dictator of Sicily he allowed himself ten francs a day : such was his civil list. He was simple : his trousers were torn and scorched by the fire, others to change into he had none. When he entered Naples with Victor Emanuel, he wore his old felt hat which had taken part in all the campaigns of 1860. There were towns which had subscribed to set up his statue in marble ; he objected, and asked for powder instead. He was generous. On the field of battle he forbade his men to fire at any of the enemy who had wrought some gallant deed. " Let us preserve the brave," said he ; " they belong to our race,"

One day, while a storm was raging, he rescued from amongst the very chains of the anchors which the waves were dragging from the sand a poor nigger who had given himself up for lost. The first decrees which he drew up at Naples provided for the institution of day-schools for the poor children of the twelve districts of the town, and for the foundation of free boarding schools for the sons of the lower classes. He suppressed the *lotto*, and in its place opened savings-banks.

To the English, who—like all foreigners—had no right under the old order of things to have a church of their own, and who were in the habit of worshipping with shut doors in the house of their Consul, Garibaldi granted permission to build a chapel for themselves. This sanction was worded thus: "Will this people, who worship the same God as the Italians, please accept as a national gift the little plot of ground necessary for its pious work."

Is it to be wondered at that a deputation of Calabrian nobles addressed him thus: "All hail to thee, Elect of Nations!"

He alone was devoid of ambition. With all his forerunners, from Hannibal to Napoleon, the wildest dreams of conquest culminated in a crown. They, whilst they gave freedom to nations, could not free themselves from the lust of domination. He refused the rank of colonel which Victor Emanuel decreed him, and the "Cross of the Annunciation" too, rarest of orders, carrying with it the title of "Cousin royal." He was the ideal *Condottiere*, seeing that he remained to his death the *Condottiere* of the Ideal.

When the joy of the emancipated people reached the heights of delirium, and the multitude, in acclaiming him, had cried itself hoarse, Garibaldi, on the morning of the *Plebiscito*, went to drop his vote for Victor Emanuel into the urn which he himself had won for

him. Then he went to meet his king, to whom he gave 9,000,000 subjects.

On the morrow he embarked for Caprera, on the *Washington*, with his son and three friends. All he took with him was a thousand francs, some cuttings of trees, a sack of beans and one of haricots, and a barrel of dried cod.

Ought not the following order of the day he left with his comrades in arms to be cast in bronze?

“ . . . To this glorious page of our history, the penultimate stage of our resurrection [Garibaldi predicted with a marvellous clarity of vision the two future campaigns of Venice and Rome] there shall be added one more glorious still, and the slave will point out to his free brother a bright weapon forged from the chains which bind him.

“ It is for you women to take heed that you give not yourselves to cowards, for from them only cowards can spring; and for you, maidens, to desire one posterity only, a brave and generous race.

“ Let timid doctrinaires trail elsewhere their servility and their misery. This people is its own master. It desires common brotherhood with other nations, but not by virtue of toadying to the proud, and climbing to freedom on bended knee. It has no desire to be piloted by muddy-minded men; no! a thousand times no!

“ Italians of Calatafimi, Palermo, the Volturmo, Ancona, Castelfidardo, Isernia, and with us every man who is neither coward nor slave, all crowding round Victor Emanuel, the glorious soldier of Palestro, we will give the last push to this tottering tyranny.

“ . . . Let those alone return home whom imperious family duties claim, or those who, bearing on their bodies glorious wounds, have earned their country's gratitude. They will still serve her in their homes by

the help of their counsel and the sight of those sacred scars received betimes in her defence.

“ With the exception of these, let the rest remain and guard our glorious flags.

“ GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

“ NAPLES,

“ November, 1860.”

Six years later, once more, on a sign from his king, he suddenly appeared in the Tyrolese Alps at the head of men who seemed to rise from the earth. They were the *chasseurs des Alpes*, who scaled rocks, ravines, and mountain-tops to drive the enemy from his lair. The mountaineers flocked to the side of Garibaldi, the liberator so long expected.

He captured villages, occupied valleys, camped upon the heights with sword in hand, with bared breast, lost in admiration of those tremendous Alpine ramparts.

One evening, he thought he saw Trent appearing on the horizon, but his king recalled him. “ I obey,” he wrote, and, Moses-like, without one word of murmur, tearing his eyes from the city of promise, he put back the sword into the scabbard, and regained the plain.

And his faithful isle (Caprera) welcomed him once again.

After this, in her hour of adversity, France saw him appear on her blood-stained battle-fields, and his magic sword strike at the traditional foe.

That done, he returned once more to his steep, wind-swept rock. There he tended his sheep, tilled his garden, gathered in the harvest. His child-like, poetic soul was sunk in the contemplation of sea and stars. Stainless in his daily life, he lived without remorse.

4. Though strictly historical, the figure of Garibaldi stands out bathed in the brilliant colours of some legendary character.

Who can relate all his roving campaigns, his fantastic skirmishes, his strange combats, waged now by sea, now by land, among breakers and on mountain-tops?

Blockaded once in America, he brought his boats on land and had them dragged along by two hundred oxen across inconceivable distances, in order to launch them elsewhere.

At Montevideo, his munitions exhausted, he broke the chains of his anchors in pieces, and used them to load his guns, into which he rammed every scrap of bronze and iron he could lay hands upon.

Side-arms were his favourite weapon; for him the gun meant the handle of the bayonet—and his legions, following close upon him, would bound like lions on the foe.

The extraordinary audacity and skilled tactics which distinguished all his expeditions would, time after time, upset the strategy of the regular generals.

With two inferior ships he broke through a fleet of twenty-one vessels, which had come to stop him, and landed his brave men on the "Isle of fire" (Sicily). With 1,092 Italians, and three Hungarians, in one single fortnight he conquered Sicily, defended at that moment by an army 50,000 strong. Calatafimi and Milazzo represented the epic poem of this "horde of brigands," as they were called by the Minister Carafa, in one of his notes to the diplomatic authorities.

In Palermo, General Lanza, governor of the island, walled up and barricaded the doors, and camped outside the town with 22,000 men. The fighting of the van-guard was terrible; the forts and the citadel vomited grape-shot, the roaring of the ships' guns was awful; whole families perished with their burning houses; but, on the Day of Pentecost, Garibaldi entered into Palermo.

From Palmi, on August 25th, he wrote personally:

“ . . . Our march is one long triumph ; the people are enthusiastic to a degree ; the royalist troops are disbanding ; the Calabrians are admirable ; the children of Greater Greece, stoics.”

The *Condottiere* arrived at Salerno.

The King of Naples thereupon summoned the leaders of the national battalions, and spoke to them word for word as follows :

“ Since our mutual friend don Peppe [dimin. of Joseph], is drawing near, my work is over, yours is about to begin. Maintain order. I have instructed the troops to capitulate.”

And, with no more ado, Francis II left the town, and shut himself up in Capua to defend himself there.

5. Capua is built on the left bank of the Volturno, which half encircles it. The entrance to it is by a drawbridge over a moat ; and the way out is in the direction of Gaeta, across another bridge which spans the river. Garibaldi wanted to cut off Capua from Gaeta. He was obliged, therefore, to cross the Volturno at a certain point in order to occupy the heights which command the right bank of the river and the main roads. But, as the Volturno was defended and patrolled by a considerable force, he had, therefore, to distract the enemy and draw off his attention. General Türr had recourse to the time-honoured ruse ; he despatched a strong column against Capua, as if intending to attack the town. Forthwith, the Bavarians, cavalry, artillery—10,000 Royalists in full—attacked that column and drenched it with a shower of munitions. And, as if those forces were not enough, they recalled the regiments that were guarding the passage of the upper Volturno, so favouring General Türr's plan. The patriots worked miracles, and fought like Zouaves.

To the number of 2,000 they stood the fire for six whole hours.

Garibaldi, commanding in person, moved from point to point with his accustomed unconcern. The Royalists peppered him with grenades; with a smile he followed their flight.

Meanwhile the siege-works at Capua proceeded apace. Garibaldi betook himself every morning before Capua. Fighting went on daily on the Volturno from both banks. On October 1st, at dawn, the Royalists suddenly made a sortie; 30,000 of them, first-rate troops, came out from Capua, and fought with gallantry; towards noon, the patriots gave the battle up for lost. Garibaldi alone was confident. Calm and collected, under the infernal fire of the enemy, he dictated this telegram: "We are victors all along the line."

He let the Royalists advance. His only concern was to cut off their retreat. The carnage was horrible, the wounded were cast in the river, already clogged with corpses. The Royalists found themselves hedged in by a ring of bayonets; as for the Bavarians, who had attempted a diversion on Maddaloni, they were killed to a man. The victory of Capua (or of the Volturno) was worthy to rank among the great victories of the period.

On the very day of this signal success, Garibaldi's carriage was attacked and riddled with shot, and his coachman, one horse, and two postilions killed. The general, as he finished the journey on foot at the head of a thousand men, repeatedly cried out: "We have won the day. I am Garibaldi."¹

The battle of the Volturno and the siege of Capua are among the greatest feats of arms of the nineteenth century.

¹ Cp. Marc Monier *Histoire de la conquête des deux-Sicilies, notes prises sur place*. (Paris: Collection Hetzel, 1861.)

6. Small wonder, then, that Garibaldi, a strictly historic figure, appears in a legendary light. Our nephews will already be singing the wonderful myth which took shape under the pen of Carducci, Italy's greatest modern poet, the very day of the hero's death. The legend ends with a prophecy of the events of which we are to-day the privileged witnesses.

"He was the offspring of an ancient native god who fell enamoured of a northern fairy, there, where the smiling Alps stoop to the sapphire sea, where the heavens flash with a yet more fulgent blue, where all things bloom with unearthly grace and beauty. But the epoch was a sad one: hell was the lord of that paradise, the hell made by home and foreign tyrants, and by priestly domination. It fell upon a day that, as the gentle child divine, his lustrous eyes feasting on sky and sea, was wandering at will, Italy, to free him from the thrall of tyrants, bore him to America, which, discovered by another Ligurian, was to become a refuge for him and all the oppressed. There the brave youth grew to manhood riding the waves, wild as an unbroken colt, hunting the tiger and the bear. His food consisted of the marrow of lions. As proud and fair as Theseus, he dwelt among savages whom he tamed and made subject to his will. From the ruins wrought by tyranny, he reared Republics.

"In the fulness of time Theseus, grown another Hercules in symmetry and strength, answered the summons of Italy.

"He went from victory to victory, only to halt before the walls of Rome.

"... Wounded in the heel, his only vulnerable spot, he went and dwelt upon a savage island, which, wherever his foot pressed, bore grain and fruit. Here the hero passed many a long year, and laved his wounded

foot in the waters of the Mediterranean, where had descended the goddess mother of the heavens to bring him solace. Her kisses brought him back his health and the radiant flush of youth. . . .

"Yet again, foreigners once more took possession of the peninsula. Thereupon the generation of Garibaldi came down to the sounding waves, and, with arms outstretched over the great waters, cried out — 'Come back, Condottiere, liberator and dictator !'

"Gladly hearkening to this appeal, our hero once more girded himself for conquest. Seeing that his followers were few, he ascended the Capitol, and, brandishing his sword and striking the ground with his foot, commanded all the men who had fallen under him to come to life again. Then it was that the air trembled as with the song of a mighty host ; the ground shook to the tread of armed men ; Italy was free, for ever free ; on mountain and plain, on sea and island, the tyrant's voice was no more heard.

"The Roman eagle, with the full span of its wings, soared once more between the sea and the mountains, and, as it saw the ships freely ploughing for the third time the Italian Middle Sea, it uttered a piercing cry of joy.

"When he had reinstated his people in their rights, and had reconciled the other nations, when he had secured for them peace, liberty, and happiness, one day the hero disappeared. It was said he had been summoned to the council of his country's gods. But each day, as the sun rises over the Alps across the dawn-mist, and sinks to rest in a bed of saffron and of rose, a great shadow looms between the firs and the larches. That shadow has a red cloak, loose-flying locks of gold, and an expression pure as heaven. The herdsman, as he gazes at it, tells his children : ' It is the great hero of Italy keeping watch and ward over the mountains of his native land.' "

7. SANTORRE SANTAROSA, when he was eleven years old, looked first upon the face of death when it struck down his father, a colonel in the army of Piedmont. That premature meeting tempered him for life.

“Why was I not born an Englishman, a Russian or a Frenchman? Shall I never be able to draw my sword for Italy and lead her soldiers into battle?”

His sense of powerlessness threw a blighting shadow over his youth, obsessed by this dream of his. His friends dubbed him Tiberius Gracchus. And indeed such he became.

Charles-Albert, the young Prince de Carignan, was acting as regent for his uncle, Charles-Felix, who was living at Modena, a kind of miniature Vienna. Charles-Albert, who looked kindly upon the liberals and so upon a war with Austria, appointed Santarosa Minister of War and Marine. But his uncle repudiated him, and ordered him to leave Turin at once to join the Austrians, who were about to repress the revolution. Santarosa found himself alone. What was to be done? He stoically took stock of his terrible position, and thus addressed his soldiers: “Do you want civil war, foreign invasion, pillage, fire, and the ruin of your town? or would you rather win glory? One sole means of safety remains: flock to the flag and plant it on the banks of the Ticino. Lombardy is waiting for us. Make up your minds at once. If you hesitate, then good-bye to country and honour: all is lost.”

A modern Gracchus, he dared to pit puny Piedmont against puissant Austria—his 4,000 men against 60,000 with 200,000 allied troops at their back.

The brave fellows were naturally routed. He was desirous to save them at least, and sacrificed himself to that end, thus forfeiting his right to the amnesty. After much trouble, he escaped to Switzerland, leaving to his foes the satisfaction of hanging him in effigy. But Metternich made a dead set at him, and

had him expelled. He settled in Paris, where he vegetated in an attic and lived on the proceeds of his pamphlets, which were snapped up as soon as printed.

Victor Cousin, seriously ill, summoned him to his bedside: "You are the only man whom in my condition I care to know. You are a hero." They became friends. But Santarosa, ferreted out by Metternich, took refuge in England, where he gave lessons in French and Italian.

Suddenly Greece, in the midst of an enslaved and slumbering Europe, lifted up her head against the Turks. Then it was that Santarosa made up his mind: "Since I can do nothing for my own country, I shall devote the few years which remain to me on earth, to this people in like case with mine."

We meet him next as he stands before Condurioti.

"Who are you?"

"I am poor and in exile. I have lost all save my heart, and I am here to lay it at the feet of Greece."

"What is your name?"

"Santorre Santarosa, I am from Piedmont. For a long time I believed myself called to free Italy: a death sentence, exile and misery have shown me the emptiness of my dream. Far from my wife and children, without country or friends, rather than die of inaction, I have come to lay down my life for the cause that I have unwearyingly loved."

"What rank in the army do you want?"

"In my country, I accepted the rank of Minister of War and Marine; here, I only ask to fight. I am content to be a private. The Turks are about to attack the island of Sfacteria. I desire to fight in its defence."

Condurioti thereupon embraced the illustrious exile, saying:

"You will tell Maurocordato that Santarosa made Condurioti blush."

While he waited for the Turkish Fleet, Santarosa read Tacitus, certain tragedies of Shakespeare, and the songs of Tyrtæus. Then, fighting like a lion, he fell transfixed with wounds.

8. MOROSINI, MAMELI—two ears from the same sheaf, mowed down at Rome in the flower of their youth, in the month of June 1849, by French bullets. Morosini was but eighteen years old, Mameli twenty-one. As handsome as Greek gods, melancholy as men predestined, they walked in the light.

Morosini was from Venice the fair. He was so young, so chaste, that his comrades called him the guardian angel. On the evening that was to be his last the tempest raged, the lightning's flash was so blinding that the eye could not distinguish the fuses of the bombs. Men threw themselves into the mud to avoid them. Morosini had to get back to his post. He groped his way in the darkness which the uproar and the scuffle made more appalling still. His post was suddenly surrounded. He fought with sword and revolver to encourage his men. But a bullet and a bayonet thrust laid him out in the bloodstained mud. And, for the great love they bore him, four men, wounded too, placed him on a stretcher and with all despatch made for Villa Spada with their precious burden. Here, also, the struggle was keen. From afar the enemy challenged: "Who goes there?" "Prisoners," replied Morosini faintly. Fearing a ruse, they fell upon the little group. Terrified, Morosini's men took to their heels. Thereupon the dying man raised himself from the bloodstained stretcher, and, seizing his sword, struck out blindly until a second ball brought him down.

Dragged to the ambulance, he lasted for another thirty hours. He could be heard praying and speaking of his dear ones. Then he closed his pure eyes.

9. GOFFREDO MAMELI was a poet. He sang of war

and love in verse which rose unbidden to his lips. They were simple little songs. By the time the people were repeating them, he had forgotten them. Does the lark remember the last melody that he shook out? He was as fair as Antinous, but knew it not. He was joyous: nevertheless, as soon as the words "motherland" or "freedom" were pronounced, he became serious. That was why Garibaldi held him so dear.

On Mount Janiculum, the rampart of Italian breasts, he held to the bullet-swept slope the whole live-long day. As the sun was setting, a bullet ripped open his leg. He suffered himself to be carried away to the ambulance. The wound suppurating, gangrene intervened; they amputated. "Can't I fight on horse-back?" he asked, for he wished to defy Austria to her face on the very soil of Lombardy. Alas, he died with Rome a Republic, at the self-same hour that the triumvirs went into exile.

For sixty long years has the heroic Mameli lain in the grave, but his hymn with its immortal refrain—

Stringiamci a coorte, siamo pronti alla morte!
Stringiamci a coorte, l'Italia chiamò!¹—

still rings in the Alpine ravines, now, at this hour, when the whole nation has but lately driven back the Imperial eagle to his cursed eyrie. Mameli's hymn is our Marseillaise.

10. LUCIANO MANARA was one of our dandies. A Milanese, rich, cultured, eloquent, he frequented theatres, dances, drawing-rooms. When the popular fury found vent in that superb riot called the *cinque giornate* (March 19-23rd, 1848), this stripling of twenty-two summers played the part of a Plutarchian hero. On the eve of the outbreak he betook himself, with

¹ Close up in serried ranks! We are ready for death; Italy has called us!

his comrades, to church, where the priest, Don Sacchi, gave them absolution. While the grape-shot swept the streets, while the tocsin clanged, while houses blazed, and the fusillade crackled round some 660 improvised barricades, it was fine to see that youngster, at the head of a column, waive on high the tricolour right up to the Porta Tosa, break it down, and set it on fire so as to let the insurgent peasantry into the town. He showed great capacity in organising that column of Bersaglieri whose bearing, discipline and dash were afterwards to win the appreciation of Charles-Albert and Garibaldi. His soldiers gave the impression of veterans. Manara trained them to endurance. "Enthusiasm is not enough; the really brave man is he who can endure privations."

They also fought with courage in the Tyrolese campaign in 1848. Manara's column slept on the ground, exposed alike to wind and storm and avalanche—and that, with empty stomachs. Though the gallows threatened, the column did not laugh less loud, nor sing less merrily on that account. They swam a torrent to pick certain favourite flowers of Manara's. "If these mountains are to prove our Thermopylæ, we will die at our posts. I swear it. Not a soul shall surrender."

Heedless of political squabbles, and putting country before party, Manara had but one ambition—the enfranchisement of his native land.

At Turin, the war minister desired him to form four fresh columns of his Bersaglieri. Manara interrupted him: "Do you know how old I am? I am not yet twenty-four, and do you want me to forfeit my fondness for fighting? Never." And, seeing that Garibaldi was recruiting volunteers for the defence of Rome, Manara climbed the slopes of the Janiculum, and was everywhere at the same time. The enemy forces increased a hundredfold, and struck incessantly.

In vain did he hurl himself into the thick of the fray where death was to be sought ; he came out untouched. As he gazed upon the ground littered with the bodies of his gallant fellows, he cried out : " Is there to be no bullet for me to-day ? " And, even while he was directing the firing from a window of the Villa Spada, a bullet struck him in the temple.

A year before, while bivouacking on the Alps, he had written these words which we have never forgotten : " ITALY WILL NEVER BE FREE UNTIL THE TRICOLOUR FLOATS ON THE BRENNER, AND HOIST IT THERE WE MUST."

II. POERIO is a name thrice holy in the national calendar of Italy. It was borne by a father (Joseph) and his two sons (Alexander and Charles) who witnessed the good confession in jail and in exile.

It is of Alexander, philologist, philosopher, and poet that I propose to speak here. By nature sensitive and ardent, he lived on love and dreams. Poetry was his daily bread. Sorrow and joy welled forth from his soul in sobs and sparkling streams of laughter.

In 1849 his cherished dreams seemed about to be realised. He shouldered his rifle, and, refusing a commission, joined the ranks of General Pepe, setting out to die for Venice. At Mestre, he fought like one possessed. The drum sounded the retreat, but, failing to hear it, as he had lost his hearing in the vaults of St. Elmo at Naples, he found himself one against a hundred Croats, who jabbed at him with their daggers and left him for dead in the dust. For five days he had to endure agony. While under the surgeon's hands, Poerio spoke with wistful longing of the Italy of his dreams. The women of Venice prepared a simple tomb to receive his dust.

Here is the letter General Pepe wrote to Carlo, the hero's brother :

" He was not my brother, he was not my son, but

the bravest, the most disinterested of my fellow countrymen. While still young, from love of liberty, he followed me on the field of Rieti, and our disasters were powerless to chill his ardent soul. Last May, refusing a lucrative and honourable post, he chose to follow me as a mere volunteer, his eyes fixed beyond the Po. In the fight for Mestre, amidst the supreme courage displayed by the defenders of Venice, he surpassed one and all by his bravery, which never failed him amid the agony of the amputation.

"You are to exhort your mother, whom he worshipped, and of whom he spoke in his agony, to be an Italian mother. If the excellence, the sanctity of the cause for which he has given his latest breath but a few moments ago; if the example of so great a patriotism, which will surely bear fruit for the unhappy motherland,—if all these can afford no consolation, what is there that can console?"

"When his confessor asked him this morning whether by any chance he had hated anybody, in feeble tones he made answer: 'No one, save the foes of Italy.'"

12. Five brothers there were named CAIROLI. From the breasts of their heroic mother, Adelaide, they drew that passionate love of country which inspired all their actions.

At San Fermo (May 27th, 1859) fell Ernesto, and his loss suggested the pass-word which Garibaldi issued on the following day: "Saint Cairolì."

A year afterwards Benedetto and Enrico set forth for Sicily, on the immortal adventure of the "Mille." The hill of Calatafimi was stained with the blood of Benedetto, the streets of Palermo with that of both brothers.

Luigi, the Benjamin of the family, worn with fatigue and privations, found rest and freedom at Naples. Later, in 1867, when the patriots, at the vintage season, were advancing to attack Rome, news was brought

that Enrico had died in the arms of Giovanni. And two years after, the mother laid Giovanni, who had succumbed to the wounds received in another attempt to take Rome, in his coffin.

Valiant knights were all the five brothers ; it was reserved for Enrico and Giovanni to write a deathless page in that noble epic poem of saints and heroes that we call the " Risorgimento."

As they were about to set out, Enrico, when he had enjoined silence, said : " We are going on a desperate enterprise ; once across the Roman frontier, there is no going back, and our lives are not our own. So, if any one hesitates, or wishes to change his mind, let him say so forthwith. He can be useful in other ways, in other spheres. Does any one desire to remain ? "

" No ! " was the unanimous cry.

" We shall know what exhaustion means, and hunger perchance ! Never mind ; we will share the crumbs together. If I complain, if I show the white feather, if I try to back out of it, put a bullet through my brain. But if one of you play the coward, I will do the same by him."

The march to the borders of the Papal States took two whole days, and was much hindered by persistent rain and fog.

The brave little band took ship to sail up the Tiber, but, owing to a delay of a few hours in putting off, they waited in vain near the Ponte Molle for the promised reinforcements.

No sooner landed, they hid themselves in the reeds. But, seeing that their retreat was so unsafe, they swarmed up the slope of the Parioli, and concealed themselves in the farm of a certain Glori, with the help of one of his vine-dressers. Their pockets stuffed with cartridges, they posted themselves in the farm buildings, while one of them kept a look-out at the

end of a barn. As they swallowed the soup prepared for them, these youngsters told one another many a story of hairbreadth escapes. Suddenly the cry of the sentinel rang out : " The soldiers, the soldiers ! " They issued from the barn and formed up on the crest of the hill, behind the scanty shelter of a quick-set hedge. The enemy advanced in close order and fired their first volley. The second whistled over the volunteers' heads, but a third fairly found the target.

" Fire ! " commanded Giovanni Cairolì.

The Pope's soldiers, the " pontefici," armed with excellent Remingtons, made wonderful practice ; the volunteers were only provided with rusty firearms discarded by the national guard. To load them, they had to stand upright, so making themselves a mark. When the caps of the " pontefici " appeared at the bottom of the steep slope, Giovanni gave the order to charge with the bayonet. At the very same instant Enrico perceived the main column entering the meadow belonging to the farm. Straightway he shouted, " To your left ; steady, boys, long live Garibaldi ! " And, so saying, he rushed, revolver in hand, at the captain of the enemy.

" Wait for me, Enrico," said his brother ; " I'm coming too ! " Enrico was struck full in the breast, and died in the arms of Giovanni, as he murmured : " Now the problem is solved."

With him, and around him, amid the purple clusters of the grapes, at the season of the vintage, there fell many another valiant spirit. With smile on lip they fell, with the vision of a Rome set free mirrored in their dying eyes.







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